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THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LVII.

OIL IS TO BE THROWN UPON THE WATERS.

MESSRS. BOOTHBY in Lincoln's Inn had for very many years been the lawyers of the Stowte family, and probably knew as much about the property as any of the Stowtes themselves. They had not been consulted about the giving away of the bit of land for the chapel purposes, nor had they been instructed to draw up any deed of gift. The whole thing had been done irregularly. The land had been only promised, and not in truth as yet given, and the Puddlehamites, in their hurry, had gone to work and had built upon a promise. The marquis, when, after the receipt of Mr. Fenwick's letter, his first rage was over, went at once to the chambers of Messrs. Boothby, and was forced to explain all the circumstances of the case to the senior partner before he could show the clergyman's wicked epistle. Old Mr. Boothby was a man of the same age as the marquis, and, in his way, quite as great. Only the lawyer was a clever old man, whereas the marquis was a stupid old man. Mr. Boothby sat bowing his head as the marquis told his story. The story was

rather confused, and for a while Mr. Boothby could only understand that a dissenting chapel had been built upon his client's land.

"We shall have to set it right by some scrap of a conveyance," said the lawyer.

"But the vicar of the parish claims it," said the marquis.

"Claims the chapel, my lord!"

"He is a most pestilent, abominable man, Mr. Boothby. I have brought his letter here." Mr. Boothby held out his hand to receive the letter. From almost any client he would prefer a document to an oral explanation, but he would do so especially from his lordship. "But you must understand," continued the marquis, "that he is quite unlike any ordinary clergyman. I have the greatest respect for the Church, and am always happy to see clergymen at my own house. But this is a litigious, quarrelsome fellow. They tell me he's an infidel, and he keeps— Altogether, Mr. Boothby, nothing can be worse."

"Indeed!" said the lawyer, still holding out his hand for the letter.

"He has taken the trouble to insult me continually. You heard how a tenant of mine was murdered? He was

murdered by a young man whom this clergyman screens, because—because—he is the brother of—of—the young woman."

"That would be very bad, my lord."

"It is very bad. He knows all about the murder: I am convinced he does. He went bail for the young man. He used to associate with him on most intimate terms. As to the sister, there's no doubt about that. They live on the land of a person who owns a small estate in the parish."

"Mr. Gilmore, my lord?"

"Exactly so. This Mr. Fenwick has got Mr. Gilmore in his pocket. You can have no idea of such a state of things as this. And now he writes me this letter! I know his handwriting now, and any further communication I shall return." The marquis ceased to speak, and the lawyer at once buried himself in the letter.

"It is meant to be offensive," said the lawyer.

"Most insolent, most offensive, most improper! And yet the bishop upholds him!"

"But if he is right about the bit of land, my lord, it will be rather awkward." And as he spoke the lawyer examined the sketch of the vicarage entrance. "He gives this as copied from the terrier of the parish, my lord."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the marquis.

"You didn't look at the plan of the estate, my lord?"

"I don't think we did, but Packer had no doubt. No one knows the property in Bullhampton so well as Packer, and Packer said—"

But while the marquis was still speaking the lawyer rose, and, begging his client's pardon, went to the clerk in the outer room. Nor did he return till the clerk had descended to an iron chamber in the basement and returned from thence with a certain large tin box. Into this a search was made, and presently Mr. Boothby came back with a weighty lump of dusty vellum documents and a manuscript map or sketch of a survey of the Bullhampton estate,

which he had had opened. While the search was being made he had retired to another room, and had had a little conversation with his partner about the weather. "I am afraid the parson is right, my lord," said Mr. Boothby as he closed the door.

"Right!"

"Right in his facts, my lord. It is glebe, and is marked so here very plainly. There should have been a reference to us—there should indeed, my lord. Packer and men like him really know nothing. The truth is, in such matters nobody knows anything. You should always have documentary evidence."

"And it is glebe?"

"Not a doubt of it, my lord."

Then the marquis knew that his enemy had him on the hip, and he laid his old head down upon his folded arms and wept. In his weeping it is probable that no tears rolled down his cheeks, but he wept inward tears—tears of hatred, remorse and self-commiseration. His enemy had struck him with scourges, and, as far as he could see at present, he could not return a blow. And he must submit himself—must restore the bit of land and build those nasty dissenters a chapel elsewhere on his own property. He had not a doubt as to that for a moment. Could he have escaped the shame of it, as far as the expense was concerned he would have been willing to build them ten chapels. And in doing this he would give a triumph, an unalloyed triumph, to a man whom he believed to be thoroughly bad. The vicar had accused the marquis of spreading reports which he, the marquis, did not himself believe; but the marquis believed them all. At this moment there was no evil that he could not have believed of Mr. Fenwick. While sitting there an idea, almost amounting to a conviction, had come upon him, that Mr. Fenwick had himself been privy to the murder of old Trumbull. What would not a parson do who would take delight in insulting and humiliating the nobleman who owned the parish in which he lived?

To Lord Trowbridge the very fact that the parson of the parish which he regarded as his own was opposed to him proved sufficiently what that parson was—scum, dregs, riff-raff, a low radical, and everything that a parson ought not to be. The vicar had been wrong there: the marquis did believe it all religiously.

"What must I do?" said the marquis.

"As to the chapel itself, my lord, the vicar, bad as he is, does not want to move it."

"It must come down," said the marquis, getting up from his chair. "It shall come down. Do you think that I should allow it to stand when it has been erected on his ground through my error? Not for a day!—not for an hour! I'll tell you what, Mr. Boothby: that man has known it all through—has known it as well as you do now; but he has waited till the building was complete before he would tell me. I see it all as plain as the nose on your face, Mr. Boothby."

The lawyer was meditating how best he might explain to his angry client that he had no power whatsoever to pull down the building—that if the vicar and the dissenting minister chose to agree about it, the new building must stand in spite of the marquis—must stand, unless the churchwardens, patron or ecclesiastical authorities generally should force the vicar to have it removed—when a clerk came in and whispered a word to the attorney. "My lord," said Mr. Boothby, "Lord St. George is here. Shall he come in?"

The marquis did not wish to see his son exactly at this minute, but Lord St. George was, of course, admitted. This meeting at the lawyer's chambers was altogether fortuitous, and father and son were equally surprised. But so great was the anger and dismay and general perturbation of the marquis at the time that he could not stop to ask any question. St. George must, of course, know what had happened, and it was quite as well that he should be told at once.

"That bit of ground they've built the

chapel on at Bullhampton turns out to be—glebe," said the marquis. Lord St. George whistled. "Of course, Mr. Fenwick knew it all along," said the marquis.

"I should hardly think that," said his son.

"You read his letter. Mr. Boothby, will you be so good as to show Lord St. George the letter? You never read such a production. Impudent scoundrel! Of course he knew it all the time."

Lord St. George read the letter. "He is very impudent, whether he be a scoundrel or not."

"Impudent is no word for it."

"Perhaps he has had some provocation, my lord."

"Not from me, St. George—not from me. I have done nothing to him. Of course the chapel must be—removed."

"Don't you think the question might stand over for a while?" suggested Mr. Boothby. "Matters would become smoother in a month or two."

"Not for an hour," said the marquis.

Lord St. George walked about the room with the letter in his hand, meditating. "The truth is," he said, at last, "we have made a mistake, and we must get out of it as best we can. I think my father is a little wrong about this clergyman's character."

"St. George! Have you read his letter? Is that a proper letter to come from a clergyman of the Church of England to—to—to—" the marquis longed to say, To the Marquis of Trowbridge; but he did not dare to so express himself before his son—"to the landlord of his parish?"

"A red-brick chapel just close to your lodge isn't nice, you know."

"He has got no lodge," said the marquis.

"And so we thought we'd build him one. Let me manage this. I'll see him and I'll see the minister, and I'll endeavor to throw some oil upon the waters."

"I don't want to throw oil upon the waters."

"Lord St. George is in the right, my lord," said the attorney: "he really is.

It is a case in which we must throw a little oil upon the waters. We've made a mistake, and when we've done that we should always throw oil upon the waters. I've no doubt Lord St. George will find a way out of it."

Then the father and the son went away together, and before they had reached the Houses of Parliament, Lord St. George had persuaded his father to place the matter of the Bullhampton chapel in his hands. "And as for the letter," said St. George, "do not you notice it."

"I have not the slightest intention of noticing it," said the marquis, haughtily.

CHAPTER LVIII.

EDITH BROWNLOW'S DREAM.

"MY dear, sit down: I want to speak to you. Do you know I should like to see you—married." This speech was made at Dunripple to Edith Brownlow by her uncle, Sir Gregory, one morning in July, as she was attending him with his breakfast. His breakfast consisted always of a cup of chocolate, made after a peculiar fashion, and Edith was in the habit of standing by the old man's bedside while he took it. She would never sit down, because she knew that were she to do so she would be pretty nearly hidden out of sight in the old arm-chair that stood at the bed-head; but now she was specially invited to do so, and that in a manner which almost made her think that it would be well that she should hide herself for a space. But she did not sit down. There was the empty cup to be taken from Sir Gregory's hands, and, after the first moment of surprise, Edith was not quite sure that it would be good that she should hide herself. She took the cup and put it on the table, and then returned, without making any reply. "I should like very much to see you married, my dear," said Sir Gregory in the mildest of voices.

"Do you want to get rid of me, uncle?"

"No, my dear, that is just what I

don't want. Of course you'll marry somebody."

"I don't see any of course, Uncle Gregory."

"But why shouldn't you? I suppose you have thought about it."

"Only in a general way, Uncle Gregory."

Sir Gregory Marrable was not a wise man. His folly was of an order very different from that of Lord Trowbridge—very much less likely to do harm to himself or others, much more innocent, and, folly though it was, a great deal more compatible with certain intellectual gifts. Lord Trowbridge, not to put too fine a point upon it, was a fool all round. He was much too great a fool to have an idea of his own folly. Now, Sir Gregory distrusted himself in everything, conceived himself to be a poor creature, would submit himself to a child on any question of literature, and had no opinion of his own on any matter outside of his own property; and even as to that his opinion was no more than lukewarm. Yet he read a great deal, had much information stored away somewhere in his memory, and had learned, at any rate, to know how small a fly he was himself on the wheel of the world. But, alas! when he did meddle with anything, he was apt to make a mess of it. There had been some conversation between him and his sister-in-law, Edith's mother, about Walter Marrable—some also between him and his son, and between him and Miss Marrable, his cousin. But as yet no one had spoken to Edith, and as Captain Marrable himself had not spoken, it would have been as well, perhaps, if Sir Gregory had held his tongue. After Edith's last answer the old man was silent for a while, and then he returned to the subject with a downright question:

"How did you like Walter when he was here?"

"Captain Marrable?"

"Yes, Captain Marrable."

"I liked him well enough—in a way, Uncle Gregory."

"Nothing would please me so much, Edith, as that you should become his

wife. You know that Dunripple will belong to him some day."

"If Gregory does not marry." Edith had hardly known whether to say this or to leave it unsaid. She was well aware that her cousin Gregory would never marry—that he was a confirmed invalid, a man already worn out, old before his time, and with one foot in the grave. But had she not said it, she would have seemed to herself to have put him aside as a person altogether out of the way.

"Gregory will never marry. Of course while he lives Dunripple will be his, but if Walter were to marry he would make arrangements. I dare say you can't understand all about that, my dear; but it would be a very good thing. I should be so happy if I thought that you were to live at Dunripple always."

Edith kissed him, and escaped without giving any other answer. Ten days after that Walter Marrable was to be again at Dunripple—only for a few days; but still in a few days the thing might be settled. Edith had heard something of Mary Lowther, but not much. There had been some idea of a match between Walter and his cousin Mary, but the idea had been blown away. So much Edith had heard. To herself Walter Marrable had been very friendly, and, in truth, she had liked him much. They two were not cousins, but they were so connected, and had for some weeks been so thrown together, as to be almost as good as cousins. His presence at Dunripple had been very pleasant to her, but she had never thought of him as a lover. And she had an idea of her own that girls ought not to think of men as lovers without a good deal of provocation.

Sir Gregory spoke to Mrs. Brownlow on the same subject, and as he told her what had taken place between him and Edith, she felt herself compelled to speak to her daughter.

"If it should take place, my dear, it would be very well, but I would rather your uncle had not mentioned it."

"It won't do any harm, mamma. I mean that I sha'n't break my heart."

"I believe him to be a very excellent young man—not at all like his father, who has been as bad as he can be."

"Wasn't he in love with Mary Lowther last winter?"

"I don't know, my dear. I never believe stories of this kind. When I hear that a young man is going to be married to a young lady, then I believe that they are in love with each other—"

"It is to be hoped so then, mamma."

"But I never believe anything before. And I think you may take it for granted that there is nothing in that."

"It would be nothing to me, mamma."

"It might be something. But I will say nothing more about it. You've so much good sense that I am quite sure you won't get into trouble. I wish Sir Gregory had not spoken to you; but as he has, it may be as well that you should know that the family arrangement would be very agreeable to your uncle and to Cousin Gregory. The title and the property must go to Captain Marrable at last, and Sir Gregory would make immediate sacrifices for you which perhaps he would not make for him."

Edith understood all about it very clearly, and would have understood all about it with half the words. She would have little or no fortune of her own, and in money her uncle would have very little to give to her. Indeed, there was no reason why he should give her anything. She was not connected with any of the Marrables by blood, though chance had caused her to live at Dunripple almost all her life. She had become half a Marrable already, and it might be very well that she should become a Marrable altogether. Walter was a remarkably handsome man, would be a baronet, and would have an estate; and might, perhaps, have the enjoyment of the estate by marrying her, earlier than he would were he to marry any one else. Edith Brownlow understood it all with sufficient clearness. But then she understood also that young women shouldn't give away their hearts before they are asked for them; and she was quite sure that Walter Marrable had made no sign of

asking for hers. Nevertheless, within her own bosom she did become a little anxious about Mary Lowther, and she wished that she knew that story.

On the fourth of August, Walter Marrable reached Dunripple, and found the house given up almost entirely to the doctor. Both his uncle and his cousin were very ill. When he was able to obtain from the doctor information on which he could rely, he learned that Mr. Marrable was in real danger, but that Sir Gregory's ailment was no more than his usual infirmity, heightened by anxiety on behalf of his son. "Your uncle may live for the next ten years," said the doctor, "but I do not know what to say about Mr. Marrable." All this time the care and time of the two ladies were divided between the invalids. Mrs. Brownlow tended her nephew, and Edith, as usual, waited upon Sir Gregory. In such circumstances it was not extraordinary that Edith Brownlow and Walter Marrable should be thrown much together, especially as it was the desire of all concerned with them that they should become man and wife. Poor Edith was subject to a feeling that everybody knew that she was expected to fall in love with the man. She thought it probable, too, that the man himself had been instructed to fall in love with her. This no doubt created a great difficulty for her—a difficulty which she felt to be heavy and inconvenient; but it was lessened by the present condition of the household. When there is illness in a house, the feminine genius and spirit predominate the male. If the illness be so severe as to cause a sense of danger, this is so strongly the case that the natural position of the two is changed. Edith, quite unconscious of the reason, was much less afraid of her proposed lover than she would have been had there been no going about on tiptoe, no questions asked with bated breath, no great need for womanly aid.

Walter had been there four days, and was sitting with Edith one evening out on the lawn among the rhododendrons. When he had found what was the con-

dition of the household, he had offered to go back at once to his regiment at Birmingham. But Sir Gregory would not hear of it. Sir Gregory hated the regiment, and had got an idea in his head that his nephew ought not to be there at all. He was too weak and diffident to do it himself, but if any one would have arranged it for him, he would have been glad to fix an income for Walter Marrable on condition that Walter should live at home and look after the property, and be unto him as a son. But nothing had been fixed, nothing had been said, and on the day but one following the captain was to return to Birmingham. Mrs. Brownlow was with her nephew, and Walter was sitting with Edith among the rhododendrons, the two having come out of the house together after such a dinner as is served in a house of invalids. They had become very intimate, but Edith Brownlow had almost determined that Walter Marrable did not intend to fall in love with her. She had quite determined that she would not fall in love with him till he did. What she might do in that case she had not told herself. She was not quite sure. He was very nice, but she was not quite sure. One ought to be very fond of a young man, she said to herself, before one falls in love with him. Nevertheless, her mind was by no means set against him. If one can oblige one's friends, one ought, she said, again to herself.

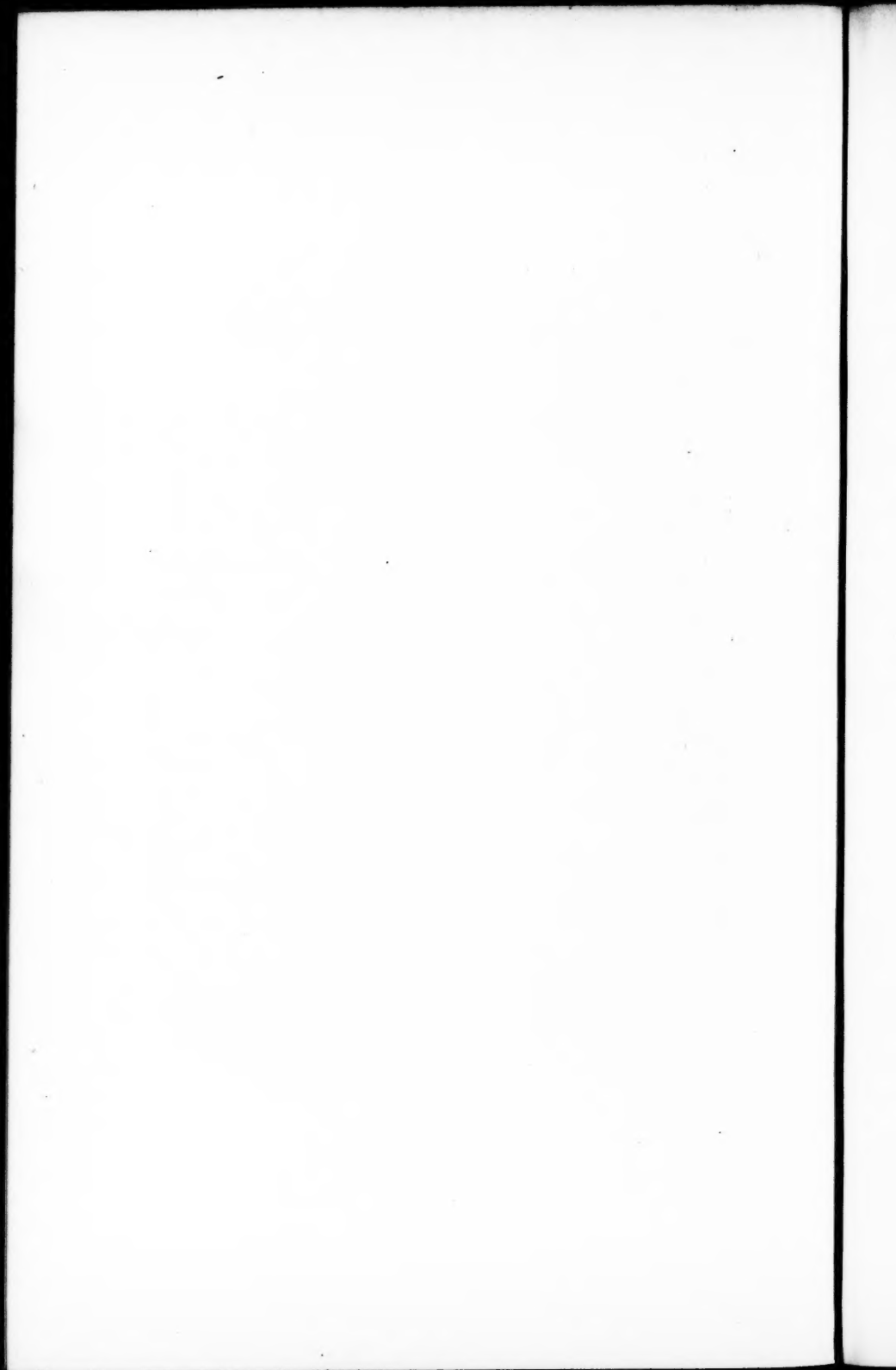
She had brought him out a cup of coffee, and he was sitting in a garden chair with a cigar in his mouth. They were Walter and Edith to each other, just as though they were cousins. Indeed, it was necessary that they should be cousins to each other for the rest of their lives, if no more.

"Let us drop the captain and the miss," he had said himself: "the mischief is in it if you and I can't suppose ourselves to be related." She had assented cordially, and had called him Walter without a moment's hesitation. "Edith," he said to her now, after he had sat for a minute or two with the



“She had brought him a cup of coffee, and he was sitting in a garden chair with a cigar in his mouth.”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. LVIII.]



coffee in his hand, "did you ever hear of a certain cousin of ours, called Mary Lowther?"

"Oh dear! yes: she lives with Aunt Sarah at Loring—only Aunt Sarah isn't my aunt, and Miss Lowther isn't my cousin."

"Just so. She lives at Loring. Edith, I love you so much that I wonder whether I may tell you the great secret of my life?"

"Of course you may. I love secrets, and I specially love the secrets of those who love me." She said this with a voice perfectly clear and a face without a sign of disappointment, but her little dream had already been dissipated. She knew the secret as well as though it had been told.

"I was engaged to marry her."

"And you will marry her?"

"It was broken off when I thought that I should be forced to go to India. The story is very long and very sad. It is my own father who has ruined me. But I will tell it you some day." Then he told it all as he was sitting there with his cigar in his hand. Stories may seem to be very long, and yet be told very quickly.

"But you will go back to her now?" said Edith.

"She has not waited for me."

"What do you mean?"

"They tell me that she is to be married to a—to a—certain Mr. Gilmore."

"Already!"

"He had offered to her twenty times before I ever saw her. She never loved him, and does not now."

"Who has told you this, Captain Mar-rable?" She had not intended to alter her form of speech, and when she had done so would have given anything to have called him then by his Christian name.

"My uncle John."

"I would ask herself."

"I mean to do so. But somehow, treated as I am here, I am bound to tell my uncle of it first. And I cannot do that while Gregory is so ill."

"I must go up to my uncle now, Wal-ter. And I do so hope she may be true

to you. And I do so hope I may like her. Don't believe anything till she has told you herself." Saying this, Edith Brownlow returned to the house, and at once put her dream quietly out of her sight. She said nothing to her mother about it then. It was not necessary that she should tell her mother as yet.

CHAPTER LIX.

NEWS FROM DUNRIPPLE.

AT the end of the first week in August news reached the vicarage at Bullhampton that was not indeed very important to the family of Mr. Fenwick, but which still seemed to have an immediate effect on their lives and comfort. The vicar for some days past had been, as regarded himself, in a high good-humor in consequence of a communication which he had received from Lord St. George. Further mention of this communication must be made, but it may be deferred to the next chapter, as other matters, more momentous, require our immediate attention. Mr. Gilmore had pleaded very hard that a day might be fixed, and had almost succeeded. Mary Lowther, driven into a corner, had been able to give no reason why she should not fix a day, other than this—that Mr. Gilmore had promised her that she should not be hurried. "What do you mean?" Mrs. Fenwick had said, angrily. "You speak of the man who is to be your husband as though your greatest happiness in life were to keep away from him." Mary Lowther had not dared to answer that such would be her greatest happiness. Then news had reached the vicarage of the illness of Gregory Marrable, and of Walter Marrable's presence at Dunripple. This had come of course from Aunt Sarah, at Loring; but it had come in such a manner as to seem to justify, for a time, Mary's silence in reference to that question of naming the day. The Marrables of Dunripple were not nearly related to her. She had no personal remembrance of either Sir Gregory or his son. But

there was an importance attached to the tidings, which, if analyzed, would have been found to attach itself to Captain Marrable, rather than to the two men who were ill; and this was tacitly allowed to have an influence. Aunt Sarah had expressed her belief that Gregory Marrable was dying; and had gone on to say—trusting to the known fact that Mary had engaged herself to Mr. Gilmore, and to the fact, as believed to be a fact, that Walter was engaged to Edith Brownlow—had gone on to say that Captain Marrable would probably remain at Dunriple, and would take immediate charge of the estate. "I think there is no doubt," said Aunt Sarah, "that Captain Marrable and Edith Brownlow will be married." Mary was engaged to Mr. Gilmore, and why should not Aunt Sarah tell her news?

The squire, who had become elated and happy at the period of the rubies, had in three days again fallen away into a state of angry gloom, rather than of melancholy. He said very little just now either to Fenwick or to Mrs. Fenwick about his marriage; and indeed he did not say very much to Mary herself. Men were already at work about the gardens at the Privets, and he would report to her what was done, and would tell her that the masons and painters would begin in a few days. Now and again he would ask for her company up to the place; and she had been there twice at his instance since the day on which she had gone after him of her own accord and had fetched him down to look at the jewels. But there was little or no sympathy between them. Mary could not bring herself to care about the house or the gardens, though she told herself again and again that there was she to live for the remainder of her life.

Two letters she received from her aunt at Loring within an interval of three days, and these letters were both filled with details as to the illness of Sir Gregory and his son at Dunriple. Walter Marrable sent accounts to his uncle the parson, and Mrs. Brownlow

sent accounts to Miss Marrable herself. And then, on the day following the receipt of the last of these two letters, there came one from Walter Marrable himself, addressed to Mary Lowther. Gregory Marrable was dead, and the letter announcing the death of the baronet's only son was as follows:

"DUNRIPPLE, August 12, 1868.

"MY DEAR MARY:

"I hardly know whether you will have expected that the news which I have to tell you should reach you direct from me; but I think, upon the whole, that it is better that I should write. My cousin, Gregory Marrable, Sir Gregory's only son, died this morning. I do not doubt but that you know that he has been long ill. He has come to the end of all his troubles, and the old baronet is now childless. He also has been, and is still, unwell, though I do not know that he is much worse than usual. He has been an invalid for years and years. Of course he feels his son's death acutely, for he is a father who has ever been good to his son. But it always seems to me that old people become so used to death that they do not think of it as do we who are younger. I have seen him twice to-day since the news was told to him, and though he spoke of his son with infinite sorrow, he was able to talk of other things.

"I write to you myself, especially, instead of getting one of the ladies here to do so, because I think it proper to tell you how things stand with myself. Everything is changed with me since you and I parted because it was necessary that I should seek my fortune in India. You already know that I have abandoned that idea, and I now find that I shall leave the army altogether. My uncle has wished it since I first came here, and he now proposes that I shall live here permanently. Of course the meaning is, that I should assume the position of his heir. My father, with whom I personally will have no dealing in the matter, stands between us. But I do suppose that the family affairs will be so arranged that I may

feel secure that I shall not be turned altogether adrift upon the world.

"Dear Mary, I do not know how to tell you that as regards my future everything now depends on you. They have told me that you have accepted an offer from Mr. Gilmore. I know no more than this—that they have told me so. If you will tell me also that you mean to be his wife, I will say no more. But until you tell me so, I will not believe it. I do not think that you can ever love him as you certainly once loved me; and when I think of it, how short a time ago that was! I know that I have no right to complain. Our separation was my doing as much as yours. But I will settle nothing as to my future life till I hear from yourself whether or no you will come back to me.

"I shall remain here till after the funeral, which will take place on Friday. On Monday I shall go back to Birmingham. This is Sunday, and I shall expect to hear from you before the week is over. If you bid me, I will be with you early next week. If you tell me that my coming will be useless, why then I shall care very little what happens.

"Yours, with all the love of my heart,
"WALTER MARRABLE."

Luckily for Mary, she was alone when she read the letter. Her first idea on reading it was to think of the words which she had used when she had most ungraciously consented to become the wife of Harry Gilmore: "Were he so placed that he could afford to marry a poor wife, I should leave you and go to him." She remembered them accurately. She had made up her mind at the time that she would say them, thinking that thus he would be driven from her, and that she would be at rest from his solicitations, from those of her friends and from the qualms of her own conscience. He had chosen to claim her in spite of those words, and now the thing had happened to the possibility of which she had referred. Poor as she was, Walter Marrable was able to make her his wife. She held in her

hand his letter telling her that it was so. All her heart was his—as much now as it had ever been; and it was impossible that she should not go to him. She had told Mr. Gilmore herself that she could never love again as she loved Walter Marrable. She had been driven to believe that she could never be his wife, and she had separated herself from him. She had separated herself from him, and persuaded herself that it would be expedient for her to become the wife of this other man. But up to this very moment she had never been able to overcome her horror at the prospect. From day to day she had thought that she must give it up, even when they were dinning into her ears the tidings that Walter Marrable was to marry that girl at Dunripple. But that had been a falsehood, an absolute falsehood. There had been no such thought in his bosom. He had never been untrue to her. Ah, how much the nobler of the two had he been!

And yet she had struggled hard to do right, to think of others more than of herself—so to dispose of herself that she might be of some use in the world. And it had come to this! It was quite impossible now that she should marry Harry Gilmore. There had hitherto been at any rate an attempt on her part to reconcile herself to that marriage, but now the attempt was impossible. What right could she have to refuse the man she loved when he told her that all his happiness depended on her love? She could see it now. With all her desire to do right, she had done foul wrong in accepting Mr. Gilmore. She had done foul wrong, though she had complied with the advice of all her friends. It could not but have been wrong, as it had brought her to this—her and him. But for the future she might yet be right—if she only knew how. That it would be wrong to marry Harry Gilmore—to think of marrying him when her heart was so stirred by the letter which she held in her hand—of that she was quite sure. She had done the man an injury for which she

could never atone. Of that she was well aware. But the injury was done, and could not now be undone. And had she not told him when he came to her that she would even yet return to Walter Marrable if Walter Marrable were able to take her?

She went down stairs slowly, just before the hour for the children's dinner, and found her friend, with one or two of the bairns, in the garden. "Janet," she said, "I have had a letter from Dunripple."

Mrs. Fenwick looked into her face and saw that it was sad and sorrowful: "What news, Mary?"

"My cousin, Gregory Marrable, is—no more: he died on Sunday morning." This was on the Monday.

"You expected it, I suppose, from your aunt's letter?"

"Oh yes: it has been sudden at last, it seems."

"And Sir Gregory?"

"He is pretty well. He is getting better."

"I pity him the loss of his son—poor old man!" Mrs. Fenwick was far too clever not to see that the serious, solemn aspect of Mary's face was not due altogether to the death of a distant cousin, whom she herself did not even remember; but she was too wise also to refer to what she presumed to be Mary's special grief at the moment. Mary was doubtless thinking of the altered circumstances of her cousin Walter, but it was as well now that she should speak as little as possible about that cousin. Mrs. Fenwick could not turn altogether to another subject, but she would, if possible, divert her friend from her present thoughts. "Shall you go into mourning?" she asked: "he was only your second cousin, but people have ideas so different about those things."

"I do not know," said Mary, listlessly.

"If I were you I would consult Mr. Gilmore. He has a right to be consulted. If you do, it should be very slight."

"I shall go into mourning," said Mary, suddenly, remembering at that

moment what was Walter's position in the household at Dunripple. Then the tears came up into her eyes, she knew not why; and she walked off by herself amidst the garden shrubs. Mrs. Fenwick watched her as she went, but could not quite understand it. Those tears had not been for a second cousin who had never been known. And then, during the last few weeks, Mary, in regard to herself, had been prone to do anything that Mr. Gilmore would advise, as though she could make up by obedience for the want of that affection which she owed to him. Now, when she was told that she ought to consult Mr. Gilmore, she flatly refused to do so.

Mary came up the garden a few minutes afterward, and as she passed toward the house she begged to be excused from going into lunch that day. Lord St. George was coming up to lunch at the vicarage, as will be explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER LX.

LORD ST. GEORGE IS VERY CUNNING.

LORD ST. GEORGE began to throw oil upon the waters in reference to that unfortunate chapel at Bullhampton a day or two after his interview with his father in the lawyer's chambers. His father had found himself compelled to yield—had been driven, as it were, by the Fates, to accord to his son permission to do as his son should think best. There came to be so serious a trouble in consequence of that terrible mistake of Packer's that the poor old marquis was unable to defend himself from the necessity of yielding. On that day, before he left his son at Westminster, when their roads lay into the different council-chambers of the state, he had prayed hard that the oil might not be very oily. But his son would not bate him an inch of his surrender.

"He is so utterly worthless," the marquis had said, pleading hard as he spoke of his enemy.

"I'm not quite sure, my lord, that you understand the man," St. George

had said. "You hate him, and no doubt he hates you."

"Horribly!" ejaculated the marquis.

"You intend to be as good as you know how to be to all those people at Bullhampton?"

"Indeed I do, St. George," said the marquis, almost with tears in his eyes.

"And I shouldn't wonder if he did, too."

"But look at his life!" said the marquis.

"It isn't always easy to look at a man's life. We are always looking at men's lives, and always making mistakes. The bishop thinks he is a good sort of fellow, and the bishop isn't the man to like a debauched, unbelieving, reckless parson, who, according to your ideas, must be leading a life of open shame and profligacy. I'm inclined to think there must be a mistake."

The unfortunate marquis groaned deeply as he walked away to the august chamber of the Lords.

These and such-like are the troubles that sit heavy on a man's heart. If search for bread and meat and raiment be set aside, then, beyond that, our happiness or misery here depends chiefly on success or failure in small things. Though a man when he turns into bed may be sure that he has unlimited thousands at his command, though all society be open to him, though he know himself to be esteemed handsome, clever and fashionable—even though his digestion be good, and he have no doctor to deny him tobacco, champagne or made dishes—still, if he be conscious of failure there where he has striven to succeed, even though it be in the humbling of an already humble adversary, he will stretch and roll and pine—a wretched being. How happy is he who can get his fretting done for him by deputy!

Lord St. George wrote to the parson a few days after his interview with his father. He and Lord Trowbridge occupied the same house in London, and always met at breakfast; but nothing further was said between them during the remaining days in town upon the

subject. Lord St. George wrote to the parson, and his father had left London for Turnover before Mr. Fenwick's answer was received.

"MY DEAR SIR" (Lord St. George had said): "My father has put into my hands your letter about the dissenting chapel at Bullhampton. It seems to me that he has made a mistake, and that you are very angry. Couldn't we arrange this little matter without fighting? There is not a landlord in England more desirous of doing good to his tenants than my father; and I am quite willing to believe that there is not an incumbent in England more desirous of doing good to his parishioners than you. I leave London for Wiltshire on Saturday, the 11th. If you will meet me, I will drive over to Bullhampton on Monday, the 13th.

"Yours, truly,

"ST. GEORGE.

"No doubt you'll agree with me in thinking that internecine fighting in a parish between the landlord and the clergyman cannot be for the good of the people."

Thus it was that Lord St. George began to throw his oil upon the waters.

It may be a doubt whether it should be ascribed to Mr. Fenwick as a weakness or a strength that, though he was very susceptible of anger, and though he could maintain his anger at glowing heat as long as fighting continued, it would all evaporate and leave him harmless as a dove at the first glimpse of an olive branch. He knew this so well of himself that it would sometimes be a regret to him in the culmination of his wrath that he would not be able to maintain it till the hour of his revenge should come. On receiving Lord St. George's letter, he at once sat down and wrote to that nobleman, telling him that he would be happy to see him at lunch on the Monday at two o'clock. Then there came a rejoinder from Lord St. George, saying that he would be at the vicarage at the hour named.

Mrs. Fenwick was of course there to entertain the nobleman, whom she had

never seen before, and during the lunch very little was said about the chapel, and not a word was said about other causes of complaint.

"That is a terrible building, Mrs. Fenwick," Lord St. George had remarked.

"We're getting used to it now," Mrs. Fenwick had replied; "and Mr. Fenwick thinks it good for purposes of mortification."

"We must see and move the sackcloth and ashes a little farther off," said his lordship.

Then they ate their lunch and talked about the parish, and expressed a joint hope that the Grinder would be hung at Salisbury.

"Now let us go and see the *corpus delicti*," said the vicar as soon as they had drawn their chairs from the table.

The two men went out and walked round the chapel, and, finding it open, walked into it. Of course there were remarks made by both of them. It was acknowledged that it was ugly, misplaced, uncomfortable, detestable to the eye and ear and general feeling—except in so far as it might suit the wants of people who were not sufficiently educated to enjoy the higher tone and more elaborate language of the Church of England services. It was thus that they spoke to each other, quite in an æsthetic manner.

Lord St. George had said as he entered the chapel that it must come down as a matter of course, and the vicar had suggested that there need be no hurry.

"They tell me that it must be removed some day," said the vicar, "but as I am not likely to leave the parish, nobody need start the matter for a year or two." Lord St. George was declaring that advantage could not be taken of such a concession on Mr. Fenwick's part, when a third person entered the building and walked toward them with a quick step.

"Here is Mr. Puddleham, the minister," said Mr. Fenwick; and the future lord of Bullhampton was introduced to the present owner of the pulpit under which they were standing.

"My lord," said the minister, "I am

proud indeed to have the honor of meeting your lordship in our new chapel, and of expressing to your lordship the high sense entertained by me and my congregation of your noble father's munificent liberality to us in the matter of the land."

In saying this Mr. Puddleham never once turned his face upon the vicar. He presumed himself at the present moment to be at feud with the vicar in most deadly degree. Though the vicar would occasionally accost him in the village, he always answered the vicar as though they two were enemies. He had bowed when he came up the chapel, but he had bowed to the stranger. If the vicar took any of that courtesy to himself, that was not his fault.

"I'm afraid we were a little too quick there," said Lord St. George.

"I hope not, my lord—I hope not. I have heard a rumor, but I have inquired. I have inquired, and—"

"The truth is, Mr. Puddleham, that we are standing on Mr. Fenwick's private ground this moment."

"You are quite welcome to the use of it, Mr. Puddleham," said the vicar. Mr. Puddleham assumed a look of dignity and frowned. He could not even yet believe that his friend the marquis had made so fatal a mistake.

"We must build you another chapel: that will be about the long and short of it, Mr. Puddleham."

"My lord, I should think there must be some—mistake. Some error must have crept in somewhere, my lord. I have made inquiry—"

"It has been a very big error," said Lord St. George, "and it has crept into Mr. Fenwick's glebe in a very palpable form. There is no use in discussing it, Mr. Puddleham."

"And why didn't the reverend gentleman claim the ground when the works were commenced?" demanded the indignant minister, turning now for the first time to the vicar, and doing so with a visage full of wrath and a graceful uplifting of his right hand.

"The reverend gentleman was very ignorant of matters with which he ought

to have been better acquainted," said Mr. Fenwick himself.

"Very ignorant, indeed," said Mr. Puddleham. "My lord, I am inclined to think that we can assert our right to this chapel and maintain it. My lord, I am of opinion that the whole hierarchy of the Episcopal Established Church in England cannot expel us. My lord, who will be the man to move the first brick from this sacred edifice?" And Mr. Puddleham pointed up to the pulpit as though he knew well where that brick was ever to be found when duty required its presence. "My lord, I would propose that nothing should be done; and then let us see who will attempt to close this chapel door against the lambs of the Lord who come here for pasture in their need."

"The lambs shall have pasture and shall have their pastor," said St. George, laughing. "We'll move this chapel to ground that is our own, and make everything as right as a trivet for you. You don't want to intrude, I'm sure."

Mr. Puddleham's eloquence was by no means exhausted; but at last, when they had left the chapel and the ground immediately around the chapel which Mr. Puddleham would insist upon regarding as his own, they did manage to shake him off.

"And now, Mr. Fenwick," said Lord St. George, in his determined purpose to throw oil upon the waters, "what is this unfortunate quarrel between you and my father?"

"You had better ask him that, my lord."

"I have asked him, of course, and of course he has no answer to make. No doubt you intended to enrage him when you wrote him that letter which he showed me."

"Certainly I did."

"I hardly see how good is to be done by angering an old man who stands high in the world's esteem—"

"Had he not stood high, my lord, I should probably have passed him by."

"I can understand all that—that one man should be a mark for another's scorn because he is a marquis and

wealthy. But what I can't understand is, that such a one as you should think that good can come from it."

"Do you know what your father has said of me?"

"I've no doubt you both say very hard things of each other."

"I never said an evil thing of him behind his back that I have not said as strongly to his face," said Mr. Fenwick, with much of indignation in his tone.

"Do you really think that that mitigates the injury done to my father?" said Lord St. George.

"Do you know that he has complained of me to the bishop?"

"Yes, and the bishop took your part."

"No thanks to your father, Lord St. George. Do you know that he has accused me publicly of the grossest vices; that he has—that he has—that he has—There is nothing so bad that he hasn't said it of me."

"Upon my word, I think you are even with him, Mr. Fenwick: I do indeed."

"What I have said I have said to his face. I have made no accusation against him. Come, my lord, I am willing enough to let bygones be bygones. If Lord Trowbridge will condescend to say that he will drop all animosity to me, I will forgive him the injuries he has done me. But I cannot admit myself to have been wrong."

"I never knew any man who would," said Lord St. George.

"If the marquis will put out his hand to me, I will accept it," said the vicar.

"Allow me to do so on his behalf," said the son.

And thus the quarrel was presumed to be healed. Lord St. George went to the inn for his horse, and the vicar, as he walked across to the vicarage, felt that he had been—done. This young lord had been very clever, and had treated the quarrel as though on even terms—as if the offences on each side had been equal. And yet the vicar knew very well that he had been right—right without a single slip—right from the beginning to the end. "He has been clever," he said to himself, "and he shall have the advantage of his clever-

erness." Then he resolved that as far as he was concerned the quarrel should in truth be over.

CHAPTER LXI.

MARY LOWTHER'S TREACHERY.

WHILE the vicar was listening to the eloquence of Mr. Puddleham in the chapel, and was being cozened out of his just indignation by Lord St. George, a terrible scene was going on in the drawing-room of the vicarage. Mary Lowther, as the reader knows, had declared that she would wear mourning for her distant cousin, and had declined to appear at lunch before Lord St. George. Mrs. Fenwick, putting these things together, knew that much was the matter, but she did not know how much. She did not as yet anticipate the terrible state of things which was to be made known to her that afternoon.

Mary was quite aware that the thing must be settled. In the first place, she must answer Captain Marrable's letter. And then it was her bounden duty to let Mr. Gilmore know her mind as soon as she knew it herself. It might be easy enough for her to write to Walter Marrable. That which she had to say to him would be pleasant enough in the saying. But that could not be said till the other thing should be unsaid. And how was that unsaying to be accomplished? Nothing could be done without the aid of Mrs. Fenwick; and now she was afraid of Mrs. Fenwick, as the guilty are always afraid of those who will have to judge their guilt. While the children were at dinner, and while the lord was sitting at lunch, she remained up in her own room. From her window she could see the two men walking across the vicarage grounds toward the chapel, and she knew that her friend would be alone. Her story must be told to Mrs. Fenwick, and to Mrs. Fenwick only. It would be impossible for her to speak of her determination before the vicar till he should have received a first notice of it from his wife. And there certainly must be no delay.

The men were hardly out of sight before she had resolved to go down at once. She looked at herself in the glass, and sponged the mark of tears from her eyes and smoothed her hair, and then descended. She never before had felt so much in fear of her friend; and yet it was her friend who was mainly the cause of this mischief which surrounded her, and who had persuaded her to evil. At Janet Fenwick's instance she had undertaken to marry a man whom she did not love; and yet she feared to go to Janet Fenwick with the story of her repentance. Why not indignantly demand of her friend assistance in extricating herself from the injury which that friend had brought upon her?

She found Mrs. Fenwick with the children in the little breakfast-parlor, to which they had been banished by the coming of Lord St. George. "Janet," she said, "come and take a turn with me in the garden." It was now the middle of August, and life at the vicarage was spent almost as much out of doors as within. The ladies went about with parasols, and would carry their hats hanging in their hands. There was no delay therefore, and the two were on the gravel-path almost as soon as Mary's request was made. "I did not show you my letter from Dunriple," she said, putting her hand into her pocket, "but I might as well do so now. You will have to read it."

She took out the document, but did not at once hand it to her companion. "Is there anything wrong, Mary?" said Mrs. Fenwick.

"Wrong? Yes—very, very wrong. Janet, it is no use your talking to me. I have quite made up my mind. I cannot and I will not marry Mr. Gilmore."

"Mary, this is insanity."

"You may say what you please, but I am determined. I cannot and I will not. Will you help me out of my difficulty?"

"Certainly not in the way you mean—certainly not. It cannot be either for your good or for his. After what has passed, how on earth could you bring

yourself to make such a proposition to him?"

"I do not know: that is what I feel the most. I do not know how I shall tell him. But he must be told. I thought that perhaps Mr. Fenwick would do it."

"I am quite sure he will do nothing of the kind. Think of it, Mary! How can you bring yourself to be so false to a man?"

"I have not been false to him. I have been false to myself, but never to him. I told him how it was. When you drove me on—"

"Drove you on, Mary?"

"I do not mean to be ungrateful or to say hard things; but when you made me feel that if he were satisfied I also might put up with it, I told him that I could never love him. I told him that I did love, and ever should love, Walter Marrable. I told him that I had nothing, nothing, nothing to give him. But he would take no answer but the one, and I did—I did give it him. I know I did; and I have never had a moment of happiness since. And now has come this letter. Janet, do not be cruel to me. Do not speak to me as though everything must be stern and hard and cruel." Then she handed up the letter, and Mrs. Fenwick read it as they walked.

"And is he to be made a tool because the other man has changed his mind?" said Mrs. Fenwick.

"Walter has never changed his mind."

"His plans, then. It comes to the same thing. Do you know that you will have to answer for his life or for his reason? Have you not learned yet to understand the constancy of his nature?"

"Is it my fault that he should be constant? I told him when he offered to me that if Walter were to come back to me and ask me again, I should go to him in spite of any promise that I had made. I said so as plain as I am saying this to you."

"I am quite sure that he did not understand it so."

"Janet, indeed he did."

"No man would have submitted himself to an engagement with such a condition. It is quite impossible. What! Mr. Gilmore knew when you took him that if this gentleman should choose to change his mind at any moment before you were actually married, you would walk off and go back to him!"

"I told him so, Janet. He will not deny that I told him so. When I told him so, I was sure that he would have declined such an engagement. But he did not, and I had no way of escape. Janet, if you could know what I have been suffering, you would not be cruel to me. Think what it would have been to you to have to marry a man you did not love, and to break the heart of one you did love! Of course Mr. Gilmore is your friend."

"He is our friend."

"And, of course, you do not care for Captain Marrable."

"I never even saw him."

"But you might put yourself in my place and judge fairly between us. There has not been a thought or a feeling in my heart concealed from you since first all this began. You have known that I have never loved your friend."

"I know that, after full consideration, you have accepted him; and I know also that he is a man who will devote his whole life to making you happy."

"It can never be. You may as well believe me. If you will not help me, nor Mr. Fenwick, I must tell him myself; or I must write to him and leave the place suddenly. I know that I have behaved badly. I have tried to do right, but I have done wrong. When I came here I was very unhappy. How could I help being unhappy when I had lost all that I cared for in the world? Then you told me that I might at any rate be of some use to some one by marrying your friend. You do not know how I strove to make myself fond of him. And then, at last, when the time came that I had to answer him, I thought that I would tell him everything. I thought that if I told him the truth he would see that we had better

be apart. But when I told him, leaving him, as I imagined, no choice but to reject me, he chose to take me. Well, Janet; at any rate, then, as I was taught to believe, there was no one to be ruined by this—no one to be broken on the wheel—but myself; and I thought that if I struggled, I might so do my duty that he might be satisfied. I see that I was wrong, but you should not rebuke me for it. I had tried to do as you bade me. But I did tell him that if ever this thing happened I should leave him. It has happened, and I must leave him." Mrs. Fenwick had let her speak on without interrupting her, intending, when she had finished, to say definitely that they at the vicarage could not make themselves parties to any treason toward Mr. Gilmore; but when Mary had come to the end of her story, her friend's heart was softened toward her. She walked silently along the path, refraining at any rate from those bitter arguments with which she had at first thought to confound Mary in her treachery. "I do think you love me," said Mary.

"Indeed I love you."

"Then help me—do help me! I will go on my knees to him to beg his pardon."

"I do not know what to say to it. Begging his pardon will be of no avail. As for myself, I should not dare to tell him. We used to think, when he was hopeless before, that dwelling on it all would drive him to absolute madness. And it will be worse now. Of course it will be worse."

"What am I to do?" Mary paused a moment, and then added, sharply, "There is one thing I will not do: I will not go to the altar and become his wife."

"I suppose I had better tell Frank," said Mrs. Fenwick, after another pause.

This was, of course, what Mary Lowther desired, but she begged for and obtained permission not to see the vicar herself that evening. She would keep her own room that night, and meet him the next morning before prayers as best she might.

When the vicar came back to the house, his mind was so full of the chapel

and Lord St. George, and the admirable manner in which he had been cajoled out of his wrath without the slightest admission on the part of the lord that his father had ever been wrong—his thoughts were so occupied with all this and with Mr. Puddleham's oratory that he did not at first give his wife an opportunity of telling Mary Lowther's story.

"We shall all of us have to go over to Turnover next week," he said.

"You may go. I won't."

"And I shouldn't wonder if the marquis were to offer me a better living, so that I might be close to him. We are to be the lamb and the wolf sitting down together."

"And which is to be the lamb?"

"That does not matter. But the worst of it is, Puddleham won't come and be a lamb too. Here am I, who have suffered pretty nearly as much as St. Paul, have forgiven all my enemies all round, and shaken hands with the marquis by proxy, while Puddleham has been man enough to maintain the dignity of his indignation. The truth is, that the possession of a grievance is the one state of human blessedness. As long as the chapel was there, *malgré moi*, I could revel in my wrong. It turns out now that I can send poor Puddleham adrift to-morrow, and he immediately becomes the hero of the hour. I wish your brother-in-law had not been so officious in finding it all out."

Mrs. Fenwick postponed her story till the evening.

"Where is Mary?" Fenwick asked, when dinner was announced.

"She is not quite well, and will not come down. Wait a while, and you shall be told." He did wait, but the moment that they were alone again he asked his question. Then Mrs. Fenwick told the whole story, hardly expressing an opinion herself as she told it. "I don't think she is to be shaken," she said at last.

"She is behaving very badly—very badly—very badly."

"I am not quite sure, Frank, whether we have behaved wisely," said his wife.

"If it must be told him, it will drive him mad," said Fenwick.

"I think it must be told."

"And I am to tell it?"

"That is what she asks."

"I can't say that I have made up my mind, but, as far as I can see at present, I will do nothing of the kind. She has no right to expect it."

Before they went to bed, however, he also had been somewhat softened. When his wife declared, with tears in her eyes, that she would never interfere at match-making again, he began to perceive that he also had endeavored to be a match-maker and had failed.

CHAPTER LXII.

UP AT THE PRIVETS.

THE whole of the next day was passed in wretchedness by the party at the vicarage. The vicar, as he greeted Miss Lowther in the morning, had not meant to be severe, having been specially cautioned against severity by his wife, but he had been unable not to be silent and stern. Not a word was spoken about Mr. Gilmore till after breakfast, and then it was no more than a word.

"I would think better of this, Mary," said the vicar.

"I cannot think better of it," she replied.

He refused, however, to go to Mr. Gilmore that day, demanding that she should have another day in which to revolve the matter in her mind. It was understood, however, that if she persisted he would break the matter to her lover. Then this trouble was aggravated by the coming of Mr. Gilmore to the vicarage, though it may be that the visit was of use by preparing him in some degree for the blow. When he came Mary was not to be seen. Fancying that he might call, she remained up stairs all day, and Mrs. Fenwick was obliged to say that she was unwell. "Is she really ill?" the poor man had asked. Mrs. Fenwick, driven hard by the difficulty of her position, had said that she did not believe Mary to be very ill, but

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that she was so discomposed by news from Dunripple that she could not come down. "I should have thought that I might have seen her," said Mr. Gilmore, with that black frown upon his brow which now they all knew so well. Mrs. Fenwick made no reply, and then the unhappy man went away. He wanted no further informant to tell him that the woman to whom he was pledged regarded her engagement to him with aversion.

"I must see her again before I go," Fenwick said to his wife the next morning. And he did see her. But Mary was absolutely firm. When he remarked that she was pale and worn and ill, she acknowledged that she had not closed her eyes during those two nights.

"And it must be so?" he asked, holding her hand tenderly.

"I am so grieved that you should have such a mission," she replied.

Then he explained to her that he was not thinking of himself, sad as the occasion would be to him. But if this great sorrow could have been spared to his friend! It could not, however, be spared. Mary was quite firm, at any rate, as to that. No consideration should induce her now to marry Mr. Gilmore. Mr. Fenwick, on her behalf, might express his regret for the grief she had caused in any terms that he might think fit to use—might humiliate her to the ground if he thought it proper. And yet had not Mr. Gilmore sinned more against her than had she against him? Had not the manner in which he had grasped at her hand been unmanly and unworthy? But of this, though she thought much of it, she said nothing now to Mr. Fenwick. This commission to the vicar was that he should make her free; and in doing this he might use what language and make what confessions he pleased. He must, however, make her free.

After breakfast he started upon his errand with a very heavy heart. He loved his friend dearly. Between these two there had grown up, now during a period of many years, that undemonstrative, unexpressed, almost unconscious affection which with men will

often make the greatest charm of their lives, but which is held by women to be quite unsatisfactory and almost nugatory. It may be doubted whether either of them had ever told the other of his regard. "Yours always," in writing, was the warmest term that was ever used. Neither ever dreamed of suggesting that the absence of the other would be a cause of grief or even of discomfort. They would bicker with each other, and not unfrequently abuse each other. Chance threw them much together, but they never did anything to assist chance. Women who love each other as well will always be expressing their love, always making plans to be together, always doing little things each for the gratification of the other—constantly making presents backward and forward. These two men had never given anything, one to the other, beyond a worn-out walking-stick or a cigar. They were rough to each other, caustic and almost ill-mannered. But they thoroughly trusted each other; and the happiness, prosperity, and, above all, the honor of the one, were, to the other, matters of keenest moment. The bigger man of the two—the one who felt rather than knew himself to be the bigger—had to say that which would go nigh to break his friend's heart, and the task which he had in hand made him sick at his own heart. He walked slowly across the fields, turning over in his mind the words he would use. His misery for his friend was infinitely greater than any that he had suffered on his own account, either in regard to Mr. Puddleham's chapel or the calumny of the marquis.

He found Gilmore sauntering about the stableyard. "Old fellow," he said, "come along: I have got something to say to you."

"It is about Mary, I suppose?"

"Well, yes—it is about Mary. You mustn't be a woman, Harry, or let a woman make you seriously wretched."

"I know it all. That will do. You need not say anything more." Then he put his hands into the pockets of his

shooting-coat, and walked off as though all had been said that was necessary. Fenwick had told his message and might now go away. As for himself, in the sharpness of his agony he had as yet made no scheme for a future purpose. Only this he had determined. He would see that false woman once again, and tell her what he thought of her conduct.

But Fenwick knew that his task was not yet done. Gilmore might walk off, but he was bound to follow the unhappy man.

"Harry," he said, "you had better let me come with you for a while. You had better hear what I have to say."

"I want to hear nothing more. What good can it be? Like a fool, I had set my fortune on one cast of the die, and I have lost it. Why she should have added on the misery and disgrace of the last few weeks to the rest I cannot imagine. I suppose it has been her way of punishing me for my persistency."

"It has not been that, Harry."

"God knows what it has been! I do not understand it." He had turned from the stables toward the house, and had now come to a part of the grounds in which workmen were converting a little paddock in front of the house into a garden. The gardener was there with four or five laborers, and planks, and barrows, and mattocks, and heaps of undistributed earth and gravel were spread about. "Give over with this," he said to the gardener, angrily. The man touched his hat and stood amazed. "Leave it, I say, and send these men away. Pay them for their work and let them go."

"You don't mean as we are to leave it all like this, sir?"

"I do mean that you are to leave it just as it is." There was a man standing with a shovel in his hand leveling some loose earth, and the squire, going up to him, took the shovel from him and threw it upon the ground. "When I say a thing, I mean it. Ambrose, take these men away. I will not have another stroke of work done here." The vicar came up to him and whisper-

ed into his ear a prayer that he would not expose himself before the men, but the squire cared nothing for his friend's whisper. He shook off the vicar's hand from his arm and stalked away into the house.

Two rooms—the two drawing-rooms as they were called—on the ground floor had been stripped of the old paper, and were now in that state of apparent ruin which always comes upon such rooms when workmen enter them with their tools. There were tressels with a board across them, on which a man was standing at this moment whose business it was to decorate the ceiling.

"That will do," said the squire. "You may get down and leave the place." The man stood still on his board, with his eyes open and his brush in his hand. "I have changed my mind, and you may come down," said Mr. Gilmore. "Tell Mr. Cross to send me his bill for what he has done, and it shall be paid. Come down when I tell you. I will have nothing further touched in the house." He went from room to room and gave the same orders, and after a while succeeded in turning the paper-hangers and painters out of the house. Fenwick had followed him from room to room, making every now and then an attempt at remonstrance; but the squire had paid no attention either to his words or to his presence.

At last they were alone together in Gilmore's own study or office, and then the vicar spoke. "Harry," he said, "I am indeed surprised that such a one as you should not have more manhood at his command."

"Were you ever tried as I am?"

"What matters that? You are responsible for your own conduct, and I tell you that your conduct is unmanly."

"Why should I have the rooms done up? I shall never live here. What is it to me now how they are left? The sooner I stop a useless expenditure the better. It was being done for her, not for me."

"Of course you will live here."

"You know nothing about it. You cannot know anything about it. Why

has she treated me in this way? To send up to a man and simply tell him that she has changed her mind! God in heaven! that you should bring me such a message!"

"You have not allowed me to give my message yet."

"Give it me, then, and have done with it. Has she not sent you to tell me that she has changed her mind?"

Now that opportunity was given to him, the vicar did not know how to tell his message. "Perhaps it would have been better that Janet should have come to you."

"It don't make much difference who comes. She'll never come again. I don't suppose, Frank, you can understand the sort of love I have had for her. You have never been driven by failure to such longing as mine has been. And then I thought it had come at last!"

"Will you be patient while I speak to you, Harry?" said the vicar, again taking him by the arm. They had now left the house and were out alone among the shrubs.

"Patient! yes; I think I am patient. Nothing further can hurt me now: that's one comfort."

"Mary bids me remind you"—Gilmore shuddered and shook himself when Mary Lowther's name was mentioned, but he did not attempt to stop the vicar—"she bids me remind you that when the other day she consented to be your wife, she did so—" He tried to tell it all, but he could not. How could he tell the man the story which Mary had told to him?

"I understand," said Gilmore. "It's all of no use, and you are troubling yourself for nothing. She told me that she did not care a straw for me, but she accepted me."

"If that was the case, you were both wrong."

"It was the case. I don't say who was wrong, but the punishment has come upon me only. Look here, Frank! I will not take this message from you. I will not even give her up yet. I have a right, at least, to see her; and see

her I will. I don't suppose you will try to prevent me?"

"She must do as she pleases, Harry, as long as she is in my house."

"She shall see me. She is self-willed enough, but she shall not refuse me that. Be so good as to tell her, with my compliments, that I expect her to see me. A man is not going to be treated like this, and then not speak his own mind. Be good enough to tell her that from me. I demand an interview." So saying he turned upon his heel and walked quickly away through the shrubbery.

The vicar stood for a while to think, and then slowly returned to the vicarage by himself. What Gilmore had said to him was true enough. He had, indeed, never been tried after that fashion. It did seem to him that his friend was in fact broken-hearted. Harry Gilmore might live on—as is the way with men and women who are broken-hearted—but life for the present, life for some years to come, could be to him only a burden.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE MILLER TELLS HIS TROUBLES.

WHEN the vicar went on his unhappy mission to the squire's house, Carry Brattle had been nearly two months at the mill. During that time both Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick had seen her more than once, and at last she had been persuaded to go to church with her sister. On the previous Sunday she had crept through the village at Fanny's side, and had taken a place provided for her in the dark corner of a dark pew, under the protection of a thick veil. Fanny walked with her boldly across the village street, as though she were not in any slightest degree ashamed of her companion, and sat by her side, and then convoyed her home. On the next Sunday the sacrament would be given, and this was done in preparation for that day.

Things had not gone very pleasantly at the mill. Up to this moment old

Brattle had expressed no forgiveness toward his daughter, had uttered no word of affection to her, had made no sign that he had again taken her to his bosom as his own child. He had spoken to her, because in the narrow confines of their home it was almost impossible that he should live in the house with her without doing so. Carry had gradually fallen into the way of doing her share of the daily work. She cooked and baked, and strove hard that her presence in the house should be found to be a comfort. She was useful, and the very fact of her utility brought her father into a certain state of communion with her; but he never addressed her specially, never called her by her name, and had not yet even acknowledged to his wife or to Fanny that he recognized her as one of the family. They had chosen to bring her in against his will, and he would not turn their guest from the door. It was thus that he seemed to regard his daughter's presence in the mill-house.

Under this treatment Carry was becoming restive and impatient. On such an occasion as that of going to church, and exposing herself to the eyes of those who had known her as an innocent, laughing, saucy girl, she could not but be humble, quiet and awestruck; but at home she was beginning again gradually to assert her own character. "If father won't speak to me, I'd better go," she said to Fanny.

"And where will you go to, Carry?"

"I dun' know: into the mill-pond would be best for them as belongs to me. I suppose there ain't anybody as'd have me."

"Nobody can have you as will love you as we do, Carry."

"Why won't father come round and speak to me? You can't tell what it is to have him looking at one that way. I sometimes feels like getting up and telling him to turn me out if he won't speak a word to me." But Fanny had softened her and encouraged her, bidding her wait still again, explaining the sorrow that weighed upon their father's heart as well as she could without say-

ing a single cruel word as to Carry's past life. Fanny's task was not easy, and it was made the harder by their mother's special tenderness toward Carry. "The less she says and the more she does, the better for her," said Fanny to her mother. "You shouldn't let her talk about father." Mrs. Brattle did not attempt to argue the matter with her elder daughter, but she found it to be quite out of her power to restrain Carry's talking.

During these two months old Brattle had not even seen either his landlord or the vicar. They had both been at the mill, but the miller had kept himself up among his grist, and had not condescended to come down to them. Nor had he even, since Carry's return, been seen in Bullhampton, or even up on the high road leading to it. He held no communion with men other than was absolutely necessary for his business, feeling himself to be degraded, not so much by his daughter's fall as by his concession to his fallen daughter. He would sit out in the porch of an evening and smoke his pipe; but if he heard a footstep on the lane he would retreat, and cross the plank and get among the wheels of his mill, or out into the orchard. Of Sam nothing had been heard. He was away, it was believed in Durham, working at some colliery engine. He gave no sign of himself to his mother or sister; but it was understood that he would appear at the assizes toward the end of the present month, as he had been summoned there as a witness at the trial of the two men for the murder of Mr. Trumbull.

And Carry also was to be a witness at the assizes, and, as it was believed, a witness much more material than her brother. Indeed, it was beginning to be thought that, after all, Sam would have no evidence to give. If, indeed, he had had nothing to do with the murder, it was not probable that any of the circumstances of the murder would have been confided to him. He had, it seemed, been on intimate terms with the man Acorn, and through Acorn had known Burrows and the old woman who lived

at Pycroft Common, the mother of Burrows. He had been in their company when they first visited Bullhampton, and had, as we know, invited them into the vicar's garden, much to the damage of Mr. Burrows' shoulder-blade; but it was believed that beyond this he could say nothing as to the murder. But Carry Brattle was presumed to have a closer knowledge of at least one of the men. She had now confessed to her sister that, after leaving Bullhampton, she had consented to become Acorn's wife. She had known then but little of his mode of life or past history, but he was young, good-looking, fairly well dressed, and had promised to marry her. By him she was taken to the cottage on Pycroft Common, and by him she had certainly been visited on the morning after the murder. He had visited her and given her money; and since that, according to her own story, she had neither seen him nor heard from him. She had never cared for him, she told her sister; but what was that to one such as her, as long as he would make her an honest woman? All this was repeated by Fanny Brattle to Mrs. Fenwick; and now the assizes were at hand, and how was Carry to demean herself there? Who would take her? Who would stand near her and support her, and save her from falling into that abyss of self-abasement, and almost of self-annihilation, which would be her doom, unless there were some one there to give her strength and aid?

"I would not go to Salisbury at all during the assizes, if I were you," Mrs. Fenwick had said to her husband. The vicar understood thoroughly what was meant. Because of the evil things which had been said of him by that stupid old marquis whom he had been cheated into forgiving, he was not to be allowed to give a helping hand to his parishioner! Nevertheless, he acknowledged his wife's wisdom—tacitly, as is fitting when such acknowledgments have to be made—and he contented himself with endeavoring to find for her some other escort. It had been hoped from day to day that the miller would

yield, that he would embrace poor Carry, and promise her that she should again be to him as a daughter. If this could be brought about, then — so thought the vicar and Fanny too—the old man would steel himself to bear the eyes of the whole county, and would accompany the girl himself. But now the day was coming on, and Brattle seemed to be as far from yielding as ever. Fanny had dropped a word or two in his hearing about the assizes, but he had only glowered at her, taking no other notice whatever of her hints.

When the vicar left his friend Gilmore, as has been told in the last chapter, he did not return to the vicarage across the fields, but took the carriage-road down to the lodge, and from thence crossed the stile that led into the path down to the mill. This was on the 15th of August, a Wednesday, and Carry was summoned to be at Salisbury on that day week. As the day drew near she became very nervous. At the vicar's instance, Fanny had written to her brother George, asking him whether he would be good to his poor sister and take her under his charge. He had written back—or rather his wife had written for him—sending Carry a note for twenty pounds as a present, but declining, on the score of his own children, to be seen with her in Salisbury on the occasion. "I shall go with her myself, Mr. Fenwick," Fanny had said to the vicar: "it'll just be better than nobody at all to be along with her." The vicar was now going down to the mill to give his assent to this. He could see nothing better. Fanny, at any rate, would be firm, would not be prevented by false shame from being a very sister to her sister, and would perhaps be admitted where a brother's attendance might be refused. He had promised to see the women at the mill as early in the week as he could, and now he went thither intent on giving them advice as to their proceedings at Salisbury. It would doubtless be necessary that they should sleep there, and he hoped that they might be accommodated by Mrs. Stiggs.

As he stepped out from the field-path on to the lane, almost immediately in front of the mill he came directly upon the miller. It was between twelve and one o'clock, and old Brattle was wandering about for a minute or two waiting for his dinner. The two men met so that it was impossible that they should not speak; and on this occasion the miller did not seem to avoid his visitor. "Muster Fenwick," said he, as he took the vicar's hand, "I am bound to say as I'm much obliged to ye for all ye have done for that poor lass in there."

"Don't say a word about that, Mr. Brattle."

"But I must say a word. There's money owing, as I knows. There was ten shilling a week for her keep all that time she was at Salsbry yonder."

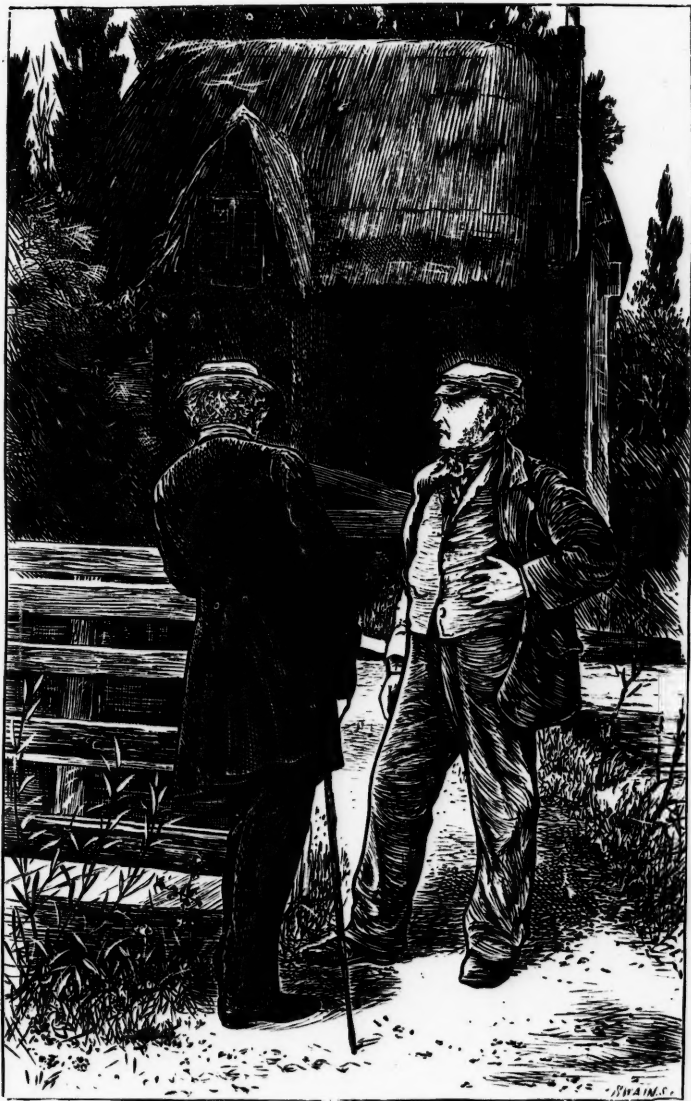
"I will not hear a word as to any money."

"Her brother George has sent her a gift, Muster Fenwick—twenty pound."

"I am very glad to hear it."

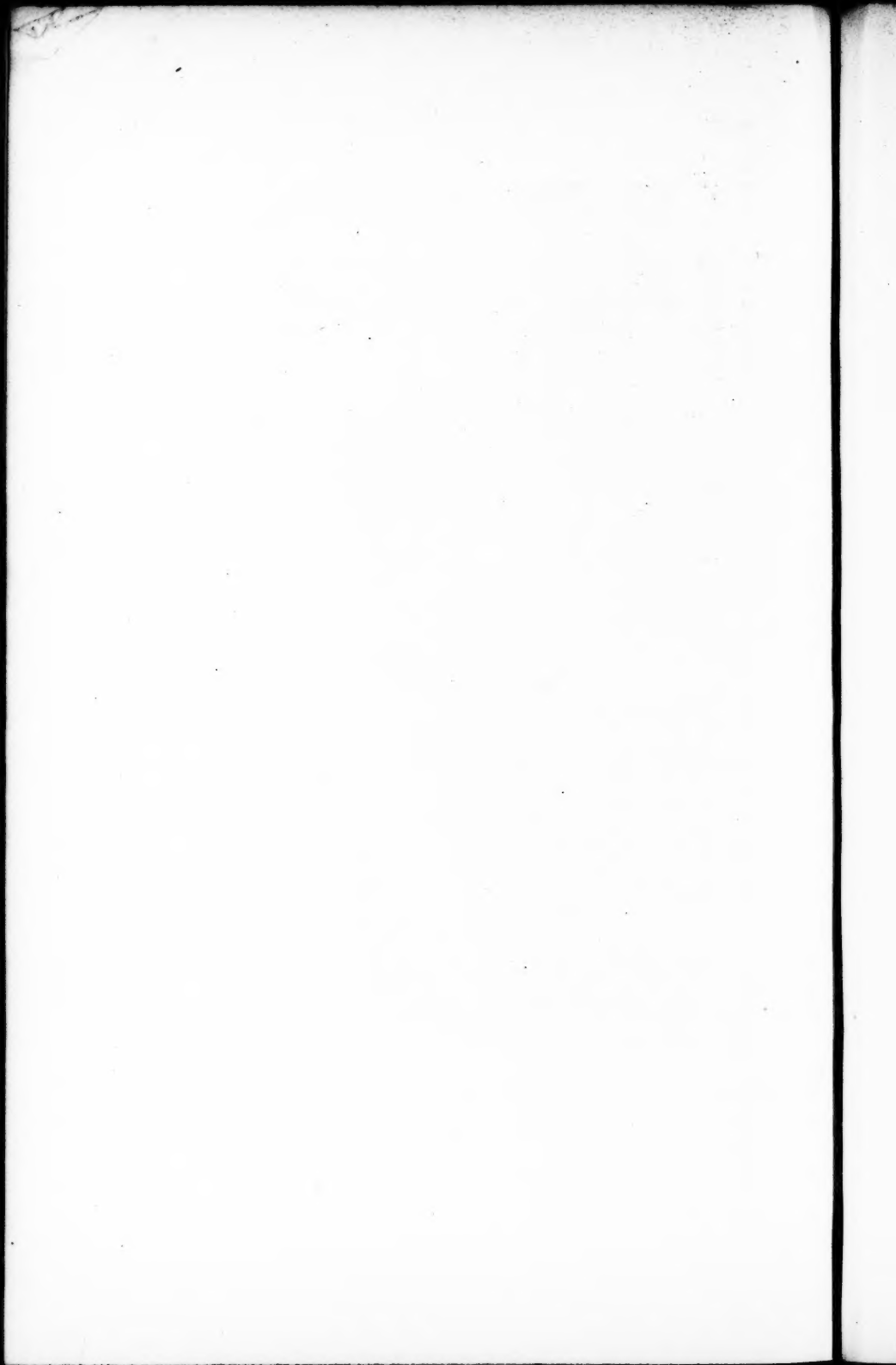
"George is a well-to-do man, they tell me," continued the father, "and can afford to part with his money. But he won't come forward to help the girl any other gait. I'll thank you just to take what's due, Muster Fenwick, and you can give her sister the change. Our Fanny has got the note as George sent."

Then there was a dispute about the money, as a matter of course. Fenwick swore that nothing was due, and the miller protested that as the money was there, all his daughter's expenses at Salisbury should be repaid. And the miller at last got the best of it. Fenwick promised that he would look to his book, see how much he had paid, and mention the sum to Fanny at some future time. He positively refused to take the note at present, protesting that he had no change, and that he would not burden himself with the responsibility of carrying so much money about with him in his pocket. Then he asked whether, if he went into the house, he would be able to say a word or two to the women before dinner. He had made up his mind that he would make no further attempt at reconciling the



The Miller tells his troubles to the Parson.

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. LXIII.]



father to his daughter. He had often declared to his wife that there could be nothing so hateful to a man as the constant interference of a self-constituted adviser. "I so often feel that I am making myself odious when I am telling them to do this or that; and then I ask myself what I should say if anybody were to come and advise me how to manage you and the bairns." And he had told his wife more than once how very natural and reasonable had been the expression of the lady's wrath at Startup when he had taken upon himself to give her advice: "People know what is good for them to do well enough, without being dictated to by a clergyman!" He had repeated the words to himself and to his wife a dozen times, and talked of having them put up in big red letters over the fireplace in his own study. He had therefore quite determined to say never another word to old Brattle in reference to his daughter Carry. But now the miller himself began upon the subject:

"You can see 'em, Muster Fenwick, in course. It don't make no odds about dinner. But I was wanting just to say a word to you about that poor young ooman there." This he said in a slow, half-hesitating voice, as though he could hardly bring himself to speak of the unfortunate one to whom he alluded. The vicar muttered some word of assent, and then the miller went on: "You knows, of course, as how she be back here at the mill?"

"Certainly I do. I've seen her more than once."

"Muster Fenwick, I don't suppose as any one as hasn't tried it knows what it is. I hopes you mayn't never know it; nor it ain't likely. Muster Fenwick, I'd sooner see her dead body stretched afore me—and I loved her a'most as well as any father ever loved his da'ter—I'd sooner a-see'd her brought home to the door stiff and stark than know her to be the thing she is." His hesitation had now given way to emphasis, and he raised his hand as he spoke. The vicar caught it and held it in his own, and strove to find some word to say as

the old man paused in his speech. But to Jacob Brattle it was hard for a clergyman to find any word to say on such an occasion. Of what use could it be to preach of repentance to one who believed nothing? or to tell of the opportunity which forgiveness by an earthly parent might afford to the sinner of obtaining lasting forgiveness elsewhere? But let him have said what he might, the miller would not have listened. He was full of that which lay upon his own heart. "If they only know'd what them as cares for 'em 'd have to bear, maybe they'd think a little. But it ain't natural they should know, Muster Fenwick, and one's a'most tempted to say that a man'd better have no child at all."

"Think of your son George, Mr. Brattle, and of Mrs. Jay."

"What's them to me? He sends the girl a twenty-pun' note, and I wish he'd ha' kep' it. As for t'other, she wouldn't let the girl inside her door! It's here she has to come."

"What comfort would you have, Mr. Brattle, without Fanny?"

"Fanny! I'm not saying nothing against Fanny. Not but what she hadn't no business to let the girl into the house in the middle of the night without saying a word to me."

"Would you have had her leave her sister outside in the cold and damp all night?"

"Why didn't she come and ax? All the same, I ain't a-saying nowt again Fanny. But, Muster Fenwick, if you ever come to have one foot bad o' the gout, it won't make you right to know that the other ain't got it. Ye'll have the pain a-gnawing of you from the bad foot till you clean forget the rest of your body. It's so with me, I knows."

"What can I say to you, Mr. Brattle? I do feel for you. I do, I do."

"Not a doubt on it, Muster Fenwick. They all on 'em feels for me. They all on 'em knows as how I'm bruised and mangled a'most as though I'd fallen through into that water-wheel. There ain't one in all Bull'umpton as don't know as Jacob Brattle is a broken man along of his da'ter that is a—"

"Silence, Mr. Brattle! You shall not say it. She is not that—at any rate not now. Have you no knowledge that sin may be left behind and deserted as well as virtue?"

"It ain't easy to leave disgrace behind, any ways. For aught I knows, a girl may be made right arter a while; but as for her father, nothing'll ever make him right again. It's in here, Muster Fenwick—in here. There's things as is hard on us, but when they comes one can't send 'em away just because they is hardest of all to bear. I'd ha' put up with aught only this, and defied all Bull'umpton to say as it broke me; but I'm about broke now. If I hadn't more nor a crust at home nor a decent coat to my back, I'd ha' looked 'em all square in the face as ever I did. But I can't look no man square in the face now; and as for other folks' girls, I can't bear 'em near me—no how. They makes me think of my own." Fenwick had now turned his back to the miller, in order that he might wipe away his tears without showing them. "I'm thinking of her always, Muster Fenwick—day and night. When the mill's agoing, it's all the same. It's just as though there warn't nothing else in the whole world as I minded to think on. I've been a man all my life, Muster Fenwick, and now I ain't a man no more."

Our friend the vicar never before felt himself so utterly unable to administer comfort in affliction. There was nothing on which he could take hold. He could tell the man, no doubt, that beyond all this there might be everlasting joy, not only for him, but for him and the girl together—joy which would be sullied by no touch of disgrace. But there was a stubborn strength in the infidelity of this old pagan which was

utterly impervious to any adjuration on that side. That which he saw and knew and felt he would believe, but he would believe nothing else. He knew now that he was wounded and sore and wretched, and he understood the cause. He knew that he must bear his misery to the last, and he struggled to make his back broad for the load. But even the desire for ease, which is natural to all men, would not make him flinch in his infidelity. As he would not believe when things went well with him, and when the comfort of hope for the future was not imperatively needed for his daily solace, so would he not believe now, when his need for such comfort was so pressing.

The upshot of it all was, that the miller thought that he would take his own daughter into Salisbury, and was desirous of breaking the matter in this way to the friend of his family. The vicar, of course, applauded him much. Indeed, he applauded too much, for the miller turned on him and declared that he was by no means certain that he was doing right. And when the vicar asked him to be gentle with the girl, he turned upon him again:

"Why ain't she been gentle along of me? I hates such gentility, Muster Fenwick. I'll be honest with her, any way." But he thought better of it before he let the vicar go. "I sha'n't do her no hurt, Muster Fenwick. Bad as she has been, she's my own flesh and blood still."

After what he had heard, Mr. Fenwick declined going into the mill-house, and returned home without seeing Mrs. Brattle and her daughters. The miller's determination should be told by himself; and the vicar felt that he could hardly keep the secret were he now to see the women.

"GIVE ME A PIN, AND I'LL SHOW YOU A SHOW."

"GIVE me a pin, and I'll show you a show!"
My little boy shouts as he climbs my knee;
And he holds up his toy with childish joy:
"Peep through the hole and see what you'll see!"

He fancies I'm tranced with the wheeling stars
And the shifting crosses of green and gold;
But my heart looks out through the years that are gone,
And these are the pictures it sees unrolled:

A bright lad reading a pictured page
To a fair young girl, who is kneeling there—
"And when I am king you shall wear my ring,
And weave me a scarf of your waving hair!"

A bride half turned at her bridal door,
All her sweet face lit by the taper's glow
That one white hand holds, while the other enfolds
His neck, as she murmurs, "I love you so!"

A warrior armed for the morrow's field:
To his breast is clinging a weeping wife;
And she sobs, "If you fall, I will lose my all,
But, dearest, your honor is more than life."

A mother, hushing her restless babe,
Suddenly ceases the cradle-song,
And the wan lips cry, "If he come not, I die,
For my heart is faint with watching so long!"

Ah! never those lips will greet him again:
Cold, cold is that heart as the wintry sleet.
Though her lord spurs fast through the rising blast,
Too late! too late! Nevermore shall they meet.

"Give me a pin, and I'll show you a show!"
My darling! henceforward through life, to me,
The bravest shows that the wide world knows
Are not worth the weight of your childish fee.

J. D. BRUNS.

JIM LANE.

THE late Senator Lane was the most finished actor I ever saw. He was a sporadic Frenchman of the eighteenth century, strangely out of time; a Bristol rocking-stone; a diamond made in a laboratory. Looking at him in this view, we feel the subdued and deep enthusiasm of the officier du roi who captured a solitary frog on one of the Sandwich Islands, a sort of Selkirk, carried there, poor fellow! in the spawn by seawaves; for we will add, on that drowned continent of name unknown which we call Oceanica the esteemed family of Batrachians is not aboriginal.

I said he was an actor. Every one knows the sequence of the two. Cruikshank knew it when he filled French Row in Vanity Fair with slim-legged ballet-girls. Lane's faults were Gallic; so were his virtues, of which he had a share. As Siddons always talked in chest tones and dragged one foot after her, so Lane always trod imaginary boards. The Romans did those things to perfection. When the effect demanded poison or the falling on a sword, it was done without flinching. In the eighteenth century, when everybody in France went distracted over Greece and Rome, and the women read nothing but Plutarch's *Lives*, it became fashionable to talk like Brutus and Coriolanus, weep like Xerxes and embrace like Damon and Pythias. The judgment of Dumas was singularly acute when he said of the Girondists, who gave tone to the Revolution, "They are exiled Romans. The Republic, as they understood it, is the romance of a woman of mind. They intoxicate themselves with fine words, while the people will get drunk with blood."

Imagine a worn cowskin coat surmounted by a fur cap, or an old hair trunk standing upright upon two sticks, with a moulting chicken-cock at roost upon it. Hair trunk *loquitur*:

"They say Jim Lane is illiterate "

(looking an exclamation point with every sentence)—"that he is ignorant, and not fit for the United States Senate! Why, men of Kansas, his mother was a Connecticut schoolmarm and a most devout Methodist, and from his youth up he was most carefully educated for the Christian ministry; but his modesty, his *insuperable*" (long drawn out) "modesty, kept him out of the pulpit! They say Jim Lane is a libertine! Why, when he was twenty-one years old he had never smoked a cigar, sworn an oath or kissed a girl! But he does love the ladies! He loves his angel mother" (in a sepulchral tone), "and he loves his angel sister! He loves his darling wife; yes, and he loves all the virtuous and loyal women of the land!"

Let it not be supposed that his rough audience laughed at this display of emotion. Did a Boston audience laugh at Choate's nonsense when he told them how the dark-eyed Mexic maids wailed to the light guitar, "Woe is me, Alhama! for a thousand years"? Does the gallery laugh at Hamlet's soliloquy? The poorest devil that ever contemplated self-slaughter (and who has not?) has rehearsed its arguments to himself. We all have our moments of nervous exaltation, and feel that our unspoken thoughts are our best. It was this set of nerves which that cunning anatomist, Lane, knew how to play upon. He sent a shiver down the backs of his auditors like a charge of electricity down a lightning-rod, and raised the goose-flesh on their skins as though a regiment were marching over their collected graves.

"They say Jim Lane is profane." (The biographical was his chosen style.) "Great God! What! Jim Lane an irreligious man? Why, I never swore in my life! Yes, though" (in tragic bass), "once! once! It was at the head of my Indiana regiment in Mexico, at the battle of Buena Vista." (He knew bet-

ter than this.) "I looked to my front, and there were acres and acres of Mexicans" (taking off his coat); "to my rear, and there their cavalry were drawn up, their richly-caparisoned steeds and their murderous spears glistening in the morning sun" (jerking off his cravat); "and to my right and left there were more acres and acres of Mexicans." (Tragic bass again.) "Then, in the excitement of the moment, and forgetful" (accent on *for*-)—"and forgetful of my religious principles, I exclaimed to my brave Indiana boys" (a shrill tenor), "'Charge on 'em, God d— 'em! charge on 'em!'" (Tragic bass.) "*The only time I ever swore in my life!*"

To some this may appear simply vulgar, but not to those who have heard Macready say, "The handkerchief!" in such a way that the sciatic nerve twitched sympathetically and the hair seemed to stand up on the head; for there is no better test of an electrical atmosphere than these physical manifestations. Every sentence was a lighted transparency, uttered as if written in Roman capitals.

While all the interior evidence justifies our French hypothesis, I cannot learn that this extraordinary man had Gallic blood within four generations, though a collateral branch of the Lanes emigrated to Indiana from the Carolinas, where it is stylish to claim descent from the Huguenots. It was a strong stock, and effloresced in such men as Joseph Lane of Oregon, Henry S. Lane, and Amos Lane, a lawyer of distinction, member of Congress and father of our hero. In Lawrenceburg, Indiana, 1814, his son, James Henry, was born, according to some biographers, though, as we shall show, a mystery always hung over his real place of nativity. His mother was of those New England Footes who have enriched the blood of the world in statesmen, jurists, popular preachers and obscure men of talent everywhere. Of such parents James Lane was born, in the Augustan age of their maturity, in the fullness of the mind's reflective epoch and the firmly-braced body. Amos Lane was a man of commanding

powers, and the mother was notable in her town, and owned the propitiating manner and honey-dropping tongue of her son. He said she was a pious woman: we know, *a posteriori*, that she was a bright one, whose son's rich birth-right was true mother-wit, the power of winning hearts, and a restless ambition. Our Connecticut schoolmistress, with a coal of fire in her heart, in some unsearchable way endowed her son with her magnetism. She made him the administrator of her ungratified yearnings: her secret ambitions had their fulfillment in him, even unto sickness of life.

What this magnetism was may be guessed when men of calm blood like the late George L. Stearns, on leaving him, would say, "What a captivating man Senator Lane is! His tones are as sweet as a woman's." Flushed with triumph or confident of success, he was irresistible, his voice soft and musical and his manner confiding. His presence could be as distinctly felt as a register, and there was companionship even in his silence. It will astonish some to whom his name was once an imprecation and a terror to know that scholarly men and men of travel would pronounce him the most pleasing person they ever met, though there was not a common thought between them. If in the plenitude of his power he was surrounded by knaves and vagabonds, it was not only because power is warming and grateful, but the animal spirits of a successful man are themselves a charm.

How much of his attraction was due to a sincere delight in his humanity it would be hard to say, for his unconscious power of adjustability to his surroundings was marvelous. Like that versatile Chelonian, the mud-turtle of negro superstition, he contained within his shell the flavor of every creature dear to the palate of man—fish, flesh or fowl. In the midst of Christians, he had been carefully educated for the Church: among scoffers, religion was but a cloak for hypocrisy. In Kansas he wore the fells of wild beasts: in Bos-

ton he appeared in black broadcloth and white cravat, and whined through his nose as religiously as the melodeon of a country parsonage. Among New Englanders, his mother was a "Connecticut schoolmarm;" with Southerners, he was a Kentuckian; among Western men, a Hoosier; and thus it was his real origin was as great a mystery as the source of the Nile. Like another Frenchman we wot of, he bowed to the Crescent or the Cross as occasion required. The grim chieftain's flow of politeness was as natural as the breath he drew, and as painless: with every-day people it is a morbid secretion, like the pearl in the oyster.

But once in the presence of an undeclared enemy, and his impulse to persuasion and all the little arts of conciliation became an uncontrollable passion. Surveying his suspected antagonist, whose only sign of dislike was a felonious evasion of the eye, he threw himself, a storm of snow, wind and rain, against him; and even hearts of granite yielded to the elemental war at last. A longing for approbation would turn him from friends to surmount tremendous natural antipathies, and curry favor with hearts that mantled and creamed with hatred.

"What!" said he, meeting on the roadside a member of a Bourbon county convention packed against him—"what! vote against Jim Lane, and come from Indiana!" in his most wheedling notes and a smile that fairly lifted the subject out of his boots. Enough. The fellow went to the convention next day and logrolled for Lane.

Reader, now smiling as in scorn, ask not, "Who was Jim Lane, of whom such impertinences are recorded?" I confess that the famous rejoinder of Clay to the old hunter, which superannuated Whigs chuckle over as a triumph of happy repartee, always inspired me with a similar contempt. What Henry Clay was to early Kentuckians was Lane to the pioneers of Kansas, and he represented a society not one whit behind in general intelligence.

His mother, with a frequent ambition,

designed her son for the pulpit, and perhaps the maternal instinct was right. He had all the constituents of the showy preacher, with the superadded advantage that in no atom of his could a trace of veneration be found. For the modern purposes of those holy men—a railroad banquet or a trades' union meeting—he would surely have made his mark.

"James," he would make the good woman say, "the only obstacle between you and the pulpit is your insuperable modesty!" All that he had of good he owed to her. When she died that great marsupial the World took him into her pouch and completed his education; and most of the ill that was in him, I do not doubt, was imparted by the foster-mother.

The pious wish of his mother was thwarted in a way she little suspected, for the insidious immorality of a certain publication of the American Sunday-school Union, whose pattern boy was rewarded for a life of virtue by a seat in Congress, gave a secular direction to her son's aspirations. Discarding the black coat, he went up into the preparatory department, and by way of preface, to show that some things may be done as well as others, made fifty thousand dollars in one winter out of pork, with the easy dexterity that Hermann turns a pudding out of your hat. This was only a preliminary flourish, like the swans and other fabulous animals of the commercial schoolmaster. He proved that a man who is great in one calling may be so in another, and disproved for ever the popular fallacy that a man must graduate from the poor-house to command pecuniary success. Because Rufus Hatch carried a peddler's pack, Vanderbilt rowed a huckster's boat and Helmbold was a cabin-boy, it is not absolutely necessary for a man of genius to be one of these, any more than roast pig requires a whole house for fuel. Let those who esteem it a misfortune that they were born into a decent living take heart, for, though the chances are against them, and it is about as easy for the son of a rich man to make an in-

dependent fortune as for his father to enter the kingdom of heaven, yet nothing is denied to well-directed effort; and I could point to more than one millionaire who never handled a blacking-brush, rowed a boat across the Sound or peddled newspapers.

The virus of the Sunday-school book being in him, he turned from the seductions of pork to law, politics and marriage in his twenty-ninth year. His rival before the courts and on the hustings was Judge Pettet, a man of strong and original genius. In their encounters the popularity of Lane often turned the scale in his favor. Slowly and surely he rose on the wings of popular favor to the Sunday-school hero's pinnacle—a seat in Congress. Certain phenomena marked his political history from beginning to end. He was never easy unless safe within the party of the Administration. Most men of genius delight in the sensation of resistance overcome which the Opposition gives. True as the heliotrope to the sun, Lane turned to the party in power, because he loved petting. He went to Mexico and fought for the Administration—to Congress in '52 and voted for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It would not be safe to limit the probable achievements of so cunning a man had he remained in Indiana. He had won the first five hundred dollars of his political capital, and the rest was easy. But here his career reached a crisis. He saw the drift of popular opinion in the Middle States. It was against the slave power. He wanted a place large enough to turn around in if it became necessary.

Kansas was then the cockpit of the nation, and to Kansas he went. Slaveholders and Abolitionists, Black Republicans, Free-soilers, Border Ruffians, Red Legs and United States Regulars were all engaged in hot, inextricable contest. A slight fissure was perceptible in the Democratic party. It did not take those keen eyes long to see that his party was beginning to quarrel over a point of casuistry which might have engaged the Sorbonne ten years without solution. We doubt whether the

delicate balance of Calhoun himself could have weighed the subtleties of the Lecompton theory, as promulgated from the White House, against the maze of squatter-sovereignty theses that issued from the house of Douglas. Grocery politicians and stump-speakers hammered away at an abstraction fine enough to have set Duns Scotus crazy.

Over the contending factions presided two handsome women—one a haughty virgin, before whose imperial charms some of the slenderer sprigs of the British nobility had sighed themselves away; and the other, not less haughty or beautiful, the bride of him whom public expectation had named the heir-apparent of his party. Direful was the strife, as when the rival goddesses contended for the fate of Troy. It was a war of the Fronde, a campaign of hostile dinner-parties and levées. Let it not be inferred, however, that these were metaphysical fanatics. We doubt if either of those pretty heads ever puzzled over the refinements of Strict Construction or Free, any more than they thought of disputing the nine hundred theses of Admirable Crichton. But this charming and truly feminine contempt for the vital question at issue, it is needless to add, only made the warfare more unrelenting.

I point retrospectively to the rich, full-blown beauty of these deities to refute an awful threat of Dr. Bushnell in his argument against woman suffrage. He forebodes a change in the physical type of the sex. He draws a picture of a wiry, peak-nosed, lantern-jawed scarecrow, calls it the female politician of the twentieth century, and then dares the women to vote and to go to primary meetings!

Now, some of the finest specimens of healthy, luxuriant womanhood I ever saw were active wire-workers, who drank beer, joined a church, wheedled the Irish, and thought all means just which gained a vote for husband or father. They wallowed freely in the mire of politics, and it agreed with them. Like public singers, they grew fat and lymphatic. Stranger than all, nobody

questioned the legitimacy of their occupation. I would not diminish the domestic virtues, but the sex need fear no spoliator more ruthless than the saving of candle-ends or the keeping of scraps of dry bread for puddings. I cannot perceive that it is any better to grow sharp-featured under nervous debility than intellectual excitement. But, ghostly counselor, where is the spiritual beauty which is the resurrection body of departed youth?

The facts are, that the patient, toilsome wife stays at home: her husband hies to Washington, and there, claim-agent or law-maker, pays court to some fair member of the lobby, a pseudo politician in her worst estate. Dear doctor, if this be the reward of virtue, rather than that I would have them dare the primary meeting, though their cheeks should fall in, their teeth crumble into ruins and the flesh fall away from their bones. This appeal to woman's vanity is a snare and a delusion. Age and care *will* mar the dimpled chin, fade the cheeks, dim the eyes. I would rather be Susan Anthony behind her grim spectacles, marshaling the working-women of New York, or driving through an Iowan storm to deliver a lecture, than Madame Patterson Bonaparte freezing in January with a screen between her face and the fire to save her withered cheeks of seventy-six.

"Another race hath been, and other palms are won."

Lane arrived in Kansas, and for a time hovered like a hawk over the factions. What had he to do with universal principles? He dealt with facts, hand to hand. I doubt if he had any interior consciousness of the difference between Free Construction and Strict. Even posthumous fame, which next to the hope of immortality makes men good, had no allurements for him. Dearer than heaven, or a place within the lids of some future *Lives of Famous Americans*, was a seat in the Senate Chamber and contemporary applause. When his political schemes tottered, and he found himself in the eclipse of popular favor, and a blind wall seemed

to rise sheer before him—when that hour came, this Epicurean philosophy cost him his life.

So uncrystallized were his purposes (I will not say opinions) at this imperious juncture that in a speech to the slaveholders in the border town of Westport he assured them that, for his part, he would as lief own a nigger as a mule; and the question on which freedom or slavery in Kansas would depend was, whether the State would grow hemp. His enemies treasured that against him for a later day.

"It is with shame I confess that when I first came to Kansas I cared nothing about the great question of slavery. But, Mr. President, the seeds which since then have been planted in *this* heart, and watered by the blood of Kansas martyrs, have grown, and grown, and grown, until the trees are large enough to make ties for the Underground Railroad. Before God, I believe I shall see the day when this black and brutal party shall be broken in pieces, and from the waters of the Yellowstone to the warm waves of the Gulf one long line of free States shall rear themselves, an impenetrable barrier, against which the Western waves of slavery shall dash themselves in vain. Until then I am a crusader for Freedom!"

This was one of his soberer flights of eloquence, uttered in a voice all nasals, like a mewling cat. But it produced the highest effect of oratory: his hearers stood spellbound, doubting that the sun did shine, doubting truth to be a liar, but never doubting the spotless sincerity of Jim Lane. (He adopted that name partly because of its easy condescension, and partly to distinguish him from his cousin, Henry S. Lane.)

He had no power to study or analyze, but was guided wholly by instinct. Like a greyhound, he hunted by sight. No one would have to be persuaded, from the specimens already given, that his speech-making was purely extemporaneous, of which it may be predicated, as of improvised music, the quality is not always of the best. To write his speeches was impossible—his mind would not

travel on paper. Restless activity made him impatient of books and the slow absorption of fresh ideas; and after a time he was in the condition of a spider which has weaved and weaved its tangled web until it has spun itself out, and the source of supply is dried up. Yet no man since Clay or Douglas could so sway a mass meeting.

"Why, after forty years of labor the great State of New York has only twenty-eight hundred miles of railroad, while Kansas to-day, the youngest sister in the Union, has munificently endowed" (his voice becoming a deep bass, tragic and triumphant) "sixteen hundred miles of r-a-i-l-r-o-a-d." (Emphasis long drawn out on *railroad*.)

The correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*, describing the scene, said that every man in the crowd was persuaded, against his senses, that these rails were already laid, and he was steaming away on them at a speed of sixty miles an hour.

Want of mental discipline would often make him hesitate in the midst of a climax for an idea, yet so consummate was his acting that confusion was turned into victory.

"When I recollect how these same traitors have elected our Presidents, furnished our Cabinet ministers and supplied our generals—how they have fed and fattened upon the spoils of office—I feel, I f-e-e-l!" (with an air of suppressed rage)—"I won't tell you how I feel! But we will put down this rebellion. We will capture Jeff. Davis, and hang him so high that all the traitors in the land may see him: yes, we will hang him to the top of the North Pole! Then we will blockade the ports, we will prohibit commerce, cut off their mails;—and I tell you, my friends, men must have their letters!" (Waxing very dramatic.) "They are as necessary—as necessary—as fresh eggs in the spring!"

Lane might have been great and taken away the reproach of Western oratory. He wittingly degraded it. He who might have drawn all men unto him condescended to all, vulgarized

his speech, mispronounced his words to curry favor with an illiterate mob—made his bed with corruption, and said to the worm, Thou art my brother.

As the Democratic party fell to pieces and the Republicans gained power, it is curious to note the perfect grace with which he appeared to lead public opinion when it was leading him. The king himself would follow Madame Blaise when she did walk before. At the Big Springs Convention in 1855, seizing his opportunity, he rode into power on the division of the Republicans over the Black Law, combining with the shattered elements like oxygen. Then commenced an hostility half personal, half sectional, with Charles Robinson, a man from Massachusetts, leader of the Puritan element, and afterward governor. This hatred only terminated with Lane's life. He aspired to make his rival's obscurity so deep that strangers visiting Lawrence might ask, "What ever became of Robinson?" True to his word, and biding his time, Lane had his successor nominated to the gubernatorial chair, and Robinson, who had read medicine with Timothy Titcomb, went into the promised retirement. In 1865 he was still vengefully heaping dirt on Charley Robinson's grave, burying him so deep, to use his own phrase, that Gabriel's resurrection-horn would not reach his ears.

During the first years in Kansas he was poor, inconveniently poor. His money, acquired with such facility, had been squandered in political scheming. The killing of Jenkins, a neighboring squatter on his claim, when quarreling over a well, made him dangerous. Popular blame was choke-damp to him. Hunted hard by poverty and odium, a single idea possessed him: it was to enter the United States Senate. If his retina had been photographed, there might have been seen a microscopic image of the National Hall of Palaver, such as is wont to embellish the letters of Senators to their country constituents. Who can tell what demon enters the heart of that man who has vowed to go to the Senate? As a lion is only dan-

gerous when fasting, so a desperate man's ambition is like the passion of hunger in beasts. He had twice been elected to the Senate, and as often the legislatures that sent him were declared bogus by a Democratic Congress. Douglas had insulted him in set speech, and called him a buccaneer. Sorely baited, Lane turned on his tormentor with a challenge to mortal combat, which Douglas declined on the ridiculous pretext of social inequality.

The border warfare over in '57, he flagged merely for want of material to inflame popular imagination. Still, neither friends nor enemies dreamed how formidable Lane was. The man without a purpose, in the language of the "ring," strikes wildly, but Lane's constancy to an ideal object was strong as his personal attachments were weak. That unconquerable embodied will walked one bitter day in the winter of 1860 from Lawrence to Leavenworth, thirty-five miles, with the snow full knee-deep, to look after the snares laid for the next Senatorial election. A printing-press was to be sold in Lawrence. Five hundred dollars must be had to snatch it from his foes. The errand was wellnigh hopeless. In Leavenworth the hospitality of the taverns, that opens but to golden keys, shut him out. Mine host of the Renick, who had been coaxed into forgiveness of more than one reckoning, was hardened to flint. Lane's friends had lost faith in his star. He reached Leavenworth at bed-time, and looking down, like a famished Russian wolf, upon the unconscious town, with its long rows of wooden houses, uniform as a marmot village, he saw but one that he felt would give him a decent welcome—the home of an old Republican from Maryland. There he slept, if his busy brain could know sleep. In the morning a last appeal was made to his adherents, the money raised, a buggy ruinous as his own fortunes procured, and he came down like Encke's comet upon the enemy at Lawrence.

"Avoid unlucky men." Oh, Anselm Rothschild, how superfluous to human

nature was thy cruel business maxim! Bland prosperity is always acceptable, but rarely indeed is the unfortunate man an agreeable companion. Misfortune suffers its beard to grow long, its hair is unkempt, its finger-nails dirty. To-day Lane's appearance was far from prepossessing. Kansas had suffered from two famines, and, looking at his uncouth figure, one could believe the story current outside that the people in their penury fed upon acorns and clothed themselves with bark of trees. Trowers of tweed, over which hung a worn coat of cowskin and a vest taken from an unborn calf (mother and child, he would say, historically), a cap of gray prairie wolf, made something very like George Fox's everlasting suit of leather.

Nothing is better understood than the influence of external circumstances upon the body. There are those who believe the negro owes the coloring matter of his cuticle to centuries of tropical heat. The raw bones, long, equine face and neck, high cheeks, small feet and wind-dried frame of Lane verified the Frenchman's theory of the change of European races on this continent into the type of the North American Indian. One feature peculiar to Western physiognomy was wanting—a nondescript cat eye—something yellow and feline—so frequent among native Americans of the lower class. His black and piercing eyes moved restlessly in their sockets. There was no introspection there: like the Indian's, again, they were only objective.

Such was the *personnel* of the foremost candidate from south of the Kaw at Topeka in 1861. Frederick Stanton and a dozen others were his competitors. For days preceding the election, Lane worked with the perseverance of the saints and the energy of despair. The final success of all effort, as embodied in the assertion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is as sublime as the conservation of forces. The power of will is almost illimitable. I have even fancied that its exercise by the driver communicated fresh vigor to a straining horse, as a sleeping child is heavier in

the arms than when awake. He waylaid the vacillating Solons in the dark, decoyed them into the outskirts and bound them with appalling oaths. The hazel brush that girded the town was rife with whispered caucuses. On the eve of the balloting, all night long, from room to room of the Capitol House he went, restless as the Wandering Jew, exhorting, cajoling, encouraging his wavering followers with promises of future benefit, and teaching some other candidate his helpless dependence upon Jim Lane by a lesson in the objective method. Sitting over the fire, and taking the charred cottonwood poker meditatively in his hand, he would sketch a map of Kansas on the floor: then tearing bits of paper, designated by the names of the several candidates, would lay them upon it: "Here's Jim Lane, and Charley Robinson, and Fred Stanton, south of the Kaw (Winchell's out of the ring), and there's Parrott, and Ewing, and Pomeroy, north." Then manœuvring his paper men to suit the particular case, he would demonstrate to a geographical certainty that the only hope of his eager listener lay in a steady adherence to Jim Lane and his fortunes.

He neither slept nor allowed the unhappy Legislature to sleep. Into the arms of one sturdy henchman, six feet high and hairy as a buffalo, he threw himself, declaring in his most mellifluous notes that when he ceased to remember him the mother would forget her babe. Exhausted by such emotional outbursts, he would rush into his own room and throw himself on the bed, from which feverish anxiety soon roused him. Toward midnight a fresh idea seized him. He convened in the parlor the bar-tenders, the waiters, scullions, cooks—the whole tavern's crew—and any stragglers who would listen to a final persuasive effort. There, ranged against the wall, in the baleful light of a tallow candle, on their haunches they sat, like the Peruvian mummies in the Temple of the Sun, listening to the eloquence of desperation. He painted the future glory of Kansas under his fostering care, and poured his heaping cornu-

copia of promises at their feet, until the very shoeblack rolled the whites of his eyes in an ecstatic vision of empire.

One drowsy member from south of the Kaw had slunk into his room from the persecutions of Lane. Just before day, when poets say it is darkest, and the prosaic, who are never awake at that hour, sleep soundest, he felt the grim chieftain creep into his bed. Resistance was useless, and in that time and place, sacred to the counsels of Giant Despair and his amiable spouse, and the entertaining course of lectures by Mrs. Caudle, the half-conscious member pledged himself for the ten thousandth time to stand firm.

Martin F. Conway, the member of Congress and candidate for re-election, was there. Conway was a timid man of genius, and had drunk æsthetic tea in Beacon street. Sorely pressed was he by the importunities of Lane. The ultimatum scared him. For Lane or against, he soliloquized, until, half distracted, and mindful of Boscobel oak and Alfred's neatherd, he sought an evasive peace in the solitude of a neighboring hayloft. Lane's all-searching eyes found him out, and, gathering half a score of Conway's retainers, he mounted the cockloft and burst upon his affrighted gaze as he lay dreaming in a bed of fodder. Without a moment's delay for the recovery of his sleeping faculties, Lane besought him to obey the wish of his own friends and declare for Jim Lane. (These same friends had never taken a thought of that collateral issue.) The man of books struggled for a moment, but dragged up, so to speak, by the hair of his head, he gave, with one spasm of inward pain, an unequivocal pledge of support.

The next year Conway's passive ambition had its reward, and his maiden speech in Congress—as is usual with maiden speeches, but with far more justice—was declared the finest effort ever made there. Beacon street echoed with plaudits. Dr. Howe set his seal upon him, and Lloyd Garrison marked him for his own. The young

orator had a thin and fragile figure, a thoughtful brow and a face sweet as woman's—one of those diaphanous blondes whose tissues seem pellucid and their hair and eyeballs to transmit light. He belonged to the class Media—so Mr. Garrison thought—and when the winter's disasters of 1862 came fast upon the army of the Union, he made Mr. Conway the organ of a startling proposition—nothing less than a separation from the rebellious States, thus cutting loose from the body of slavery, with the prospect of a reunion some day without it. The boldest of the leading Radicals dared not hazard his reputation upon such a venture. But Conway, with exquisite delicacy, absorbed and transmitted the idea with all the prismatic hues of his fine rhetoric. Vain eloquence! A low, ominous roar ran over the House. Conway had chanted his own dirge. From that day the secret door that leads to preferment was closed against him. And the Boston coterie was still as death. As did Chidiack Titchbourne, Conway might have exclaimed, "Friendship hath brought me to this!"

Lane's fortunes had crouched low for a mighty spring. His election was announced to him by a breathless clansman as he sat on a sofa in the Capitol House. He ran his fingers nervously through his hair, and the tears flowed freely from those easy lachrymals. How he redeemed his lavish promises to pay let him tell:

"Of the fifty-six men in the Legislature who voted for Jim Lane, five and forty now wear shoulder-straps. Doesn't Jim Lane look out for his friends?"

Without loss of time he hurried to the capital, with a rabble at his heels, simultaneously with the incoming President and a threatened attack by the enemy. The place was without defenders, except his own jayhawkers and a regiment of office-seekers commanded by Cassius Clay. These slept at night in the East Room of the White House, on arms borrowed from the arsenal. The prestige of first defending the President's sacred person was one secret of his boundless influence with Mr. Lincoln,

and why all was forgiven to the bad memory of the Red Legs when they left Washington and forgot to return the arms.

"The slowest-growing thing in the world," said sage Riccabocca, "is an idea. It took five thousand years to produce Luther, and he ran away with a nun." A great revolution does not quarrel with its tools. It is not punctilious, and would never think of abolishing the Constitution because it omitted the name of Deity. So the government took for its battle-axe in Kansas, James H. Lane, and asked no questions. He was a soldier of freedom, he fought for a great idea, and yet his was a life without a moral.

In the fall of '61, just before the snuffing out of Frémont's great expedition into South-west Missouri, Lane made a blustering campaign into the same devoted region. Its farmers had a dangerous reputation for wealth. Flocks and herds, horses from the stud of Lord Alexander, rolling stock of every kind, with certain portable chattels spoiling to be captured, to the value of ten millions, invited the partisan leader to the lower tier of counties. "Everything disloyal," said he, "from a Durham cow to a Shanghai chicken, must be cleaned out." Faithfully was this obeyed. Even the chaplain was seized with a pious zeal to complete his unfinished church at home from the spoils of ungodly altars. One day on the homeward march, the army, borne down with fatigue and plunder, was suddenly commanded to deflect. Upon inquiry being made as to the cause, Lane, pointing in solemn mirth to a spire that rose in the distance, said, "See that steeple yonder? If we go there the chaplain will try to steal it, and we will never get home in the world."

So successful was this raid that Lane, inflamed anew with military ardor, hurried to Washington to obtain the President's sanction for a great Texas expedition. Slavery stood at bay in Texas, and he wanted to put a girdle around it. He was kindly received by the

President and General McClellan. In one of their interviews, General McClellan said,

"Suppose you find no Union sentiment whatever where you go?"

"Then," replied Lane, "I will leave no rebel sentiment behind me. If Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian country will not come under the laws of the government, I will make them a howling wilderness. I will give the traitors twenty-four hours to choose between exile and death. Sir, if I can't do better, I will kill the white rebels and give their lands to the loyal blacks." McClellan, laughing heartily, the chronicler relates, told him to go his ways, work out his own plans, and see that no rebel set foot in Kansas. The incident epitomizes McClellan's whole character. We can fancy how forced and dry that laugh was.

As he returned home, Lane preached a crusade in the Northern cities, and the country was agog with preparation. Young Garibaldians with picturesque names made haste to sue for positions on his staff. The army of invasion was swiftly recruited, and all stood on tip-toe, ready to start at tap of drum. But trouble was in camp, and the great expedition was fated never to take the first step toward Texas.

Hunter was in command of the department at Fort Leavenworth. A surly old "regular" was he, with the jocular Miles O'Reilly on his staff. The commander had regarded this din of war from the corners of his eyes in foreboding silence, while his jester made it the target of ridicule in saucy general orders. Hunter demanded from Washington money for fifteen thousand horses and equipments. He called this the common sense of the business, but the sum was so unexpectedly enormous that it had the desired effect of taking the shine off Lane, and bringing him into temporary disrepute at headquarters.

At the last moment Hunter refuses to yield the command to Lane, at which Lane weeps, commands, entreats, makes a series of Homeric speeches, writes a pathetic letter to the Legislature, "re-

linquishing the cherished hope of his life," takes back his seat in the Senate, and the drop-curtain falls, leaving the pit red hot with indignation at red tape. Lane had drunk off the foam and intoxication, and left the lees and the odium to Hunter. Such, dull man of fact, is imagination's glorious privilege! "Is not the loved and the lost, while I long for it and pine for it, as truly mine as the ground I stand on?" said melancholy Teufelsdröckh.

Thus far our actor had personated Sir Anthony Absolute, storming, swelling, threatening, but not so bad as he seemed. Up to this time his military policy might be called mildly evasive, even Fabian. He triumphantly demonstrated that a most terrific war can be conducted upon principles strictly non-combative. The Society for the Promotion of Peace might take heart in the midst of its arduous labors by a glance at the great Texas expedition. If it is consolatory to think that war is being gradually abolished on the homœopathic principle through columbiads and revolving turrets, how much better when commanders like Lane, who understand their business, are entrusted with power! Any man of phlegm and obstinacy can set two armies by the ears, to butchering each other. The first South-west Missouri raid was a harmless succession of feints and dashes at the enemy, without any reasonable prospect of striking. Down the main street of some border town would fly the rebel troopers, and an hour afterward in galloped Lane's men in hot pursuit. Round and round they went, like the hobbies of the "flying horses." The body of Lane's foe was not there, as in the case of Newman Noggs, who aimed such terrible blows at an imaginary Ralph Nickleby. Now and then some hapless wight was caught up and hung for a traitor, or a rich farmer for having more than his share of this world's goods, but these were exceptional cases. It was after the raid on Lawrence, the crime of Quantrell (August 23, 1863), itself retaliatory, that Lane plunged into the excesses of bloody vengeance. The

cast of the play demanded of Lane the part of Villain. With the unquestioning alacrity of a well-drilled "supe" he took it up, and—need we say?—acted it to the life. His popularity called for slaughter, and he did not stint it. His own house at Lawrence had been burned, but Lane was not at heart implacable. He could postpone his private wrath at convenience, but he lashed to fury the passions of the people. Ewing, a more timid panderer, anxious to clear himself of blame, issued his order of "Desolation" August 25, banishing the entire population from the border counties of Missouri. But Lane, scorning such mercy, followed hard and panting upon the retreating inhabitants, "with vengeance for blood and devastation for safety engraven upon his heart in characters of eternal light." At the Paoli meeting he said: "I want to see every foot of ground in Bates, Jackson and Cass burned over—everything laid waste! The devastation of the Palatinate or the extermination of the Carnatic will be clemency compared to it." "Jennison's tombstones"—the stark and blackened chimneys of burnt farm-houses, standing thickly here and there—attest how remorselessly that threat was executed.

In an ancient Bible illustration—"The Spoiling of Amalek"—above the inextricable carnage is seen in the foreground a naked babe uplifted on the spear of a Jewish soldier. It hints at the whole story of Israelitish cruelty. The dead woman at the foot of the stair in the "Sacking of Jerusalem" is more eloquent than words. I give the episode of Hook, as related by Lane himself in a speech at Leavenworth after his return, and spare the vulgar horrors of that protracted massacre, that confused murmur of prayers and tears, curses and groans, which has never had an historian:

"You talk about Union sentiment in Missouri! Why, when I was marching through there the other day, I happened to inquire for the best Union man in the county. They told me Hook, and I went out of my way to visit him. I

asked him in the presence of my men if he was for the Union. He said, 'Yes, for the Union as it was.' I then inquired if he harbored rebels in his house. He answered, 'No, but he heard them at his corncrib sometimes at night.' *I turned and rode away.*" *A voice in the crowd:* "Where's Hook now?" "In —! I left him in the hands of the executioner."

A gentler answer comes into our mind: "Where's Polonius, Hamlet?" "In heaven, I hope; and if you cannot find him there, go seek him in the other place."

If murder can be wiped out in blood, and vengeance requited measure for measure, eye for eye and tooth for tooth, then the border counties atoned tenfold in vicarious suffering the dark deed of Quantrell. The victims of his massacre have been counted, but those whom Lane and Jennison left in the hands of their executioners, who will chronicle them? They are unnumbered as the murders of Attila.

So long as the law takes retaliation in hot blood out of the hands of men, to deal it in cold blood through its hired assassins—so long as it violates its pledge to protect culprits from cruel and unusual punishments, as in Edward Dowey's case—we must feel that Lane's cruelties were no worse than those sanctioned by the most refined legal sentiment of the day. Edward Dowey, three times tasting death—three times hung by a blundering sheriff, when a blunder was a black crime—while his tormentors were reviving him from a merciful swoon to be strangled again, could groan from the depths of his misery, "Please God, it is just."

A holy Syrian monk, first beholding a gladiatorial show in Rome, threw himself with passionate generosity into the arena and separated the slayers. He lost his priceless life, for the multitude, robbed of their prey, tore him to pieces. But his martyrdom put an end for ever to the bloody Roman circus. So much is not asked of human nature every day, but, ye stars of heaven! of what stuff are men made, that when Edward Dowey

was carried half conscious up to the gallows for the third time, among a thousand looking on—government officials and all—not one was brave enough to cry, "Hold! the wrath of God and man is appeased"?

How far we are responsible for wrongs we do not prevent, Heaven only knows. But there is, according to St. James, a heavy account against Lane, who knew to do good and did it not.

The renomination of Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore was his work. Hunter might conquer Texas if he chose, but he, Lane, was lord over the hearts of men as he breathed again his native caucus air, and quickly demolished those coalitions against the President built in the eclipse of that disastrous year. When Andrew Johnson entered his star seemed to culminate. True to his chosen policy, he stood in high feather with the Administration. But when he discovered it was death at home to defend the President, and the gods of his polytheism forsook him, there seemed no end to his life of expediency but despair, a pistol-ball, annihilation! He perished as intellectual Greece perished—soulless in the midst of her ruin: he fell as a mighty poplar falls, that carries with it the fowls that build in its branches and the parasites that climb its trunk.

I fancy that Lane lost much of his magnetism in the relaxation of success. He had met reverses before with courage. Now a depressing influence was at hand that exhaled from the very luxuriance of his fortunes. He would sit at the table-d'hôte bolting puff paste and shoveling down incredible loads of nuts and raisins in a fit of abstraction, without seeming to taste or care to taste them. Nothing less than Papin's patent digester could have reduced such a mass to nutrition. Byron said he had been drunk on beefsteak, and Lane could commit a debauch without tasting wine. Then would follow a night of groans and smothered imprecations. His enemies whispered, "Remorse." It was the stomach's remorse. He would rise in the morning with bloodshot eyes and certain murky lines around the mouth

that rich food and indigestion paint—with Gluttony's heavy monogram stamped on his lower jaw, the whole face bearing the ravages of dreams. A man who suffers from nightmare weeps real tears, and is among the most miserable of God's creatures. Some one relates that he waked up from circumnavigating the globe as tired as if he had really traveled every foot of the way.

Lane was not made for a coarse assimilator of food: he was of the finer, nervous temperament. If a singer cannot command his vocal organs after a hearty meal, certainly the skilled workmanship of the brain cannot go on. Isaac Disraeli says, "A man becomes stupefied when the circulation of the blood is impeded in the viscera: he acts from instinct, and the nervous fibres are too relaxed or too tense. Prescribe the bath, frictions and fomentations, and you get at the brain by the feet."

A tormented stomach is the quickest prompter to suicide. Leipsic was lost through indigestion, but how many more viewless battles Time will show when he winds up his affairs and balances accounts! Queen Labe, an Arabian witch, would rise in the dead of night from her sleeping lover and busy herself in making cakes for his delectation (whether short-cake, flannel-cake or plum-cake, doth not appear: that was *her* secret). When the silly fellow awoke she would invite him to breakfast, which was no sooner despatched than he found himself changed into a bird by his cruel charmer. In the days of his poverty Lane bore an unsodden brain. His heart was sick with ambition, eager with expectancy, and it would not let him sleep or eat. If at that day he had made black his bile with alcohol or beer, if he had gorged himself with pastry—that invention of the Devil—or the slow poison of sweetmeats, the odds are he would have gone down to the grave an obscure country lawyer. Perhaps it had been better so, but we are examining the conditions of success, not holy living and holy dying. His contests were generally neck to neck,

and he won who carried lightest weight. Cagliostro lived on a handful of Alsatian cheese a day, and he read the thoughts of men.

In the midst of the tumultuous session of the summer of '65 a deep melancholy overcame the grim chieftain. The high stimulus of conflict, the tropical heat of the capital in July, wrought the symptoms of cerebral congestion. From Washington he started for New Mexico, but only reached Kansas, and his dying oscillations between those extreme points were curious to note. From Kansas to St. Louis he went and back again with his medical attendant, who thought his case grave enough to accompany him. At last he sought refuge on the government farm (a large reservation near Fort Leavenworth) from excitement and the swimming of the head and dimness of vision which pursued him everywhere. He had the deceptive flush of congestion, and visitors thought him rapidly recovering. It was only after the catastrophe that his friends remembered with what strange interest he had examined a new knife some one had given him, and tried to secrete it, as Lucy Ashton hid the dagger on her way to church.

On the evening of the Fourth of July a young gentleman coming out from the city to attend him left his revolver on the mantel of his own chamber. Next day the sick man arose, as if with a fresh purpose, and joined the family below stairs. Passing through the hall, his eye swept over the pistol, but with the cunning of a madman he walked on without seeming to notice it.

In a moment his plan was formed. He ate with good appetite, looked out cheerily upon the farm, and suggested a ride over its broad acres! The carriage was announced. But stop! He had left his handkerchief up stairs. Before any one could serve him he tripped lightly up the stairs and armed himself with the revolver. On the ride he talked to the gentlemen with him of a trip to Europe. Returning, they halted at a gate. Lane descended from his carriage, and, going behind it, exclaimed in a loud and cheerful voice, "Good-bye, gentlemen!" and before they could turn he had placed the pistol in his mouth and fired. The ball passed through the apex of his head. (Years before, his brother, a young army officer, had killed himself by thrusting a sword into his eye.) He was carried to the house insensible and supposed to be dying. But as an eagle slain upon the wing is carried forward by its own momentum, this man, with a wound that would have been instantly fatal to an ox or an elephant, lived on, and fought with death for the victory. For twenty-four hours he lay upon his back unconscious, with stertorous breathing and twitching of his left side. On the second day, like the reappearance of a subterranean river, life and motion returned. He opened his eyes with the light of reason and spoke a few words. That was all. For nine days he lay so, conscious apparently, but not choosing to speak or give one word explanatory of the awful deed. On the tenth day he expired.

JACOB STRINGFELLOW.

THE COMING REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

INTELLIGENT observers of the signs of the times can scarcely have failed to arrive at the conclusion that a great social and moral revolution is impending over Great Britain—that the rapid growth of liberal opinions, and the gradual accumulation of liberal legislation, are undermining the authoritative position, the long-claimed right to govern, and the long-accorded superiority over the masses, of the British aristocracy. During the past session of Parliament a strong, resistless current of popular feeling exhibited itself, showing how insecure is the basis on which aristocratic institutions rest; how rapidly the antagonism between Lords and Commons is growing and developing; how revolution, bloodless, but none the less radical in the changes which it will bring, must before long bring matters to an issue; and showing which of the contending parties is likely to be worsted in the encounter.

The passage of the Irish Church Bill, so imperiously demanded by the people, did more than shock the religious and aristocratic prejudices of its lordly opponents. It opened their eyes to the existence of ultra liberal sentiments in the hearts of a large portion of the nation—sentiments which would brook no resistance then or thereafter to the decision of all popular questions according to the popular will. They saw plainly—what some of their number had already feared—that their functions as a legislative body would simply consist for the future in putting into shape the permanent wishes of the nation in so far as those permanent wishes might extend; in fact, in obeying the mandates of the people; and they saw that any resistance to this great and real power would but result in their extinction as a legislative body altogether. The Irish Church Bill not only meant revolution, but was intrinsically revolutionary; and the ease with

which this great popular measure was carried showed how powerful must be the new feelings which are operating in the English mind—feelings intense indeed, and yet vague and indefinite—aspirations felt, but imperfectly understood, rather than propounded theories, and requiring careful training and education; pointing toward a grand but unknown future for the people; the positive side of which is as yet but faintly sketched, but the negative side of which appears in the conviction that some new basis for the arrangement and constitution of societies and nations must be sought in order to advance the happiness and the material interests of their communities—that the days of arrogance and selfishness in politics are numbered, and that the days of justice to all are fast approaching.

An inevitable destiny is constantly working changes in human institutions. The past is absorbed in the present—the present is busily speculating as to the future. What was good yesterday is bad to-day. What was valuable and beneficial in an imperfect state of civilization becomes not only unnecessary and out of date, but absolutely injurious, as civilization progresses. And so it is that many and great as undoubtedly have been the advantages arising from the existence of a powerful aristocracy in bygone times, the spirit of the age declares that those advantages are no longer either apparent or real, and demands that aristocracy and aristocratic institutions should be suppressed. At a time, therefore, when the British aristocracy may be said to be on its trial, and certain condemnation awaiting it, it may be interesting to trace its origin and growth—to consider its present position and influence, and the causes which are inevitably leading to its decline and fall.

Of the three great elements from which the English aristocracy draws its

source and being—primogeniture, feudalism and hereditary titles—the last named may be said to be comparatively modern in its origin.

Primogeniture—the right or custom whereby an estate in land comes to a person in virtue of his being the eldest male descendant—was coeval with the earliest human institutions. We find its counterpart in the birth-right of the patriarchal system, and later it was the subject of one of the many commands which Moses laid on the children of Israel. It prevailed among the Assyrians, and in different forms among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and to some extent among the Persians and Moslems. Primogeniture, however, was unknown in England until after the Norman conquest. Gavelkind, which to this day prevails in the county of Kent, is supposed to have been the custom in England and Wales under the Saxon rule. According to the law of this custom, all lands descended, where the father died intestate leaving sons and daughters, in equal portions to the sons, to the exclusion of the daughters.

Feudalism, the origin of which, and the period at which it was first established, are such moot points among historians, is also of great antiquity. It is supposed to have originated in Asia, and to have accompanied the great migrations from the East to the West. We know that it had found its way into Europe as early as eight hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, for the lands of Sparta, under Lycurgus, were all held on military tenure; an example which Augustus and others of the Roman emperors followed when they distributed lands to the veterans of their victorious armies on condition that their sons should do military service on arriving at the age of fifteen. And when the German tribes conquered Rome, they too gave a feudal organization to society; and feudalism subsequently became the basis of Gothic jurisprudence, arriving at its full vigor about the year 800. Like primogeniture, however, feudalism was intro-

duced into England by her Norman conquerors.

But common as was the custom of primogeniture, universal as was the feudal system, thoroughly established as was the aristocratic organization throughout Europe, these institutions had existed for many centuries before the bestowal of titles which should be hereditary came into vogue. Hugh Capet of France, in the year 987, first set the example of creating hereditary titles, being desirous of rewarding those bishops and nobles who, when assembled in council at Senlis for the purpose of settling the succession to the crown, gave the preference to Hugh over the Carolingian duke, Charles of Lorraine. His example was eagerly seized upon by the other crowned heads of Europe; and so valuable an agent for consolidating his own power and that of his followers was not likely to be lost sight of by the astute and wily Conqueror when he established himself on the throne of England, and found it necessary to introduce the feudal system for the protection of his new kingdom from invasion.

But the barons of England soon began to feel the weight of the haughty power which at Sarum they had assisted in creating, and for one hundred and fifty years they were constantly engaged either in snatching power from the Crown or in resisting its encroachments, according as the reigning monarch was powerful or weak; till at last, in 1215, in spite of the Bull of Pope Innocent threatening them with the anathemas of the Church if they continued the agitation for their rights, the barons succeeded in wringing Magna Charta from King John. From that time encroachment came from the barons on the rights of the Crown, not from the Crown on the rights of the barons. The Wars of the Roses, however, though at first greatly increasing the power of the barons by the importance which their powerful support acquired in the eyes of the rival contestants for the throne, eventually deprived them of much that they had previously gained. Those

thirty years of civil war—unequaled for the intensity of passion which was evoked, for the ferocity and bloodshed which characterized them—by sweeping away the old nobility brought about the downfall of the feudal system and the martial power of the barons, and paved the way for that partial resumption of arbitrary power by Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth which distinguished their reigns from those of the other Tudors. Feudal pride had been laid low for ever: the lessons of adversity which they had learned during that period of carnage and destruction of property were not lost on the surviving barons, and they came out of that great contest an acquisitive and power-loving but peaceable aristocracy. Though feudalism was not abolished by statute till the reign of Charles the Second, it was already virtually dead: there was little chance of a repetition in history of such characters as Warwick the King-maker.

Under James the First, "the most learned fool that ever lived," the great nobles soon renewed their old encroachments on the Crown, and with impunity, in spite of James' memorable assertion to the French ambassador at his court that he and Henry the Fourth were absolute in their kingdoms, and by no means depended on the counsels or concessions of their subjects. And although the barons rallied round the standard of Charles the First, and sacrificed life and fortune in his cause, they did so not in defence of the prerogatives of the Crown, but to maintain the kingly office; and while fighting for the king they did not scruple to constantly remind him of their own rights and grievances. But it was by their action during the short reign of James the Second, and the revolution of 1688 which terminated it, by alternately playing the king against the people and the people against the king—now stimulating the fears of the one and then the passions of the other—that the barons of England achieved for themselves that all-important and commanding position in the State which they retained to within the last forty

years. It is a very common though great mistake to suppose that the revolution of 1688 effected the emancipation of the people from tyranny. It was rather the exchange of a monarchy—which, when the monarch was strong, as in the cases of Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, Edward the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, was in reality an absolute one, or next door to it, and, when the monarch was a weak one, as in the case of the four Stuarts, strove or affected to be absolute—for a domination more or less direct, but always real, of a powerful aristocracy, with a puppet king for a stalking-horse. This aristocratic power was not so immediately felt as it might have been, in consequence of the self-assertion of William the Third, and the exhibition of a power and will on his part which were too strong to be rashly encountered by those very men who had been active in bringing him over from Holland. But since the days of William the Third, England has had no king possessed of any real power and influence, if we except the ascendancy which George the Third obtained and exercised for a while over the *heart* of William Pitt.

Up to the revolution of 1688 (for the rebellion of 1641, in which the barons sided in a body with the king, may be fairly considered exceptional) political contests had, as a general thing, found the king and the people united against the barons; and the barons in most cases had the worst of it. Since the revolution of 1688, in which the barons seemed to unite their interests with those of the people, though they really only used them as a catspaw to snatch power from the Crown, glad of an opportunity which was not likely soon to recur, the barons—or, as they came to be called, the aristocracy—have controlled the government of the country, with the exception of the few years of William's reign, when their power was to a certain extent kept in abeyance by his strong will. But as the people began to claim and exercise the right of fuller representation, the House of Lords,

alarmed by the democratic element which seemed to be weaving itself into the hearts of many of the leading constituencies, constituted itself and became recognized as the great outwork of monarchy; while the Commons, on the other hand, representing the people, were regarded as independent of the Crown, and therefore jealous of its influences.

Their position as the second estate in the realm, their constant association with the Court, the invariability with which their advice, apart from their parliamentary position, was naturally sought by the Crown on all great occasions of foreign or domestic policy, the numerous and important State offices which were hereditary in some noble families, and the great local political influence which as large landed proprietors they wielded, gave to the great nobles opportunities of advancing and maintaining their own interests, to the exclusion of those of less importance, which they were not likely to, and did not, neglect. Their social position moreover gave them entire command of their time, and this complete leisure was in itself a source of power. It gave them the opportunity of entering on a political career at a very early age; and this unusual opportunity afforded them unusual facilities for self-advancement over commoners who had to work their social as well as political way in life. Thus it was that they came to fill all the high offices of State. The holding of these offices involved patronage, and patronage again involved influence; and this patronage and this influence were naturally used for promoting the advancement of the younger scions of their houses, or, failing them, of their aristocratic connections, and installing them in the lower offices of State. Hence, by this monopoly of the high offices of State by the heads of great families, and of the lower offices by the cadets of these families, the government of Great Britain assumed for many generations all the characteristics of an aristocratic and hereditary oligarchy. This powerful position, by an ever-watchful exclusiveness, they

managed to retain intact, and almost unassailed, for one hundred and fifty years. Some idea may be gained of the selfish persistency and tenacity with which the great families clung to this monopoly of the governing power only a generation or two back, from the fact that the duke of Portland, the great Whig leader of the day, steadily refused to admit Burke and Sheridan, in spite of their great talents and brilliant oratory, to high office in his cabinets, on the express ground that they did not belong by birth to any of the Revolution families, as they so loved to style themselves. This ancestral pride was a mere egotism. They did not worship their ancestors in relation to themselves, but rather themselves in relation to their ancestors. But without this ancestral shrine wherein to worship, self-worship was, in their eyes, ludicrous, presumptuous and offensive, and indicative of a spirit of perverse self-assertion which must be repressed into its proper sphere. No matter how long and successful a man's career, no matter how noble his ambition, how pure his patriotism, how commanding his abilities, he could become celebrated—nay, great—but he could not pierce the impenetrable coat-of-mail of Caste. That "happy consummation" of a well-spent life might be in store for his descendants, but it was utterly beyond his own reach. Under the government of such an oligarchy the representation of the people must necessarily be more than imperfect. The county representation was mainly under the influence of the great and noble families; a large proportion of the boroughs was the absolute property of the peers or their aristocratic connections, or entirely under their control; while in many other boroughs the influence of the ministers of the government for the time being was paramount at elections: the cities and large towns alone had any pretensions to independence.

Until 1832, then, when the Reform Bill reduced to practice the theory of ministerial responsibility in constitutional government, and under the pro-

visions of which the Crown means the Cabinet, and the Cabinet the party which is for the time entrusted with power by the people, the representation of the people and popular interests was, except on rare occasions, a constitutional theory rather than an active political force.

The present influence of English noblemen, though indirectly—that is, socially and morally—very great, is directly—that is, politically—very small. As landlords, as leading agriculturists, as patrons of valuable Church property, as a wealthy caste, their power is still very great, and they doubtless influence to a vast extent the opinions—or, if not the opinions, the expression and action—of numbers of persons with whom they come in contact. On the other hand, in these same relations they are greatly biased by self-interest and a spirit of exclusiveness, and hence they are often brought into active antagonism with the great masses of the people on countless points of progress and reform.

In 1832 the people began to assume, and are daily more and more assuming, the governing power, and the great nobles and the sovereign have become proportionately of less importance, till in their direct capacity of rulers they have become little more than nullities; while under the latest legislative changes their indirect influence has been considerably weakened, though it is still very great. The curtailment of local government, and the development of centralization in its stead, have greatly diminished the influence of the lords and squirearchy in the counties and country parishes; and the reduction of the county franchise under the last Reform Bill admits voters to the right of suffrage who are not only independent of them as territorial supervisors, but are actually hostile to them as hereditary legislators. As a court of review of the acts of the House of Commons, the House of Lords has no power whatever. The British nation is fast awakening to the fact that it is neither wise nor expedient to place implicit confidence in the legislative capacity of

one whose only claim to its confidence consists in the fact that an ancestor, often a very remote one, had, through the force of his own personal merits, earned it, claimed it and received it, and whose intermediate descendants may have been outlaws under the Plantagenets or Tudors, or have been executed for treason, robbery or murder. Consequently, whenever the House of Lords shows signs of opposing its effete authority to the national will, popular feeling immediately threatens it with extinction. This threat has been three times held out in the last quarter of a century: first, in the case of the Jewish disabilities; secondly, in the case of the paper duties; and thirdly, and more notably, in the case of the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

The abolition of a State Church in Ireland was indirectly a great blow to the power of the English aristocrats, for it paved the way for the inevitable disestablishment of the English Church—an event which will not only take from them the political support of the bench of bishops in the House of Lords, but will, in depriving them of their ecclesiastical patronage, considerably lower their social influence. Of the immediate downfall of a State Church in England there can be no doubt, for its former friends and supporters are joining its enemies in clamoring for freedom. For many years past those of its members known as High Church have been the staunchest upholders of the Established Church of England. They have unswervingly declared that the Establishment was necessary to the national welfare. They have boldly asserted its principles, and have unflinchingly defended its rights, at great pecuniary cost, in the law courts. But the recent decisions of the Privy Council are quickly alienating their affections, and they are joining in the cry for that separation of Church and State (a combination which for centuries has been the first standing toast at all festivities) which millions of people in England regard as the commencement of the downfall of both. The two great leaders of the

High-Church party have lately spoken out openly their convictions that a State Church is, under existing circumstances, disadvantageous to the Church. Speaking regretfully of recent events, Dr. Pusey says: "Disestablishment appears to me now our only remedy: it must come in ten years at latest, and better to be bared of all external help, if need be, now, than when paralyzed." Archdeacon Denison, the great champion of conservatism, both ecclesiastical and secular, in a petition to the dean and chapter of Exeter, says: "If the appointment of Dr. Temple to the see of Exeter, or to any other see of the Church of England, shall be carried out, a direct and intolerable offence and treason will have been committed against Christ and His Church; and thereupon it will become the duty of every Churchman to labor actively and steadily to dissolve all connection between the Church and the State." Her friends deserting her, her Nonconformist enemies clamoring loudly for her destruction on all sides, her only supporter an aristocracy distrusted and disliked by the masses, which has a selfish and temporal as well as spiritual interest in her continuance, the days of the State Church of England must surely be numbered. The Church is a great and important element in the great aristocratic fabric, and cannot fail in its fall to give a severe shaking to the already tottering remainder.

The great and the primary cause of the decline, as it assuredly will be of the fall, of aristocratic institutions is that the state of things which led to their establishment has long passed away—that they have lost all utility, and are now simply a burden on the people and a standing obstacle in the way of progress. Under the military system on which States of old were constituted, that marvelous network of relations, comprising the highest and the lowest, based in all its connections on mutual fidelity, and avowedly directed toward a high and common object, the growth of an aristocracy was a natu-

ral consequence—a political necessity which undoubtedly fulfilled the requirements of the time. Such a body represented—first, the territorial soil of the kingdom; secondly, the divisional exercise of power under the monarch; and thirdly, the military distribution of the national forces. It originated, as did the kingly office, in war-leadership. As the monarch was the head of the national forces, so the noble was the divisional commander, the people constituting the rank and file; all being bound to do service in defence of the kingdom. The semi-civilization of those days, when few but ecclesiastics knew how to read or write, the insecurity of life and the utter lawlessness which prevailed, required total supervision and control. The absence of roads and the difficulty of communication exposed the kingdom to invasion almost with impunity. A hostile expedition could be landed on the coasts of Northumbria or Mercia, and lay waste the surrounding country and subjugate entire districts, before an emissary could reach London with the intelligence. The expense of maintaining a national army sufficient for the defence of the entire kingdom was far beyond the resources of the royal exchequer in those days: the only alternative, then, was the establishment of feudal lordships, the tenants for life of which could, in case of attack, immediately organize their subsidiary forces, and, with the assistance of the neighboring chiefs, keep the invaders at bay till the monarch could hasten to their assistance with reinforcements. But to render this feudal system perfect, a strict enforcement of the law of primogeniture was necessary, and a series of laws limiting the right of the parent to alienate his property, and especially his inherited property, was consequently passed. Had not the ancient custom of primogeniture, protected and strengthened as it was by the making of all titles hereditary, been incorporated into it, feudalism in England would have totally failed in its intent. Lands held under a fief would have deteriorated in the value of their

possible service to the Crown if divided up generation after generation, and the difficulty of controlling an unwieldy body of petty landholders, each with a small retinue and having his own jealousy rankling in his bosom, would have been great compared with that of ordering a small body of powerful barons, each with a proud name to sustain by feats of arms, and with a large body of disciplined retainers at his beck. If, then, feudalism was necessary to the England of the eleventh century, primogeniture was still more necessary to feudalism. But with the progress of civilization these military precautions gradually lost their force and value, till at last their necessity ceased to exist; but though the substance of the feudal system vanished in the fifteenth century and was abolished by statute in the seventeenth, a semblance of its form without the reality of its power is still advantageously retained in an aristocracy owing fealty to none, whose power, achieved by a series of political flank movements, now on the Crown and then on the people, has gradually waned before the irresistible demands of an educated popular will.

History, then, compels us to the conclusion that while the normal duties of the aristocracy have long passed away, the privileges accorded to it for the performance of those duties are still claimed and exercised. But the signs of the times warrant the supposition that this anomaly will not be long suffered to continue—that it will not be long before the hereditary legislature is deprived of the very essences of its being. Not the least significant of these signs is the acquiescence of the House of Lords in the principle of the bill for the creation of life peerages, and the cry of the marquis of Salisbury, one of the most hardworking and most business-like of its members, for something for the peers to do. But surely the admission to the House of Lords of life peers—a mere personal distinction, which is not transmissible to descendants—is a direct intrusion into the sacred

precincts of an hereditary aristocracy, whose notions of hereditary descent are so inseparably connected with the peerage that it finds it difficult to separate the one idea from the other. And is not Lord Salisbury's cry for more work a confession that the duties of a member of the House of Lords have become a sinecure? But this concession of life peerages by the hereditary lords is a mere expedient on their part for avoiding more disastrous reforms which will not long avail them, and was aptly designated by Mr. Bright as "a little childish tinkering." The new peers must occupy an uncomfortable and anomalous position, if not one actually productive of mischievous results. As a separate section of the House, occupying their seats on a different footing from the other members, in a position of social inferiority to the hereditary peers, in spite of the equivalent political value of their votes, their usefulness must necessarily be impaired; while the glaring inconsistency of the unequal standing of the life and hereditary peers will but still more concentrate public attention on the question of hereditary peerage—a question which the present peers are by no means desirous should be generally discussed, fearing, and justly fearing, the direction which such discussion might take. This proposition of life peerages is a mere phantom of a theory. It is an entire miscalculation of the necessary relative powers of lever and fulcrum to the weight to be lifted. True government must come from the most powerful element in the State—that is, from a numerical majority; and the lever which is to operate on the English body politic must be looked for in an increased popular representation rather than in an accession, under whatever guise and form, to the House of Peers. But regarding it in any light, looking at it from any side, the introduction of life peers into the House of Lords must be a serious blow to the political and social influence and prestige of the hereditary peerage.

But the greatest of all the dangers to the stability of the position of the aris-

tocracy is the abolition of primogeniture—a reform which is looming up in the distance, and is gradually obtaining a powerful hold over the minds of those among the masses of the people who are likely henceforth to control the legislation of the country. To the majority of the parliamentary constituencies the possession of a small plot of land is the aspiration of ownership, rather than an object of enjoyment; but as long as landed estates are held in extensive tracts, and conveyed intact from generation to generation by the laws of primogeniture, so long will that subdivision of land which, by destroying the principle of compactness, would increase the willingness to sell off small portions, be impossible, and this aspiration of ownership go unfulfilled. The social reformers who denounce the present distribution of land have undoubtedly set themselves a great task in endeavoring to alter it; still, public opinion is easily led and guided, and quickly moulded, and the advocates of a change in the law hope that by constantly agitating the question of the reform, and boldly denouncing the evils, of the present system, the political force which is already largely working in society may soon acquire that strength and solidity which will make it irresistible. Mr. Locke King's bill, though rejected by the House of Commons, had the effect of opening public discussion on this important subject; and discussion alone was certain to make many converts to the principle of the bill. It also gave that healthy shock to preconceived notions and personal prejudices which will ensure ample consideration of the question. The assertion that a large portion of the British nation favors the abolition of the law of primogeniture finds confirmation in the wide and increasing circulation of certain Radical journals which advocate it, and which also openly avow their conviction that the extinction of the hereditary legislature is the political necessity of the day. Primogeniture

was abolished in France at the revolution of 1789, and what now is the social or political influence of the French aristocracy? When primogeniture, that greatest of all stays to the power and influence of the British aristocracy, shall have been removed, Great Britain will quickly become a republic in all but the name.

It cannot be long, then, before the House of Lords finds itself face to face with the new revolution, bringing with it changes which it will be as idle for it to oppose as it was for Canute to attempt to keep back the rising tide. The demand for popular government will roll on against it like an overwhelming wave, compelling it to go with the current in order to avoid destruction. As a legislative chamber it will certainly be remodeled, perhaps altogether abolished. If a second chamber should be retained at all, it will in all probability take the shape of a senate, whose members will be elected for life from among candidates relying on their personal merits, not on their aristocratic birth, for election; and to whom the nation, looking upon them as a body of true counselors—a body of really "potent, grave and reverend signors"—could safely entrust ruling powers.

The glory of the House of Lords is departed. As it stands at present it is a mere pageant, a relic, an anachronism, an obsolete remnant of the old feudal system. The masses have taken care to render it impotent for evil, though at the same time they have rendered it impotent for good. But for a certain conservative element in the national character, it would ere this have been abolished formally, as it has for some years been abolished virtually. It has been retained in form much on that same principle which gives to men and women a tendency to preserve relics of bygone days, which, though cumbersome and useless, they have nevertheless not quite the heart to destroy.

ARTHUR PEMBER.

THE STRANGER OF NAHANT.

I.

THE season of the year eighteen hundred and fifty—was a brilliant one at Nahant. The cottages were all occupied: the hotel had not then been destroyed by fire. Great masters of history and poetry, great dames of the high world, lovely girls of the gay world, dashing men of the fast world, men from every world beneath the sun, lent all the attractions they possessed to render Nahant a desirable place to be and to be seen at. In those days of polkas and plain waltzes—when Jenny Lind and Sontag were the musical divinities, and little Paul Jullien was knocking the sense out of all our heads with his magical baton,—in those days, or thereabouts, occurred the events which constitute our very truthful story.

Just at the extreme verge of the rocky promontory, looking out on the right across the placid bay, and in front upon the uneasy ocean, now dimpling into smiles in the sunshine and now breaking into tears against the rocky breast of yon distant lighthouse, stood, and still may stand, a group of frame cottages. The site is the loveliest at Nahant: from thence the eye commands an expanse of water limited only by the power of vision, studded with islands, watch-towers and grim forts: there all day and all night the wave sullenly breaks on the "cold gray stones" of the shore, whose cavernous cliffs respond with a hollow chorus evoked from their depths. It is a good place to be at when the dog star is in the ascendant.

The largest of the cottages was the one nearest the verge of the bank which descended to the sea. The grounds ran down to the road which skirts the edge of the bluff, and its piazza commanded a view of a pile of rocks by some giant hand grotesquely heaped together not a rod from the firm land, from whence at low tide it was easily accessible. The

cottage was built of timber and painted a dull brown. Generous piazzas stretched on three sides of it. Large rooms on each side of the hall gave ample scope for comfort, luxury and hospitality. Through the hall itself the sea-breezes ebbed and flowed in delicious waves, passing to and fro through the latticed doors.

The cottage had been the scene in former years of unbridled gayety and extravagance. But the wealthy family which had built it and resided in it had disappeared, no one knew where. There were whispers of family dissension and family shame. Howsoever that may be, of the proud father and stately mother, the gay brothers and the beautiful sisters, none were ever seen now at Nahant. Five years ago the cottage had been sold with all its beautiful furniture, and since then had been annually let to the first comer, until the original proprietors were almost forgotten. But it had never been a gay house since they left it. A paralytic old miser had occupied it for three seasons; and when he was deprived of the life that he had only known how to misuse, the house was rented by a quiet young couple, whose only child was too infantine to wake up the echoes of the old rooms by childhood's laughter, and for whose tender lungs the blighting sea air was too keen; so that another death within its walls added to the funereal sadness and gloom of the ill-fated cottage. The agent of the owner was in despair. The old driver of the Lynn stage said that no good would ever come from that house; and as he took two drinks of raw whisky immediately after this melancholy prediction, his admirers, the horse-boys, were straightway convinced that the house was haunted, and such of them as were Catholics piously crossed themselves ever afterward on passing its cursed portal. Nevertheless, the owner lost no rent. Early in

June it was put in thorough order, and new furniture brought by water from Boston: late in the month the new tenant was in full possession.

He was scarcely thirty years old, and unmarried. An aged woman acted as his housekeeper. He owned a sloop-rigged yacht and a chestnut-bay saddle-horse. He was a skillful sailor and a bold rider. He would beat around the lighthouse against a stiff gale with a single reef, when every other vessel would be double reefed. How he managed it with so little ballast perplexed the fishermen. He would take his horse among cliffs where nothing four-footed but a goat ever dared to go before. It was whispered that the horse had Arabian blood in its veins: he called it *Ahriman*. The mysterious tenant of the haunted house was a constant reader. He rose early and retired late. He dined at five o'clock, and always dressed for dinner, even when alone. "*Lucullus dines with Lucullus*," said he. Notwithstanding his peculiar mode of life, he had not been two weeks at Nahant before he was popular both with the permanent inhabitants and the sojourners. He was liberal, polite, and at times quite social. When he was unsocial it was only on horseback or in his yacht. He exchanged the usual visits of courtesy with his neighbors: he, however, avoided the excitement of the hotel. Among the villagers he was known as "*The Stranger*." On Sundays he would ride to church at Lynn, along that strip of sand which barely connects Nahant with the main land. O beautiful waters of the bay! O fretful waters of the ocean! how you strive here to commingle, beating out your lives against the unsympathizing desert of sand which divides you! Hark to the gentle feminine protest of the bay—hark to the manly murmur of the ocean.

"It was thus that we were separated," said the tenant of the cottage one day, as he paused to look at the divided waters before rounding the cove and ascending the hill which led to his home; and the shadow of the thought followed him as he pursued his path.

He saw neither the beauty of the woods, nor the glory of the villas, nor the comfort of the cottages encased in vines; nor did he hear the song of the insects, the low of the cattle, the shouts of children at play, nor the mirth and the music borne from the pleasure-palaces of the votaries of watering-place life. It was evident that in the long past there was some "day that is dead," of which "the tender grace" would never come back to him.

We have as yet said nothing of his personal appearance. Those who knew him in those days describe him in this wise: Over the middle height, with deep chest, square shoulders and well-knit, slender limbs. His forehead was rather low but broad, cheek-bones high, mouth large, chin well made and firm. His hair was chestnut, and his eyes deep gray. He wore no beard, but concealed his mouth by a heavy, drooping moustache. His manner was that of a man of the world, accustomed to wonder at nothing. His address was polished and singularly fascinating. His conversation in English or French—the former being his vernacular—was entertaining, and at times profound.

He was born in an interior town in one of the Atlantic States, and had been educated at Harvard, where he had been pre-eminent as a linguist and not deficient as a mathematician. After leaving college he traveled for a year in Europe, and then went to New York City, where he studied law. When admitted to the Bar he met with brilliant success. It was evident that ambition rather than necessity stimulated his efforts, for his fortune was ample. His services commanded a high compensation. "My duty to my profession demands that I, who can afford to work for nothing, should not bring down the standard of fees," he used to say. But he gave away in charity one-half of his professional income. He worked with astonishing rapidity, and thus had much time for social intercourse. He was a ladies' man. This profound young lawyer, this brilliant speaker, was withal an excellent dancer. It was even whis-

pered—oh scandal to the staid fraternity of lawyers!—that he was an adept in flirtation. He did not hesitate to call his friends many out of the pale of good society. He sat one night at the opera in the private box of the prima donna during the acts when she was not on the stage. "She is a cultivated, beautiful and good woman," said he in reply to a remonstrance: "why should I be ashamed to be seen in her company?" This was then rank heresy, even in brilliant and liberal New York. This young innovator was a great favorite with the old men. Respectful without being obsequious, talkative without being garrulous, he infused the sap of his fresh young nature into their fading lives. In his society they lived their youth over again. Young, rich, talented, with the laurels of fame already within his grasp, what happiness! And he was happy as he trod his flower-strewn path, his days passed in congenial toil and in gaining fresh reputation—his nights devoted to music, literature and the social pleasures. No serious attachment perplexed him: life was too short, he thought, to be frittered away in sighs. In philosophy he was an Epicurean until misfortune changed him to a stony Stoic.

He was now twenty-seven years old. On his twenty-seventh birth-day, as he afterward grimly remembered, he attended a small tea-party. There were a dozen or more gathered together, and the prattle was crisp and enlivening. Among the guests was a stranger to him. It was a girl just merging into womanhood—not nearly as attractive in appearance as a hundred women he had met that winter, yet, somehow—inexplicable somehow!—he felt that his time had come. The acquaintance formed that evening ripened into friendship, and, as he hoped, that friendship was ripening into love. He, in the strength of his manhood and the flush of his reputation, and she, in the sweetness of her girlhood, as they trod the flying hours arm in arm, formed a beautiful tableau, or succession of views of pleasure, each dissolving into one fresh-

er and more charming than the last. She was an orphan, whose father, a stern old Puritan, had recently died, and was buried beneath sod much fairer to look at than his forbidding face. She lived in the city of New York with a widowed aunt—a lady whose social position had given her niece every opportunity for entrance into so-called fashionable circles. The pensive beauty of the girl had won her many admirers, all of whom, however, had gracefully retired before the impetuous advances of the young lawyer. He scarcely knew where he was drifting to, and scarcely cared. He was still an Epicurean, acting on the principles of the ode to Thaliarchus. As for the girl, she seemed to yield herself entirely to him. She was always willing to go with him to opera, ball or concert. He bought horses in order that he might drive and ride with her. He spent hour after hour at her house, listening to her talk or her singing. It was evident to the world that for once in his life he was serious: he did not deny it. He only smiled when congratulated on his success, for success it apparently was. Indeed, those who knew his history—how he had never been constant, but always shifting—pitied the poor girl whom they supposed to be his latest victim. There could be no doubt but that she was much attached to him—charmed by the serpent, the old ladies thought. But in truth he was earnestly, even passionately, in love. She knew it: he believed that she loved him.

And thus the happy hours glided on, amid dances and songs, rides and walks, concerts and operas—in pleasures so pure that it was cruel in Fate to break the spell. Yet it was broken. The winter and spring had passed away, and the summer heat drove the girl and her aunt to the sea-side. He was absorbed just at that time in a heavy case, and could not follow them. But he feared to trust her, uncommitted, to the fascinating society of a watering-place; so, from his office, in the midst of the paraphernalia of business, he wrote to her. He told her everything. He, the

eminent lawyer, pleaded strongly his own case: he, the brilliant man of society, offered himself and his attractions: he, the man of honor, did what he had never done before—pledged to her his firm and lasting love. This was the answer:

"NAHANT, July 10.

"I scarcely have courage to answer your letter, for I know how I must appear in your eyes when I tell you what I no longer dare conceal: I cannot be your wife. I am already the wife of another. Do not curse me, but pity my weakness, and, if you can, forgive me. If tears and anguish of mind can expiate my sin—for sin it is—it is expiated. I may violate a formal vow, I may place myself in your power, but I care not. My answer is, that I love you, but I cannot be your wife.

"My father, as you have heard, was a stern man, and was supposed to be prudent in his business affairs. But the mania of speculation swept away his fortune. A creditor who held his obligations to the amount of twenty thousand dollars was threatening him with arrest and bankruptcy. This man was young and rich. His personal appearance was not bad. His name was Hartley Kennett. He offered to cancel the notes if I would marry him. I loved my father and I consented. The papers were destroyed and a release of all claims executed in my presence. A clergyman was sent for: I perjured myself before him as he performed the ceremony. I had fulfilled the cruel conditions of the bargain; and I then fled from my bridegroom's side, and have never seen him since. After my father's death I came to live with my aunt, always retaining my own name. My husband—O God!—after a few fruitless attempts to win my confidence, has apparently abandoned me to my fate. I have indignantly returned all his presents, and refused to be indebted to him for support. But for that terrible, terrible marriage vow, I am as free as I was in infancy.

"This marriage was my first crime. The second was in not revealing these

facts to you when I first discovered that you were learning to like me. But consider! I had led a loveless life. I, possessing a nature of the highest capacity for affection, had never before been permitted to taste the intoxicating draught. I could not speak the words which would drive you for ever from me. Often I resolved to do it, cost what it might, but the sentence would always die away unspoken upon my lips. This was my great crime—a crime whose shadow I know must always rest upon my life. I can only plead my love for you in extenuation—a feeble, selfish plea.

"Oh that I had met you sooner, or never at all! I wish this last for your sake; for the sense of your affection, undeserved though it be, is the only gleam of light in the darkness which envelops me.

"It is best that we should not meet again. Dear as you are to me, I dare not, after what I have written, see you again. Think of me as dead. I shall hear of your distinctions and success with a melancholy pleasure; and if you truly love me, let your future life be clouded by no thought of me. Farewell!"

The letter was without signature, and the paper was blistered with tears.

It was a cruel blow. He slept none that night, but paced his office to and fro like a caged panther. His doors were locked against clients during the next day.

It was not a case of unrequited love. Unrequited love, they say, is susceptible of cure: a lamp will go out if not fed with oil. Had she scorned him, bitter as would have been the stroke to his pride, the disappointment would hardly have affected his whole life. They would have parted with the conventional "We may still be friends," only to meet again in the social world. With his habits of self-command he might even be able to jest on the subject. He would wince a little when he heard his name coupled with hers, but he would be able to assure his friends,

with perfect composure, that there was nothing in it at all. He would drink a trifle more deeply and be negligent in his dress, until the world would begin to fear that he was going to the bad. But in course of time this would wear off, and as the years passed by he would wonder at his early folly. Or even if his affections were deeply set upon her, after the first hour of agony was over he would realize merely that the romance and the love were gone out his life—that he had staked and lost as far as domestic happiness was concerned, but everything else was left: health, wealth, ambition, literature, travel, and even the delights of female society—charming even under the chilling name of friendship.

But this was a far different case. Here passion fed by passion was inextinguishable, but Fate placed an impassable barrier between. There was no consolation. He turned to his law-books and they mocked him: "Our law considers marriage in no other light than as a civil contract. The holiness of the matrimonial state is left entirely to the ecclesiastical law." He opened the Holy Book, and there came to him the dreadful warning of the tenth commandment. He could not escape from his thought. It was perhaps just retribution. How many hearts had he trampled upon! He had mocked at the destroyer, and the destroyer had come. He could have exclaimed, in the language of a modern French writer, "This is my punishment. The passion of whose existence I was incredulous has struck me like the thunderbolt, and left nothing in its passage but the ashes of desolation. I am more than disgusted with life: I am absolutely indifferent as to it."

For the sake of his manhood it was well that no one saw the traces of his weakness. He was outwardly calm: he quietly proceeded to close up his business: new affairs were consistently refused attention. He announced his intention of spending the next two years abroad. In September his gay acquaintances received his cards with

the mystical P. P. C. engraved in the corner.

Over the seas he sailed, into the bosom of the Old World. He revisited the scenes which had pleased him so much in the heyday of youth and hope, but his desolation ever followed him. He skirted the Mediterranean in a yacht, and for a moment revived the old enthusiasm as he sailed among the isles of Greece. The demon of unrest still seizing him, he tried the excitement of desert life, and exposed his already bronzed face to the burning sun of Syria. His talent as a linguist enabled him to acquire the Arabic, which, together with his skill as a horseman, gave him great influence with the children of the plains.

And thus two years passed away, and still he loitered on, like the Parthian horsemen always casting a glance backward—backward into the irrevocable Past, from the depths of which came to his ears the "apocalyptic *Never*."

He had not heard from her since the receipt of that fatal letter, to which he had responded by a brief note assuring her of his fidelity to the memory of their love, and notifying her of his intention to go abroad. Was she still alive? Was her husband still alive? In the hope of finding him dead he came home, bringing his favorite horse with him.

He could find no trace of Hartley Kennett. His wife was living with her aunt very quietly in an inland village of Massachusetts. His first impulse was to go there, but his sense of honor restrained him. Having no settled plans, he rented the cottage at Nahant. He always loved the sea, and now it afforded him an excitement. He felt so indifferent as to his life that he hesitated at no perils: the cool spray dashing over the bow of his yacht against his brow seemed like a benediction after a prayer, and quieted his disturbed soul. His stoicism, under the influence of a close communion with Nature, was softening day by day, and on that sea-girt promontory he was beginning to find a consolation beyond consolations terrestrial—a consolation never to fade away.

II.

It was an exceedingly hot July day. It was hot even at sea-girt Nahant—hot even in the darkened cottage of the Stranger. The sea-breezes had for the time ceased to blow. There was quiet in the air and calm on the ocean. A few coasting vessels were in sight, lagging along with empty sails and drooping streamers. The noise of the breakers had subsided into a faint murmur. No one was seen on the roads, whose dusty surfaces shone white in the fierce sunbeams. All creation seemed asleep, watched over by the god of light with his eye of fire.

The loungers of the hotel were in a state of boredom. Even billiards were too great an exertion, whilst tenpins were not to be thought of. To sip cobbles and juleps had become the chief end in life. Arrayed in dresses of white, the ladies received the adoration of their lovers, also in white. Everything was subdued and languid. The birds forgot to sing—the dogs lay dreaming in the shade. Dinner had been that day an idle ceremony, except as to the consumption of wines and ices. As if suggestive of warmth, the band had been playing "*Partant pour la Syrie*." The only consolation left was to commiserate the denizens of the cities. What must be the heat amidst bricks and mortar! How stifling the air must be in the narrow lanes and streets, when the atmosphere was close even at this beautiful peninsula of the sea!

The slow hours dragged along until four o'clock had come. The Stranger was reading in the hall of the cottage. He read from a book which the morning's mail had brought him. It was the last volume of reports of cases decided by the Court of Appeals of New York State. His name appeared many times on its pages: it embraced the last year of his practice. It was the first law-book he had opened since he closed his office. He read with avidity the reports of the cases in which he had been engaged. The old feelings of professional ambition came back to him: his eye kindled with enthusiasm. He

seemed to be again swaying juries, convincing judges and captivating audiences; his ante-chamber was again filled with anxious clients; he was again consulted by his professional brethren on difficult points of law; the courts were again showering upon him patronage which he esteemed as evidence of confidence rather than as means of emolument. All the glory of his successful career was his once more: he was grasping the highest forensic honors. Why had he abandoned all this? Was he not wrong in flying as he did? Would not a strenuous pursuit of his profession have brought him a solace from grief?

The thought excited, unnerved him. He rose from his chair, and, still holding the book, paced uneasily up and down the wide hall. He began to feel that his idle life of the past two years had been a mistake. Was it too late to repent? He thought not. In September he would re-establish himself in New York. Even if he were already forgotten, the lower rounds of the ladder were easily accessible, and he did not distrust his powers to quickly grasp the highest.

As he continued his walk, maturing his new project, he felt every now and then slight whiffs of air from the western door. It seemed to be growing darker. He stepped out on the balcony and watched the gathering of the storm.

Dark masses of cloud were forming in the western sky, and pressing eastward with marvelous rapidity. Lowering and black they advanced, a dreadful host. From the south-west came constantly-increasing puffs of wind, until the trees began to bow their heads and the dust to obscure the roads, and the bay and ocean to toss and foam like a seething caldron. Low mutterings of thunder, preceded by distant flashes of lightning, added to the confusion. A squall of the worst description was about to break upon Nahant.

The vessels in the bay and on the ocean were guarding against the impending danger. Sails were furled and reefed, anchors let go, and with their

heads brought round to the wind they were prepared to ride out the storm. All the small craft ran in to the shore, so that in a short time nothing was seen afloat but vessels of large size.

At last the storm broke, and with fury. The wind wailed and howled, and shifted from one quarter to the other, like a disappointed and infuriate demon. The surf grew apace, until the white surges running up and down the coast seemed like spirits awakened from the deep. Bay and ocean were covered with white-caps; the vessels rocked gently to and fro, seeming to laugh at the fury of the waves; the atmosphere was darkened; there was a slight rain; the lightning was vivid; the thunder was sonorous and prolonged.

The Stranger had watched the storm with interest: he keenly appreciated its grandeur. Finally, he put on his pea-jacket and a felt hat, and descended the hill to a little cove where were congregated the fishermen and the more hardy of the people from the hotel. They were looking intently out on the bay at a little skiff which the strong wind seemed to be carrying out to sea. With a glass its character could be plainly made out: it was a Tuckerton skiff.

Now, a Tuckerton skiff is about fourteen feet in length, and is sharp at both ends. It usually carries a three-cornered sail; it is steered with an oar or by a rudder; it is capable of great speed; it is very "cranky;" it is the last kind of craft to which one would desire to trust his life in a heavy sea. Moreover, it requires great skill to properly sail a Tuckerton skiff.

Now the wind, being south-west, was directly on the quarter of the skiff, which therefore careened greatly toward the peninsula. The bellied sail hid the boatman from sight. Once or twice it seemed as if he wished to go about, but the manœuvre was only partially executed, and the skiff regained her heading toward the broad ocean. Competent judges were of the opinion that in bringing her around so much water was shipped as to frighten the boatman

from his purpose. Of course to lay her to was out of the question. High as the waves were running now, the skiff must capsize if not relieved. Several times she lay so close to the water that it was believed that the catastrophe had come, but the buoyant skiff soon righted. The wind began to blow in flaws. In the interval the boatman attempted once more to go about. Just as the canvas was shaking a sudden flaw struck her and her sail disappeared from sight.

A momentary shudder ran through the party on shore. Every glass was directed to the spot where a moment before the sail had been visible. They could descry the hull still floating, and clinging to it the figure of a man. How long can he hold on? How can he be saved? Who will venture in such a sea? Who will risk his life in such a service? Will money compensate? Large sums were freely offered by gentlemen present. The fishermen reluctantly drew back: avarice was not as strong as love of life. The man must die.

The yacht of the Stranger lay rocking in the sheltered cove. It was large and staunch. He glanced a moment at the man in peril and at the plaything of his pleasures. It was a moment of vacillation: that moment passed away.

The bystanders with something like awe saw him make his preparations for his errand of humanity. He could not underrate the danger, for he double-reefed his sail. A little boy assisted him. He was the son of a woman of the village, the widow of a fisherman drowned in just such a storm as this. The brave boy retained his place in the bow after the boat was ready to sail. The Stranger smiled a pleasurable smile at his bravery, but he gently lifted him to the shore.

"Your mother has need of you," said he: "the risk is too great."

He was seated in the stern with the tiller in one hand and the sheet-rope in the other, and was speeding away on his first tack. He passed the headlands, and received the full force of the blast. The rain was now coming down in tor-

rents. He had no time to think of the discomforts of his situation: other thoughts occupied his mind. As he turned to take a look at the shore he saw a woman standing on the bluff: even at that distance he recognized her. It was the wife of Hartley Kennett! And the fast gliding boat was speeding him away from the haven of his desire out into perils, and perhaps to death! Where now were the whisperings of ambition, the anticipations of professional fame? The sight of her brought back the old sense of desolation. Once more he stood in the presence of the unattainable. The thought maddened him: he let out the sheet, and the yacht bounded fiercely over the waves.

He reached the capsized skiff. He ran twice around it before he could devise measures for the rescue of the unfortunate man who was clinging to it. By lashing the tiller and tying the sheet-rope he at last managed to keep the head of his yacht to the wind long enough to enable the boatman of the skiff to be assisted on board. By this time they were far out at sea. The storm was at its height: the wind was so strong and fluky that the Stranger feared for his mast, but the yacht rode the blast well, and like a sea-bird skimmed the troubled waters.

The succor had not come a moment too soon. The rescued man was in the last stages of exhaustion. For more than an hour he had clung to the ill-fated skiff. He was a man in the prime of early manhood, and of distinguished presence. He feebly but earnestly thanked his preserver, but he feared that he would not live to reach the shore. He had been sailing for pleasure, or rather drifting, for there was not a breath of air, and was caught unexpectedly by the storm. If he should not survive, he would desire that his relatives in Boston should be informed of the particulars of his decease.

"Your name?" asked the Stranger.

"Hartley Kennett."

A gesture of surprise, which Kennett was too weak to observe, was the only outward manifestation of the horror

which possessed at that instant the steersman of the yacht. But within him there was a chaos of emotions, vast and undefined. Hatred and charity, jealousy and pity, astonishment and indignation, strove for dominion over the man. He had saved the only being whose death he had ever wished for. The life of Hartley Kennett stood between him and happiness. Mysterious fate had called him from the sands of Arabia to pluck this man from the grasp of the relentless ocean. Nor could he wholly repent his good act. There was something in the bearing of Kennett which moved his respect—something in his nerveless languor which excited his pity. After all, he must have loved her: he must have hoped that after marriage she would return that love. He had been mistaken, and had doubtless taken up his burden of life once more, turning his back on the valleys of Paradise.

And yet, as the Stranger sat in the midst of the tempest, sternly and moodily at the helm, this terrible thought rankled in his breast—he was bearing Hartley Kennett to his wife. What changes might have taken place in two years in that woman's heart he did not dare to imagine. But he saw her, as the nurse of her husband, passing days and nights by his bedside. Could she now withstand his fascinations when to yield to them was but her duty and a fulfillment of her marriage oath?

The Stranger was but a man, but he was a man solemnly bent on a discharge of duty. He firmly kept the helm, and the yacht was now nearing the shore. He did not attempt to land on the bay side, for although the water was somewhat calm there, he was so far out at sea now that he thought it preferable to run in on the northern side of the headland, under the lee of which he hoped safely to come ashore. His reasoning proved fallacious, for he found that the surf was running so high as to greatly imperil the safety of his boat. But land he must. It was too late now to retrace his path, and he might meet even greater difficulties on the other

side. Kennett lay helpless at the bottom of the boat: he was a care and encumbrance, not a coadjutor.

The Stranger adopted the only course left. He steered for a sandy beach which joined two promontories of rock, and plunged the yacht boldly into the breakers which reared aloft their foaming crests. The experiment was a bold one, but it failed. The good yacht had done nobly that day; it had lived in a sea where only destruction was to be expected; it had laughed at the tempest, but now it met a foe of another kind. The huge breakers held it aloft for a moment, then with a mocking roar dashed it into the seething abyss of waters.

When the Stranger saw that the destruction of his yacht was imminent, and that his own life was in great peril, a variety of ideas presented themselves to him. In moments of great danger the mind acts with inconceivable rapidity. Should he now abandon Kennett to his fate? Had he not already done all that humanity required? The crowd gathered on the beach had witnessed the successful rescue, his swift return and the disaster. Should he not swim alone to the shore, and let the dead body of Hartley Kennett, which the tide would wash up, bring to his wife the tidings of her release? But conscience whispered to him that his work was not yet done, and conscience triumphed. No longer was he Epicurean or Stoic; but, greater than either, in this last act of heroism he became a Christian.

The excitement on shore had been intense. The news had quickly spread through the peninsula, and in spite of the pouring rain nearly the whole population was gathered to witness the daring exploit of the Stranger. When the yacht went down there was a bitter cry of despair from every one, followed by a shout of joy when the two men emerged from the trough of the wave, and were carried by the succeeding breaker a few feet nearer shore. One appeared to be insensible, and was supported on the surface by the other, who swam with one hand lustily through the vast swells.

The secret of successful swimming in heavy breakers is always to swim with the breaker, and keep just behind it: never let it fall on you. Do not exhaust yourself by violent efforts between the breakers: save your strength for the great rush of waters, whose force you must utilize. Even when the tide is running out, the waves will bring you in, if aided only by a slight exertion on your part.

The Stranger well understood these principles, and great experience in sea-bathing had taught him their application. But there were fearful odds against him now. It is never easy to swim with one hand: the strokes are spasmodic rather than continuous, the movement lacks force and spirit, the strength readily fails. But it is still more difficult when you are piloting your way among giant breakers, and with one hand supporting a helpless load. Who that has tried it has not felt the awful solemnity of the situation? Plunging through the crests of the waves, descending into the trough, hurried on by the rushing forward swell, driven back by the returning current, blinded by the spray, narrowly escaping destruction beneath falling breakers, his own life and that of Kennett relying on the power of that right arm, already waning, was it strange that the heart of the Stranger sank within him? Yet his courage and determination did not fail him. He buffeted the cruel waters manfully. Kennett was insensible, and therefore helpless. Had the Stranger but the use of his other arm, his safety would be assured. Again the tempter entered his mind, but with a "Get thee behind me, Satan!" the swimmer gave a lustier stroke and was borne once more far shoreward. How long shall the unequal contest last? May God save the swimmer!

Meanwhile the fishermen had not been idle. They had taken a rope out as far into the surf as they could maintain a footing, and there clasping hands held a life-line and buoy ready to throw as soon as the Stranger should be within reach. It required all their address

and strength to maintain their position, but they held their own gallantly and well.

At last the swimmer and his burden are almost within reach, but the fishermen can see that after each breaker his strokes are less vigorous, and it is doubtful if he can hold out till succor comes. But see! quick! stand fast! That large breaker—it will crush them! It came on, a huge wall of water, perfectly erect and many feet in height and thickness—a yellow, solid mass, gathering momentum in its progress. The Stranger gave a sudden despairing glance behind him, and then quickened his nerveless stroke, hoping to avoid the break. He was now in quite shallow water—a moment more and he would be safe. Too late! The wall was already toppling to its fall. Its wide-extended ends began to curl and break, and the white foam to run along its crest toward the centre. With a horrible swoop it fell upon the unfortunate men and swept them under the mass of its angry waters. They were carried up on the beach by the succeeding wave—the Stranger insensible and Hartley Kennett dead. Still faithful to the trust he had assumed, the hand of the Stranger was firmly clasped around his companion's arm.

When the Stranger regained consciousness, which was almost immediately, his opening eyes fell first on the lifeless body of Hartley Kennett—

lifeless beyond the power of restoration. Then the Stranger perceived that a woman was supporting his head. Turning his eyes feebly upward, they met eyes whose every expression he had learned by rote—eyes to him the sweetest ever seen—eyes now beaming on him with unutterable admiration, tenderness and love.

Was the wife of Hartley Kennett to be condemned because, when descending to the foam-strewn beach and beholding the bodies of the two men lying on the sand, she did not hesitate between her lover and her husband? Were those unholy kisses which she imprinted on his cold forehead? Was that an unholy touch with which she drew the dank and matted seaweed from his hair? Was that joyful beat of her heart which greeted his returning consciousness to be condemned?

That day had been big with fate for the Stranger. Destiny had not accepted the sacrifice he had been willing to make. The sum of his happiness was this—she now was free and she still loved him.

The storm was already breaking, and the shattered clouds were fringed with the crimson glories of the setting sun. Beneath the vast bow of promise which spanned the clearing sky, by the side of the moaning surges, we leave them on the sand—the lovers and the husband—the living and the dead.

DREAMS.

TWENTY years ago it fell to my lot, while traveling through the South, to be an eye-witness of some of the psychological characteristics of the negro. Fresh from college walls and classical studies, it was my delight to trace resemblances between the mental phenomena which I observed in this undeveloped race and those which characterized the mythical—or rather the myth-

producing—era of antiquity. It will readily be conceived that an inexperienced Northern youth, visiting the South for the first time, must have seen much to interest and surprise him, and to awaken his thinking powers; as the following dialogue will testify.

On a delicious morning of the early spring, whose sky and atmosphere Italy

could scarcely have surpassed, I was standing on the piazza of a Southern country-house, my host (a fine old gentleman of the old school), his family and myself enjoying without a word of comment the calm beauty of the day. The first voice which broke the silence was that of my host.

"You say that you have to leave us to-morrow," said he, "and I do not oppose your design, for with us it is a traditional duty to speed the parting as we welcome the coming guest. But to-day, at least, allow me to claim some interest in your movements. I have a drive to propose which I have long wished you to take. Your route will be along yonder river-road" (pointing it out as he spoke), "which you will find as smooth and level as a sea-beach at Newport or Cape May: then you will pass through an open agricultural region, where the culture will strike your Northern eye as a novelty, while the blue hills in the distance will no doubt impress you as a fine boundary to so rich a landscape. My only regret in making the proposition is, that I am so situated as to be unable to accompany you. I will tell you frankly, however," he added, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "that the loss of your society will not be so great a misfortune as I might otherwise be disposed to think it, should this solitary drive only put you on the track of a discovery which I have long been vainly trying to make. Alfred will be your charioteer. He is a worthy man; faithful, certainly, to the trusts reposed in him; actuated, apparently, by conscientious motives; true in his daily life, so far as I can see, to the claims of right and duty. The Baptists have testified their appreciation of his worth by making him one of their colored deacons; and it must be confessed that since the day when he became what is called 'a professor of religion' no cloud has arisen to darken his good name or cast a shade of suspicion on his piety. During this drive you and Alfred will be alone together. I wish you to observe him well. Above all, get him, if you can, to relate his 'religious expe-

rience.' I know you to be well versed, for your years, in theological questions. In your young heart the religious sentiment is stronger, the reverence for sacred names and things more fresh and profound, than in mine. You can approach so grave a problem seriously, and with better hope of a practical solution. I am curious to know what your opinion will be when the facts are fairly in your possession. Are we living in an age of miracles? Are those wonders with which the brain of my coachman appears to teem so marvelously to be looked upon as real? Or have they been hatched into life by the mere heat of his imagination? Or must we adopt the unpleasant hypothesis that they are deliberate inventions? This, of course, would compromise Alfred, and reduce him to the level of an audacious hypocrite. But does it relieve us of difficulties to embrace even this horn of the dilemma?"

He was interrupted at this point by the sound of carriage wheels. An open barouche approached the piazza. In front sat the driver, a tall, well-formed elderly man, with a good head, a strongly-marked but not irregular set of features, and a certain dignified yet apparently unaffected gravity which impressed me favorably. In his whole deportment self-respect seemed happily tempered with respectfulness. Stepping into the carriage, I took a seat immediately behind him. The horses started off with a jocund, lively air, as if they too were not insensible to the exhilarating influences of the morning and the balmy atmosphere. When we were fairly on our way I approached the subject without the formality of a preface. "Alfred," I remarked abruptly, "I leave to-morrow, and before I go I have a favor to ask of you. I am told there is something particularly interesting in your religious experience, and I must confess it would gratify me to hear it. You may tell me all, or such portions as you may feel willing to relate. The drive furnishes a good opportunity—the last, perhaps, we are likely to enjoy."

At these words the coachman turned partially round on his seat and eyed me for a moment with a calm scrutiny which had not the slightest semblance of disrespect. The result of his investigation appeared to satisfy him of my earnestness and seriousness, and he at once proceeded to enlighten me on the subject in question.

"There are two points which I think might be interesting to you," said he (with an accent so correct as hardly to betray his origin to the most fastidious ear)—"two things which indeed seem strange, very strange; yet I assure you, sir, I saw them as plainly as I see, at this moment, those trees and fields just beyond us on either side of the road; and I will relate them at your request, not merely because they are strange, but because they did much to show me the error of my ways.

"The first happened on this wise. I ought to tell you beforehand, sir, some of the bad habits in which I used to indulge. One of these was profane swearing. Not that my oaths were frequent: they only came to my lips when violent anger caused me to forget myself. For this I took to myself no small credit. It was pleasant to feel myself so much better than many around me, whose oaths could almost be counted by their words. One day I was working in the field in the dusk of the morning. No one was near. In the distance I saw the dim outline of a figure which seemed to be approaching me, and which, as it came nearer, I perceived to be a man, rolling slowly before him what seemed to be a cart wheel of enormous size. As he advanced, I observed that not all the spokes, but here and there one, projected a long way beyond the tire, and terminated in a sharp point. I now began to perceive, too, with terror, that the face and figure of the man were a startling likeness of myself. My limbs failed me, and I seemed rooted to the spot on which I stood. The man continued to advance. In one or two more revolutions his wheel was upon me, and the sharp point of a projecting spoke sud-

denly pierced my breast. I writhed and shrieked with anguish. Then the man began to speak. 'You observe,' said he, 'that not all the spokes are pointed—only here and there one. But what difference does that make? One, you see, has been enough to do you dreadful mischief—to make you writhe and shriek aloud. Now your words are not all oaths—only here and there, only now and then. This is what you say to yourself. But I tell you these oaths now and then, like these pointed spokes here and there, are enough to destroy you, and will destroy you. One word more: you are your own murderer.' I looked up at these fearful words: I looked around. The man and his torturing wheel had disappeared. I was alone.

"Soon after this I was in the field, on another occasion, at the same hour of the morning. Pausing to rest a few moments from my work, I happened to look down at the ground beside me, and there, only a few feet off, I saw what seemed to be a newly-opened grave. At the bottom of this grave a corpse was lying, but there was not light enough for me to see the dead man's face. Stooping down, I tried hard to get a view of his features, when, to my horror and amazement, I saw they were actually my own. What lay before me was, in fact, a rigid and ghastly image of myself. From the dead lips audible words came suddenly. I shuddered as I heard them. 'Behold, here, your own condition—dead, and buried in a grave of trespasses and sins.'"

These statements, to which I listened during our morning drive with an interest and surprise which the reader may readily imagine, may safely be accepted as types of the almost universal tendency which at that time seemed to pervade the colored population of the South—a tendency to confound the incidents which they had conceived in dreams with real events. This is really the only solution which fairly meets the exigencies of the case in question. Some, no doubt, would be inclined to

dispose of that case in a more summary way; as, for instance, by ignoring or denying the veracity of the narrator. But is not this to reject the salutary rule which equity and law combine to impose upon us in our judgments of men? Even in courts of justice all legal precedent requires that the "previous character" of the prisoner at the bar should have great—or, to speak more accurately, the greatest—weight with juries; it being, in legal parlance, a consideration of "the last importance." It is not easy to set aside the testimony of a witness who has long borne an irreproachable character in the community. He must at least be supposed to speak his honest convictions; he may have been deceived; his statements may be at war with principles which we recognize as established; but our judgment will acquit him of deliberate imposition. We have no alternative but to suspect the existence of some latent error or illusion, so insidious as to have escaped his observation; just as an irregular glass in the lens of a telescope might lead to false reports of astronomical phenomena. Such a disturbing element I felt I could detect in the case before me; and no sooner had I imparted my theory to my friend than he acquiesced in my view of the question. It was a positive relief to him to feel that he could look upon this faithful servant as the unconscious victim of an error, rather than its unscrupulous author and propagator.

But while he agreed with me in referring Alfred's impressions to a dream or dreams (unusually vivid, perhaps, from having occurred at a period of great mental excitement and suspense), he declared with much earnestness that he saw nothing inconsistent with reason in the idea that the dreams which had reclaimed this poor colored man from the error of his ways may have emanated from some good angel—an opinion with which I am not ashamed to confess that I heartily coincided. While engaged in conversation evening came on, and darkness overtook us with the abruptness characteristic of Southern climates.

Candles were brought in and the evening meal announced; after discussing which we adjourned, by common consent, to the piazza to enjoy the serene beauty of the night. The dark shadows of the catalpa trees lay clearly defined upon the lawn, and all the air seemed alive and tremulous with lustre. The silver orb of the moon, seen through that rarefied and highly transparent atmosphere, seemed really nearer to the earth than in the denser air of our colder latitudes. Its light revealed the minutest object on the grounds immediately before us, down to the great gates which opened on the road; but beyond this point the lights and shadows were so confused and multiplied as to give the more distant landscape a fairy-like and truly enchanting aspect. On the right hand a long fence separated the lawn from a garden embracing several acres, while beyond a corresponding fence on the left was a yet more extensive grove, the haunt of singing birds, against which the sportsman's gun was never allowed to be leveled, and which regaled us all that evening with the rarest and most bewitching melody. It was an hour and a scene to lead the thoughts upward and heavenward; and so my host appeared to recognize it. As in the morning, he was the first to interrupt the silence. "Is it to be accepted as a foregone conclusion," said he, "that no light is ever to be sought or obtained from dreams on questions of duty or expediency, or aught that touches in the remotest degree our social or personal relations? In the morning of the world's history mankind thought otherwise: even the inspired authors of the sacred Scriptures, guided as they were by the unerring Spirit, thought otherwise. True, in this our day the supernatural is not permitted to break in upon the natural in startling and visible manifestations as of old, yet who shall venture to argue that therefore all the avenues of intercourse between earth and heaven, between man and the Supreme Ruler, are actually and for ever closed? Who but an atheist could accept, or even tolerate, the idea that we

are living in a fatherless world? Did not He who 'spake as never man spake' condescend to assure us, on the very eve of His departure, that He would not leave us comfortless? What Christian hesitates to admit that even in these latter days divine light and guidance may be positively looked for in answer to sincere and earnest prayer? Yet even in these admissions is there not always the tacit proviso that we are not to look for them in dreams? It seems to be the accepted creed of modern days that the voice of the Supreme and the Infinite may be heard in many ways by those who reverently listen—in almost every way, indeed, save that in which inspiration tells us He spake of old to the kings and warriors of His ancient Church—namely, in dreams and visions of the night."

These views, aided by the enthusiasm with which they were uttered, and countenanced by the novel experiences of the morning, won my attention and made no common impression on my memory. Events occurred years afterward which recalled them with startling vividness. A simple narrative of these events may possibly prove not altogether uninteresting to the reader.

In the winter of 18— I visited Washington. Quarters had been engaged for me beforehand in a situation sufficiently central to relieve me of all needless expenditure of time and carriage-hire in that "city of magnificent distances and splendid miseries," as it was not inaptly designated by Randolph of Roanoke. Among the guests was a young man of graceful figure and singularly attractive features, whose air and bearing were at once elegant and modest. A slight expression of melancholy, which it seemed natural to attribute to the recent loss of a young and lovely wife, lent an additional charm to his countenance and manners. There was something in his aspect and deportment which awakened the interest of the observer, and made him an object of attention in the circles in which he moved. He had come to the city for

that winter to fill an unexpired term in the House, to which he had lately been elected; and though his voice was not powerful enough for the old hall of the House of Representatives, where the clarion tones of Clay were required to give ascendancy to a speaker, yet there was an apparent union of fervor and refinement in his mode of speaking which generally secured him a favorable hearing. Altogether, he might be called a fortunate young man, and as such I spoke of him carelessly one day to one of the most intimate of my lady friends, the wife of a distinguished Senator now no longer living, whose unmarried daughters were among the fairest ornaments of society in the metropolis that winter. She was silent for a moment, and then exclaimed that she looked on him with deep distrust. "You will be surprised, no doubt," continued she, "to hear that I have thought it my duty to put my daughters on their guard." She was a reader of faces, and answered my look in words: "I will not put in that favorite plea of my sex—'because.' I will waive all my feminine privileges in your favor. Yet I fear your masculine intellect will not appreciate this act of womanly magnanimity, especially when I tell you that I owe my insight, in this instance, to a dream. You look incredulous. Well, if you are disposed to play the listener, I will not hesitate to tell you what I think you will pronounce a startling dream. But far more startling to me, when I awoke, than the memory of the dream was the moral to which it seemed but too obviously to point. The sun, I thought, was already low in the heavens. I was walking swiftly, it seemed, across a desolate moor, over which the sigh of the wind moaned in hollow gusts. The biting blast forced me to draw my wrappings closely about me, and yet I shivered. As I advanced I saw a pillar of white marble standing out against the cold blue sky, apparently pointing out the site of a solitary grave. A rugged range of precipitous hills now rose abruptly before me, forming, apparently, an impassable barrier, which extended

to the right and left as far as the eye could reach. But closer inspection revealed a narrow gorge between overhanging rocks, which I did not hesitate to enter. Emerging from it, the whole scene was changed. In a few seconds (or minutes at the farthest) I had passed, as by enchantment, from the temperate zone to the climate of the Tropics. The air was sultry and heavy with strange, sweet odors, exhaled, it seemed, by some gorgeous and exotic vegetation. Before me lay a spacious lawn, rolled and leveled into the softest, smoothest velvet, whose dark, deep tint had defied the burning sunbeams. Its preservation was apparently due to the fountains which on all sides hurled their silvery spray into the air, sprinkling fresh dews over the verdure and tempering the heated atmosphere by jets of delicious coolness. Just fronting me, at the extremity of the lawn, stood a stately edifice, along whose front and sides there hung from each story, at intervals, balconies of white marble with open balustrades disclosing vases of curious workmanship, from which sprung what I took, from their size and gorgeous hues, to be tropical plants and flowers. All Arabia and the Indies seemed to live and bloom before me. Ascending a wide staircase between massive balustrades, I found myself on an open platform, whose tessellated floor was composed of variegated marbles, displaying the most brilliant contrasts of color. On each side of me, near the topmost pillar of either balustrade, stood the statue of an angel in pure white marble. That on my right held a pen in the right hand, while the left arm supported a tablet of dark stone, in which was cut an inscription whose gilt letters stood out with a strong relief upon the dark background of the tablet. Upon the platform opened the windows and *porte-fenêtre* of a spacious saloon, the whole interior of which I could take in at a glance from the point where I now stood.

"Full in my sight stood he of whom we are speaking. I could not fail to recognize him. He was on the oppo-

site side of the saloon, exactly facing me, so that his haggard eyes and pale features were fully exposed to observation. Stretched on the floor before him lay a tiger, which, from its size and apparent ferocity, might have been the terror of an Indian jungle. Yet he caressed it fearlessly, stroking and patting its glossy hide as if it had been some harmless household pet, while all the time the treacherous brute kept its claws unsheathed, and darted from beneath its half-closed eyelids a covert but terrific menace. While his left hand was thus engaged, the right was motionless. Something wrapped about the wrist and elbow appeared to confine the arm like a ligature. As to this mysterious 'something' I remained in doubt a moment; but in another moment a dismal hiss betrayed the lithe and scaly descendant of the Tempter, and with a sudden change of coil the venomous reptile was fully revealed to my inspection. Its pale golden-colored eyes did not flash, but shone with a still and steady light, suggesting a cold malignity which seemed to be waiting for its opportunity. I shuddered as I saw him meet its passionless, watchful stare with what I can only describe as a serpent-glance in return, as if there were some secret understanding between the man and the reptile. At that moment a shrill cry issued from a corner of the apartment, and suddenly in the direction of the sound there sprang up from a crouching attitude a hideous semblance of humanity—an ape whose size and odious features seemed to stamp it as a chimpanzee. With the almost incredible agility of its species it rushed from side to side of the great saloon, leaped rudely on the splendid furniture, sprang from a centre-table to a chandelier which hung from the lofty ceiling, and, climbing to its topmost fixtures, stood leaning with a hideous grin against the rod that sustained them; when, at a low whistle from its master, it dropped suddenly from its elevation and slunk back to its former crouching attitude.

"As I turned to flee from the place (sick with terror and disgust), my eye

fell upon the tablet held by the angel on my right. A self-emitted light seemed to stream from all the letters of its inscription, and I perceived that they composed the following words: 'Can he be pure, merciful, upright whose chosen companions are creatures that in their very nature symbolize impurity, cruelty and cunning?' As I read, a sudden shadow fell upon the tablet, the angel, the whole scene around me, and looking back I saw a dark thunder-cloud stretching up from the mountain barrier to the very zenith above. One blinding flash, one fearful, crashing thunder-peal, and the whole fabric fell asunder and seemed to sink into flames. Terrified and trembling, I awoke. And now behold my dream concluded and my promise fulfilled."

I remember with what surprise I looked at the fair speaker—a surprise, indeed, which bordered on amazement, for not an hour before the interview a startling secret (having reference to the person in question) had been confided to me by a personal friend, who, at the time he put me in possession of it, must certainly have been, from the very exigencies of the case, its only depository. With lightning-like rapidity my mind ran through all the possibilities of the question, only to come back to the inevitable conclusion that no information could have reached her through any one of the ordinary channels of intelligence. Here, then, were two persons who had arrived at the same conviction on a question of character by paths entirely different—one by the testimony of a credible witness; the other, apparently, by some more direct, subjective process, carried on within the mind in utter independence of the ordinary laws of evidence. The picture suggested by the dream was that of a man who, visited with chastenings from on high, repairs for solace to forbidden fountains, making vice his comforter. This picture was true. A month had hardly expired when we had serious occasion to recall our conversation. Startling

revelations took place. When the community first caught a glimpse of the inner life of their favorite, what a burst of indignation—or rather scorn—ensued! how quickly did his name cease to be mentioned in those fastidious circles where it had so lately been a word of power! Does any one ask, "What was his subsequent history?" It may be told in few words, "As a dream when one awaketh, so shall their image vanish." Those who visited the Capitol the next winter saw a more fortunate rival in the seat which he had occupied. Fallen in reputation, in health, in influence among men, the slave at last of the vices whose tyranny he had courted and encouraged, he returned to his native State, to linger for a few years like a shadow of his former self amidst the scenes of his early but short-lived triumphs. Then the grave closed prematurely over all that was left of his shattered form and his ruined name, removing at once from mortal sight the offensive spectacle of his frailties, and from mortal thought the very memory of his existence.

"Thou, too, art gone, thou loved and lovely one!"

bequeathing to the sad hearts of bereaved survivors the holy legacy of thy example; like a pure, refulgent star, which, having long lingered on the verge of the western horizon, cheering the lonely night-watchers with tender and inspiring radiance, sinks at last, but only to reappear in other skies with new-born splendor as the companion of the morning.

"Fairest of stars! last in the train of Night,
If rather thou belong'st not to the Dawn."

[NOTE.—Since the above paper was written and accepted for this Magazine, the author, a refined gentleman and a clergyman of the Episcopal Church (who preferred that his name should not appear), has himself gone to that world where the Christian no longer sees as through a glass darkly. *Lux perpetua luceat ei.*—EDITOR.]

VILLAINOUS SALTPETRE.

THERE are very few prettier sights in which men go to make up the ingredients of a spectacle than the dress parade of a regiment of infantry. It is a brilliant *tableau vivant*, gay with shining brass and steel, where everything is uniformity, precision, clock-work—the poetry both of mobility and immobility. The parts of a well-adjusted machine do not work more harmoniously together, nor is martial music ever more appropriate to the surroundings; and pleased spectators sometimes look on and innocently imagine that war is a great pageant, after all, and that the glory of dying in a shiny blue uniform is full compensation for the inconvenience of dying at all.

But “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war” is one thing: going forth to kill and maim human beings, and to get yourself killed, with villainous saltpetre and cold steel—ah, my dear public, that is quite another. Ever since wars began upon earth they have presented these antipodes of grandeur and ghastliness, of magnificence and misery, of glory and the grave. There is such a painful contrast between a parade and a battle that it is difficult to believe that the one is intended as a preparation for the other, and that the attractive, showy discipline and training of the soldier are meant to prepare him to face the hell of human fury and destruction that runs riot over the field of encounter of two great armies.

All this is the common experience of soldiers; and my speculations are intended merely to introduce a few pictures, drawn from memory, of the sober side of war. I draw them, and I think they will be viewed, in a spirit of thankfulness that our country has done with such brutalities, let us hope for ever.

“I would so like to see a battle!” is an aspiration which I have heard from the lips of some hundreds of people fresh from the reading of *Charles O’Mal-*

ley; and delicate ladies have said that it must be glorious to be able to stand on a high hill overlooking a battle-field and watch the fighting. And what, my dear madam, do you think you would see? A long line of soldiers on one side, and another long line on the other side, deliberately loading their guns and murdering each other? Nothing of the kind. Imagine a rolling country, diversified with hills and vales, fields and fences and forests. If there are thirty thousand combatants in each army, you will hardly be able to see both flanks from the same stand-point; and you will probably see very few soldiers, at best. By closely studying the field, you may be able to trace the eccentric front of either army. You will see here at the edge of that wood a little patch of blue, which may be a brigade, and behind a stone wall to its rear and right there will be another patch of blue, representing another brigade; in the hollow, to the front of both, there is a division which you cannot see at all; and out of sight, in the deep grass of those meadows, there are ranks and ranks of soldiers lying flat to avoid the danger as much as possible. On the hill opposite us there seems to be a commotion, a running to and fro of pigmy-like creatures, as ants surround and manipulate a kernel of corn: there is a battery. Farther to the rear you see troops of cavalry galloping here and there; ambulances and wagons harnessed and ready; a great tent or a house, with the yellow flag of the hospital flying over it. And how much can you see of the fighting from this point, which is just beyond musket range? Little enough. You look right and left, and see little spits of fire starting out from the grass, from the woods, from the walls and from the hills; puffs of smoke burst out continually and drift upward: you hear an incessant rattle of muskets in a sharp, angry sound,

and the deep roar of the artillery, the full stops of the punctuation of battle; and sometimes you will distinguish a rushing, screaming noise, which never means anything but shells. Do you desire a closer look at this scene? Descend the hill and cross the plain, and you are on the outer fringes of the fight. You go a little forward, and presently find yourself in a whirlpool of confusion. Reserves are hurrying up to the front; horse-artillery is flying from point to point—now to the rear for ammunition, now back to the front, and now along the line to a critical point of danger; wagons and caissons are overturned; mules and horses are kicking and plunging, and your ears are wounded with shouts and oaths. Stragglers from the front, singly and by twos and threes, are lying or crouching in safe places, or skulking still farther to the rear: these are the cowards, the demoralized, always found in an army at such times, intent only on their own safety.

And here are the wounded, the dying—the dismal waifs of this shipwreck of battle—some limping, some staggering, some crawling away; some supported by the arms of friends, quite as anxious, perhaps, for their own preservation as for that of others; some borne on stretchers, some carried in ambulances, and all drifting like a tide of death back from the horrors of the front.

Yet this is but the border of the battle; the spent balls hardly reach you here: you are not yet in the radius of danger. Will you go on? Come on, then, past the hospitals, where these poor mangled objects are writhing beneath the knife and probe—past the ammunition-wagons, the stragglers, the reserves—up through bullets, shells, round shot and grape which are savagely tearing the air, ploughing the ground and ripping through the trees—to the line of battle itself. And how is the battle fought? With tremendous volleys, the ranks standing firm and steady as on dress parade—with enthusiasm, with deafening cheers, with music, and finished by a glorious bayonet charge? Nothing of the kind. Here

are simply some thousands of men on either side who have been marched out this pleasant day to butcher each other. Modern firearms are terribly effective weapons: a good Springfield musket will kill at a thousand yards; and by the time you have drawn these opposing forces to within two hundred yards of each other, or about the distance across a good-sized wheat-field, the battle is resolved into a simple problem—which army can stand the most killing and wounding without breaking up? When that question is answered, you can tell which side will be victorious. The business of the officers is to hold the men to the work—to compel them to load and fire until so many of the enemy are put *hors du combat* that he is forced to withdraw. Take your regiment into battle as orderly as you may, before it has been under fire half an hour it will become resolved into knots and groups from the drawing together to fill the places of those stricken down, and the survivors will be lying or kneeling, forced down by the irresistible instinct of self-preservation. Where is the enemy? Not a gray-coat is in sight; but straight out to the front, across the field, you see the grass smoking and spitting fire; a thin, wavy line of smoke is rising continuously, and thitherward the fire of this line is directed, while the officers shout, "Fire low, men—fire low!" "Steady, boys; fire low and don't flinch!" "Give the — rebels h——!" "They can't stand it much longer, boys—stick to them!" The men shout, not from enthusiasm, but to excite their nervous systems to the fullest tension. Are they afraid? Unless they are drunk or crazy they certainly are. The air is full of sharp, singing noises, of thunderous explosions and of discordant crashing: a shell or ponderous round-shot tears its frightful way through a living group, scattering mangled fragments of human bodies all around: the man at your elbow, who has been sturdily plying ramrod and trigger and shouting lustily ever since the fight began, suddenly settles to the earth like a lump of clay, and

lies motionless on his musket, without a word or groan. Turn him over: his leaden eyes stare horribly up to you, and the bloody trace of a bullet on the temple tells the story. Another will fall backward, his arms thrown over his head with life's last convulsion: another will stagger from his feet to his knees, as a bullet strikes his breast with a dull *thud*, and there gasp and bleed till death mercifully relieves him.

There is not, as is usually supposed, much outcry made by wounded men on the battle-field. A musket-ball striking a man will at first partially stun him—so much so, in some cases, as to deprive him of pain until he dies; and those who are in grievous pain, and too badly injured to get from the field alone, will lie and give vent to their torture only in low moans and sobs.

One of the strangest incidents of a battle is the indifference, for the time being, of the fighting men to the wounded. The army regulations forbid any attention to the latter during the fighting, declaring that the highest duty and most pressing emergency is to win the battle, by which only can the proper treatment of the wounded be secured. This injunction is obeyed quite as often from inclination as from a sense of duty, I think: certainly, the ruling idea of the soldier in a battle is to kill the enemy. There is no spirit within him then but that of slaughter. Put an arrant coward on the line, and compel him to stay there, and instinct—if nothing higher—will tell him to take a musket and retaliate upon the men in front who are trying to slay him.

No more truthful words were ever spoken of a soldier than those of the duke of Wellington, who remarked of an officer who was leading a line into action, "He is a brave man." "I should say," said an aide, "from his deathly-white face, that he is a coward." "He is a brave man," repeated the duke, with emphasis. "He realizes his danger and firmly accepts it. Such a man will always do his whole duty."

This, I think, is the whole theory of bravery in battle—a stern, heroic en-

durance of dreadful danger from a conviction of duty. True, there are soldiers of fortune and rattle-brained madcaps who claim to love fighting for its own sake, and who go through a battle as they would through a steeple-chase; but this is a kind of frenzy which is not moral courage, and which is only just nearer to bravery than the inspiration of opium or liquor.

"You are afraid," said one officer jeeringly to another at the opening of a battle. "Yes," was the ready answer; "and if you were half as frightened as I, you would have run long ago."

The sights and sounds of a battle are wellnigh indescribable. Noise, tumult, danger, excitement, all blend together to make a scene which I think can have no parallel on the hither side of the infernal regions. During his first battle perhaps the novelty of the thing may fill the recruit with genuine enthusiasm and put fear in the background; but after that he will find the poetry of the battle-field somewhat overdone in "Hohenlinden," and fighting itself rather a prosaic and dangerous butchery. There is nothing less like a pageant, I verily believe, than a battle. The arms are not polished and shiny now, for the dew of last night's bivouac in the grass has tarnished them; very plain blouses have taken the place of straight-bodied, corsety coats; belts are loosened, or in the fury of the fight are thrown aside altogether; shoulder-straps and epaulets are discarded, out of wholesome regard for the enemy's sharpshooters; and after the fight has progressed an hour, you will find those who are still fighting dirty, grimy, and laboring to kill the enemy with about as hard manual labor as your wood-sawyer employs on your wood-pile:

"And like smiths at their forges
Labored the red Saint George's cannoneers."

An army the day after a fight is like a ship that has passed through a tornado and barely escaped wreck—shattered, crippled, almost powerless. Next to a defeat, there is nothing so prostrating to an army as a victory. A few

score men around a torn and ragged color will represent a regiment: brigades are dwindled to regiments, and divisions to brigades. Some are killed, many wounded, and many more have straggled or become temporarily mingled with other commands. If every man brought into a battle actually remained under orders until the victory was won, or until he was killed, wounded or forced from the ground by pressure of numbers, the problem of battles would be much harder of solution than it is. Experience has shown that even the most efficient and best-disciplined regiments generally contain a modicum of poor fighters, who may be divided into three classes: First, the skulker, who is bound to leave the field at the first instant he can withdraw himself from the eye of his officer or file-closer; second, the straggler, who will fight till the battle grows hot and the danger thickens, and then make for the rear, thinking he has quite done his part; and third, the benevolent coward, who will not fight if he can help it, but is anxious to save appearances, and so exerts himself to help the wounded off the field, and forgets to return. For the deficit in strength caused by such as these the officer relies upon the fidelity and valor of the good soldier who never deserts his colors, and who will endure the pangs of hunger and fatigue that he may be on the line with his regiment when the hour of trial arrives.

A few figures from my own military experience will illustrate the carnage of the battle-field better than any extended description. At the assault of Port Hudson, June 14, 1863, one wing of my regiment (One-Hundred-and-Fourteenth New York Volunteers) entered the fight with two hundred and forty men, and lost in killed and wounded sixty, or just one-fourth. In the same action my own company, of the forty-four officers and men present, lost twenty-two, or just one-half. At Sheridan's battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, the same regiment took its position with three hundred and fifty aggregate, and at the close of the action

had lost the almost unprecedented number of one hundred and eighty-eight, killed and wounded, or more than one-half; and very few of these casualties occurred after the first hour. At Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, the same regiment lost one hundred and nineteen out of two hundred and fifty, or very nearly one-half. These losses were greater than the average of the regiments of the command, but they illustrate the desperate nature of Sheridan's battles in the Shenandoah, fought as they were between two nicely-matched armies of veterans, at close range and with furious zeal on both sides.

The spectacle presented by each of these battle-fields after the engagement was one to sicken any lover of his species, and to afford a ghastly sarcasm on the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." At Port Hudson, hundreds of our dead were left where they fell, under the rebel works, until the second day following, when a party with a flag of truce was permitted to bury them. Forty-eight hours' exposure to the burning, blistering sun of that latitude had been sufficient to blacken the faces of the heroic slain into indistinguishable corruption, and all were buried in one wide, deep trench together,

"—unknelled, unconfined and unknown."

The Valley battle-fields, just after the fights, were charnels of unseparated corpses. The position of either army at Winchester could be plainly traced by the continuous rows of slain lying in every conceivable position, and so thickly together that they presented almost an unbroken chain of death. There were places on that field where the corpses were actually piled one upon another, so fatal was the storm of lead that swept it. "After three years in this army," said a Confederate soldier to me after the fight, "I declare I never saw such slaughter as that of to-day. Our men fell so fast that I could not believe at first that they were hit." For months after this battle its poor victims lay by hundreds at Winchester wrestling with death. After the terrible de-

vastation at Cedar Creek the little hamlets of Newtown and Middletown were thronged with the wounded: every house was a hospital, and amputations were crowded upon the surgeons. Three days after the battle I rode back to Newtown to find a wounded officer. In front of the house where I dismounted to find him one of the best operators of the army had planted his table, and with shirt-sleeves rolled back, and a glittering array of knives and saws beside him, was hard at work. A man unconscious from chloroform was laid on the table as I dismounted: before I had reached the door his leg had fallen under the table. My eyes followed it, and I counted three legs, two arms, a hand and a foot on the ground—legs that had often stepped out nimbly on parade to the enlivening strains of martial music, and arms that had embraced the burnished musket in review. O Shakespeare! you spoke sorrowfully true, and not for a day indeed, but for all time, when you declared that

"It was great pity—so it was—
That villainous saltpetre should be dug
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly."

We are told that Wellington wept at the horrid spectacle of suffering afforded by Waterloo at night; and Mr. Abbott dwells fondly in several places in his celebrated romance on Napoleon affected to tears by the sight of the dead and wounded. I can well believe it. I have seen tall, bearded men sit down and cry like girls over a slain comrade; and I envy not the emotions of any man who could pass through the wards of any of our great hospitals after a battle without being painfully affected by the awful mutilations of God's image presented on every side of him. Balls, shells and bayonets are merciless agents, crushing, tearing and cutting without pity or remorse. The ruin that is wrought by them is in many cases past all surgery and past all compensation; and

the indescribably distressing, agonizing sights and sounds of the battle-field and hospital are such as would almost persuade the philanthropist that his aspirations are vain and his efforts but folly. Let our thoughts ascend to only a limited plane of speculation, and we amaze ourselves at the conspicuous weakness and folly of men and nations in pursuing this work of war and slaughter. "It is well for nations," said somebody, "that they have no souls: they could never accomplish their salvation." Placed on this planet for a limited time, with everything about him to subserve his enjoyment, and with an existence which, at its longest, is very brief for the accomplishment of substantial good in any direction, the most vehement efforts and the highest ingenuities which the human creature puts forth are devoted to the destruction of his own species; and after all his frightful warfares and bloodshed, ruin, devastation and heartbreak, the very natural inquiry occurs to him, *Cui bono?*

The political economist is on our track, and we have no answer for his arguments. He will tell us that wars are necessary concomitants of civilization; that they are, and probably always will be, indispensable to it; and that the efforts of the philanthropist should be chiefly directed to a mitigation of their severities. He has the weight of experience on his side, and we will not contend; but, whether vain or not, the aspirations of all good men and women will go forth to that millennial time when there shall be no more wars nor rumors of wars; and I think none can join in the sentiment more appreciatively than those who have tested war's horrors by actual experience. May the voice of poetry be one day the voice of truth!—

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'"

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

MARBLE FAUN-ING.

MY father, Hans Vanderhuchen, was a merchant in the city of New York. He failed in the great crisis of 185-, and died soon after; and I and my sister Leila were left all alone in the world. We lost our mother when we were too young to remember her distinctly; and all that I can recollect about her was, that she dressed in white trimmed with blue ribbons, and lay on the lounge all day long, for she was always delicate. How my father, the late Hans Vanderhuchen, happened to fall in love with her baby face and deep blue eyes I do not know: I only know that he loved her with all his heart, and was true to her memory during the many years that followed her death. My sister Leila and I have a likeness of her which was said to be very good; and it is the same lovely baby face which my sister Leila has as her own. I, Hildred Vanderhuchen, am short, brown, stubby and ugly—very much like my late grand-aunt Vanderhuchen, a disagreeable old woman who took snuff and had a tame poll-parrot. I hope I may never take snuff, have tame parrots or be disagreeable, but in every other respect I know I am a true Vanderhuchen.

My sister Leila is blue-eyed, tall, slight, lovely, romantic—everything, in fact, which I am not; and though beauty is a snare, as our grandmothers tell us, I don't believe it, and am sure that Leila's beauty will be her fortune. After our father's death, Leila and I had only one thousand dollars a year between us; which, you know, is very little for two girls bred and brought up as gentlewomen to live upon.

Of course, we had to set our wits to work to decide what to do, and it appeared as though every resource but teaching was out of the sphere of gentlewomen. I did not know what to do. I am not bright, and was never fond of books, so was little qualified to become

a teacher; besides, I hate to be still, but like to be stirring; so, after thinking seriously, I found there was nothing I could so well do as stand in a store. Leila at first was shocked and would not hear of it; but finally the dear little loving soul kissed me, and said that she would always love me the same, even if our other friends did not think as well of me as they used to do.

As for Leila, poor child! she expected to make her living by painting birds and flowers on fans. Leila had an infinite love of the beautiful, and could not bear anything common or commonplace; and it was my petted sister who most rejoiced when we were obliged to take a little room on the fourth story of Mrs. Smith's boarding-house; for she said she liked to be near the clouds, and could feed her pigeons and be like the Hilda of the *Marble Faun*. She would dress in white, for white muslin was not expensive, and Hilda always dressed in white. Oh, if she could only have had some old Romans, with their long beards and sober faces, to walk and talk with, it would have been perfect.

I could not contradict my pretty sister, she was so innocent, pretty and childish, though so foolish; but she had been spoiled by father and myself ever since she could walk; for she had a different nature from ours, and we could not help but admire her artless spirit. Why such books as the *Marble Faun* are written to fill girls' heads with nonsense, I do not know, and never will understand; but the *Marble Faun* unfortunately has been published, and my pretty sister Leila was quite in love with its precepts. Nothing would do but that she should wear white dresses and feed the birds; though, to her sorrow, the birds never came, except a few little half-starved robins, for we lived in a very dark, smoky part of the city.

Mrs. Smith did not keep a regular boarding-house: she had rooms which

she let out to different persons who wanted them, they being generally young men who took their meals anywhere they could get them. At first I had serious thoughts with myself whether it would be prudent to go to Mrs. Smith's, for Leila's beauty might attract attention: of course there was no danger of my being noticed. But after talking with Leila, we decided if we were going to make our way in the world there was no use in having such scruples; and besides, Leila was modest and prudent in spite of her foolishness. Then, too, she spoke of Kenyon's intimacy with Hilda, but as I had never read the trashy book, I did not care at all for that. "Girls will be girls," my late grand-aunt Vanderhuchen was fond of saying. "And men are men," I, Hildred Vanderhuchen, say, although a stupid man, whose name I never took the trouble to find out, spoiled much good paper and wasted ink in writing a pack of lies to addle the brains of silly girls.

We had our little stove on which to do our cooking; and besides other things, I had kept a chafing-dish that my father had always used. Leila said that she intended to live on fruit, so that she would not use it; but as I did not care as much for the *Marble Faun* as my sister, I was not so easily satisfied.

There was a Doctor Vanartsdalen who occupied all of the second floor, and before long we became acquainted with him. He was a man of about forty, with a pleasant and almost handsome face, and kind, cordial manners. Leila was taken sick soon after we came to the house: I suppose her sickness was caused by living on fruit, and by her vexation that she was doing so little; for though her fans were beautifully painted, the shopkeepers were often rude, and did not treat her as Hilda of the *Marble Faun* was treated. And apples and oranges are not a nourishing diet for a young girl.

Dr. Vanartsdalen became interested in her as soon as he saw her, and when Leila got well still continued his friendship. He often told me that I should

make my sister act differently; but I told him Leila was strong and healthy, if she *had* a fair skin, and it was better to let her romance have its way: she would grow tired sooner. After this, Dr. Vanartsdalen was always ready to stop me on the stairs to talk—that was, when I had time, for I am pretty nearly always busy; but as our talk was all about my sister Leila, I knew directly what it meant, and did not have any foolish thoughts myself.

Dr. Vanartsdalen had a beautiful house in the country, and was quite well-off, I afterward heard; so that I was very glad if Leila should have a good husband, and did not give myself so much trouble about her wasting her time as I would have done if things had been different. My situation was good, and I had the promise of a better one; besides, we were well provided with clothes, and could manage very well for a year or two yet.

Things went on in this way for some time, and then the doctor grew more marked in his attentions; and I never shall forget one day Leila came in to see me, blushing, tearful and half frightened. She had been out walking, and had met the doctor, and he had asked her to be his wife.

"He said it so plain, Hildred! And his clothes were so new and his boots so glossy!" my silly little sister sobbed.

"But don't you love him?" I questioned, while she only sobbed and hid her face. Then her pretty mouth was pouted, and her eyes were raised to look at me.

"Don't say it in that dreadful way, Hildred!" she shuddered. "I don't know what I think. I know Hilda was never treated so. I will try to do better, Hildred." Her lovely child's face was raised, while her blue eyes were heavy with the weight of unshed tears. What could I do but kiss my petted sister, whose soft cheek nestled close against my own?

"And don't you love him, Leila?" again I questioned, anxiously, for my sister's happiness was very dear to my heart.

"I don't know: it sounds horrid the way you talk." Again she sobbed: "His boots are so new—he is *all* so new." The tone was plaintive.

If he had only had a hole in his coat, I think it would have been some comfort to her, but he was dreadfully unromantic: he was so well-to-do, and his face was so provokingly round and good-natured, that Leila said she could never, never— Though she hated to know that she was so idle while her darling Hildred was working her fingers off. Then we kissed each other and cried together, as girls of our age always do; and then felt better afterward.

It was soon after this that again the doctor met Leila out walking, and as before joined her; and Leila came in with a flushed, indignant face:

"He asked me about my appetite, Hildred, and talked all the time of eating!" Her face and even her little ears grew crimson. "And then, Hildred, he said—he said that I should wear flannel next my skin, over my breast, for he was afraid I was delicate. I am sure that Kenyon never talked to Hilda in that way." Her fingers played uneasily with her dress, while her blue eyes were raised anxiously to my face, and then dropped again while she studied the carpet. "Oh, Hildred! You do not care!"

Now every one knows quite as well as I do that if you want a girl to dislike a man, just praise him. So I was not going to do it. And besides, when a girl calls a man *he*, and cannot mention his proper name, you may be sure there is mischief brewing. My mind was filled with doubts; and though I felt like laughing a moment before, I was only too serious now, and would rather not have spoken at all. But Leila nestled her pretty head down on my shoulder, and would not be put off; and then she called me her beautiful, darling Hildred, and turned my face around so that she could look in it. It was only Leila's petting way, and she does not mean anything by it, except that her heart is full of love. If my little sister takes pleasure in calling me rose and

lily-bud, why should I contradict her?—although any one with half an eye can see that I am as yellow as a pumpkin.

"The doctor is a plain, unaffected man, and has always lived in the country: he has not had the same advantages as you have, my darling." I don't know what made me say it, and I was so sorry I could have bitten my tongue out when the last words were spoken. But I knew I must say something, and I did not know what to say; and I was still more troubled when Leila raised her head from its resting-place, and her baby mouth trembled as she stroked her dress uneasily:

"Dr. Vanartsdalen has been in Paris, Hildred: you know I never—" She paused. "I don't care! I know it is all very hateful! And I wish—oh I wish—" She threw herself on the bed and hugged a pillow in her trouble.

"Wasn't that dress clean this morning, Leila?" I could not help saying it, for Leila's white dresses were no end of trouble: they would not stay clean, and I could not bear to see them unnecessarily tumbled, as Leila spent all her money on them, and, for all, often did not look as neat as I could have wished.

"Oh, Hildred! you cross old darling—prudent old thing!" Again loving arms were thrown round my neck, while I could not help looking to see how much her dress was wrinkled, for I did not know when she could afford to have a fresh one.

But Dr. Vanartsdalen did not appear to care, though Leila's white dresses often looked crushed and even soiled; so I began to think to myself, Why need I care? For in disregard of the white dresses the doctor was not to be put off by trifles, but every day sent Leila flowers, though he did not grow at all thinner or less good-natured in consequence of his disappointment; and Leila was fond of flowers, and put them all around the room, though she still said she could never—never—

Then the doctor sent his elder sister to call on us, and she was as kind as her brother, and was quite interested in hearing me tell of my life in the city.

But when she asked Leila how she made her living, and Leila in her childish way said that she fed the birds, it was funny to see how the old lady bridled her neck and looked indignant. And when she bade us good-bye she squeezed my hand and said, "If it had only been you, my dear!" And then she stopped. But I think she meant that I would have made a more sensible wife for her brother. But it did not make any difference what she thought, for men never like their sisters and relations to arrange such things for them; and though the doctor and his sister no doubt had a serious talk, he sent Leila quite as many flowers and was as kind and jovial as ever, and quite as anxious to hear all I could tell about her.

Things went on in this way for over a month—the doctor still as kind to Leila, and Leila working with flushed cheeks and eager fingers over her painting, for which she was so poorly paid. I saw with pain that my little sister was growing thinner; no doubt in consequence of her light diet, for she still persisted in living on fruit.

Then the flowers stopped coming, and the lower rooms were closed, and Dr. Vanartsdalen we knew had gone away. Foolish Leila was too proud to ask where. And I was so worried with her foolishness that I did not care if he had gone for good. But my little sister grew thinner and paler, and I was more anxious; but at last a lucky thought struck me. My grand-aunt Vanderhuchen was in the habit of having beef-tea made for her before she died; and she always had it made in the same room in which she was, as the smell is so appetizing. So I took my little basket and bought the raw beef, which I cut up before Leila, though she laughed and called me an ogress. Then, when the beef had stood long enough, I put it in my chafing-dish and cooked it, and was pleased to find that Leila raised her head several times to look at me, though she said the smell was horrid. I was also glad to see that she looked hungry.

Then, when my tea was ready, I put it in a nice little pitcher, and told Leila

that it was intended for my breakfast the next morning, for this was all done at night, I being busy all day at the store. Then I made some excuse to go down stairs, and when I came back was glad to find Leila with a very red and guilty face, and a rim round the pitcher up near the top, while the tea had sunk away down near the bottom. I did not say anything, but laughed to myself that night as I covered my head up with the bed-clothes for fear Leila should hear.

Every evening I played grand-aunt Vanderhuchen, and every day Leila grew brighter and rosier, though she often cast wistful glances at the closed rooms down stairs. One morning, however, the roses and flowers came back with the roses in my sister's cheeks, and the lower rooms were opened, and the doctor, more glossy and smiling than ever, was standing on the stairway. That night my little sister Leila sobbed out her story on my shoulder:

"Dear, good, kind, loving Hildred!" The pretty, blushing, childish face was hidden, so I could not see it. "I tried to be like Hilda, but I never will be so any more. The white dresses were soiled so soon!" she sobbed. "And I looked so forlorn! And then the shopmen were rude! And, Hildred, I took your beef-tea!" The sobs grew louder. "I was so hungry, and it was so nice! And oh, Hildred, I said I could never—never—and I have."

The rooms on the second and fourth floors are closed, and Leila, blushing and happy, and wearing a new white dress, is feeding the birds in the country. Dr. Vanartsdalen comes home every evening, and is more in love with his girl-wife than ever, though his sister still bridles her neck. It is useless to say, as my reader can already imagine, I consigned the *Marble Faun* to the flames; though the doctor, foolish man! bought a new copy, far handsomer than the old one. When I think of my sister Leila, I say again, I don't see why such books as the *Marble Faun* are written, for the *Marble Faun* nearly wrecked my sister's happiness for life.

ANNIE L. MACGREGOR.

THE VAUDOUX IN ST. DOMINGO.*

AT the present moment St. Domingo, otherwise called Hayti, occupies a large share of the public attention, and it may therefore interest the reader to learn something of a peculiar superstition which prevails amongst some of its inhabitants. I allude to the worship of Vaudoux. This worship is of African origin, and was transplanted from its birth-place by the natives of Arada. The being worshiped is represented as omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent, having for his outward symbol a serpent.

The adoration of the snake is of great antiquity, and has been practiced by many nations. The Egyptians regarded this reptile as sacred, the Hindoo holds it in great esteem, and even Christians† have allowed its slimy body to crawl over the holy altar; whilst the African, clinging to the faith of his ancestors, has introduced its worship into the New World.

The ministers who represent the Vaudoux are a high priest and priestess, to whom is allotted the function of expounding the will of the god, who act as his vicegerents on earth, governing his disciples with unquestioned authority, receiving tribute in his name and interceding with him in behalf of his followers. Their power is paramount: to disobey their orders is to disobey the god himself, and the true believer prefers death itself to the frightful calamities which such disobedience would entail. These ministers are variously denominated King and Queen, Master

and Mistress, and Papa-loi and Maman-loi.

The assemblies for the worship of Vaudoux are invariably held in secret, in some secluded spot, when the shadows of night have drawn their veil over the earth, sheltering the worshippers from eyes profane; and the stranger who, fearing the heat of the sun, travels by night across the hills of the interior, often hears in the distance the sound of the bamboula, or perceives in some valley the glare of a fire, when he is informed by his trembling guide that what he sees is an assembly of Vaudoux, and has to listen to lamentable stories about imprudent persons who have endeavored to penetrate the secrets of the African worship.

Before entering the sacred arena each of the initiated puts on a pair of sandals, and fastens round his body a number of red handkerchiefs, the king and queen being attired with greater luxury than the rest. When all are assembled, and it is ascertained that none but members are present, the officiating priest and priestess place themselves at one end of the enclosure, near to a species of altar, upon which stands a box, containing a serpent visible to the affiliated through the lattice-work which forms one side of its cage. The adoration of the serpent now takes place, and consists in prostrations before its cage in the order of seniority, and in protestations of being faithful to its worship and submitting to all it may command. The king and queen, having thus disposed their followers to receive the impressions they may desire to impose, assume an affectionate and paternal tone, extolling the happiness of the devotees of Vaudoux, and exhorting them to confide their necessities to his ear. The demands for aid are proffered by each one in accordance with his requirements. The greater number desire skill to deceive their employers or gain their favor

* L. E. Moreau de Saint Méry: *Description de la Partie Française de l'Isle Saint Domingue*: Philadelphia, 1797.

E. Descourtilz: *Voyages d'un Naturaliste*: Paris, 1809.

Thomas Madiou fils: *Histoire de Haïti*: Port-au-Prince, 1847.

Gustave d'Alaux: *L'Empereur Soulouque et son Empire*: Paris, 1856.

Paul Dhormoys: *Une Visite chez Soulouque*: Paris, 1859.

Paul Dhormoys: *Sous les Tropiques*: Paris, 1864.

† The Ophites of the fourth century.

—others solicit wealth; this man desires to soften the heart of the girl he loves—that to recall the affections of a faithless mistress; whilst others, again, crave a speedy cure of disease. These various requests present a picture of human nature: no passion is unrepresented, and crime itself does not blush to avow the motives which actuate it. Each of these invocations seems to move the high priest: the spirit of Vaudoux possesses him. Suddenly snatching the cage of the reptile from the altar, he places it on the ground and makes the queen mount on the top of it. No sooner have her feet touched the sacred sanctuary than, like a new Pythoness, she receives the afflatus: her whole body is agitated by convulsions and the oracle speaks by her mouth. At times she flatters and promises felicity, at others she thunders forth reproaches, and, according to her caprice, she dictates, in the name of the serpent, whatever it may please her to command. After having received replies from an oracle as ambiguous as that of Delphi, the members proceed to the payment of tribute, which varies according to the means or piety of the donors. A portion of the receipts goes to the absent and sick, and the remainder is appropriated to the support of the *Church*. The queen now issues her mandates for the execution of plans proposed, and each one renews his oath to obey implicitly in all things, swearing to suffer death rather than reveal any secret, and even to inflict it on those who should forget this solemn vow. This oath is usually solemnized by drinking the warm blood of a goat or bullock slaughtered on the spot, which, mixed with tafia (a kind of rum), is eagerly partaken of by all present.

The devotional part of the ceremony being concluded, a dance commences by the admission of new members, if there be any aspirants. The king traces a large circle on the ground, and, after placing the neophyte within it, gives him a package containing herbs, horsehair and pieces of horn and bones, and then, striking him lightly on the

head with a small flat board, begins to chant an African song. All present join in the chorus, which induces in the aspirant convulsive movements and a violent dance. This is technically called *monter vaudoux*. Should the excess of his transports lead him beyond the circle, the song ceases, and the king and queen turn their backs to avert the evil omen. The neophyte re-enters the ring, drinks tafia, agitates himself afresh, and finally reaches such a pitch of convulsive delirium that a vigorous blow with a *nerf de bœuf* is required to bring him to his senses. He is then conducted to the altar to swear allegiance to Vaudoux, and from that moment belongs to the sect.

The king now places his foot or hand on the serpent's cage, and immediately becomes excited, passing his inspiration to the queen, to be by her in turn transmitted to the entire assembly. All are seized with convulsive movements in the upper parts of their bodies, to such an extent that their heads and shoulders appear to be dislocated. The queen, above all, is a prey to the most violent contortions, and from time to time incites her followers to greater exertions by shaking the little bells which ornament the serpent's cage, until, aided by deep draughts of tafia, the delirium becomes a veritable pandemonium. Some are attacked with giddiness and swoons, or the wildest frenzy, in which they turn, whirl and leap incessantly, tearing their clothes and even biting their flesh. Others fall insensible and are borne by the rest, still dancing, into a neighboring enclosure, where through the combined influence of Vaudoux and tafia, scenes take place over which a veil must be drawn.

Unquestionably, the priest of Vaudoux is more knave than fool, and his influence is maintained by assumptions which he knows to be untrue; yet there can be little doubt that the effects produced by the excitement of the dance are real, for authentic instances are on record which show that even *white* spectators of such scenes have been irresistibly compelled, by contact with a

Vaudoux, to join in the dance, until, by interposition of the queen, the spell was dissolved. The papa-vaudoux sometimes makes passes, similar to those by which the mesmerizer produces a state of catalepsy in his patient, which enable him to endure corporeal inflictions without pain, though, under different physical conditions they would be agonizing. The dancing dervish of Cairo whirls himself into a state of frenzy which destroys all bodily sensibility; the Hindoo woman, under the influence of fanaticism, calmly lies on the funeral pyre of her dead husband; and it is not more surprising that the disciple of Vaudoux, under the required excitement, should be able to handle live coals, allow his flesh to be torn by pin-cers, or throw himself headlong to the ground, without any apparent suffering, as they have been known to do.

Were the superstition of Vaudoux confined to the practices above described, we should naturally deplore the ignorance of our fellow-men, who by force of superstition could commit actions so disgraceful to humanity, at the same time feeling satisfaction that the actors alone were injured by such scenes. But, though we may pity their folly, we must not forget the danger of the assemblies, for in them were composed those terrible potions which poisoned the flocks and the streams, striking men with death or madness. It was in these assemblies that they organized that fearful revolt which, on the night of August 26, 1791, surprised the colony of St. Domingo, transforming the scattered slaves into furious hordes, who rushed almost naked and unarmed on the muskets and bayonets of disciplined troops and by sheer brute courage and the force of numbers turned their own cannon against them. The infamous Biassou and Jeannot used the priests of Vaudoux to influence the minds of their followers. The former surrounded himself with sorcerers and magicians, who were his advisers. His tent was filled with cats of various colors, with snakes, bones of the dead and a multitude of other objects, symbols

of African superstition. During the night large fires were lighted in his camp, and naked women executed horrible dances around them, making frightful contortions and singing words which are only understood in the deserts of Africa. Excited by these ceremonies, his band would rush madly on the French cannon, thrusting their arms with laughter into their muzzles in the vain attempt to withdraw the ball, and die, blown into a thousand fragments, shouting, "Moé trapé li!"*

In such assemblies also was planned the formidable insurrection of 1760 in Jamaica, which ended in the capture and execution of many of the sorcerers, or *Obi-men* as they are called in that island; and finally the Vaudoux sometimes requires from his worshipers human sacrifices, as will presently be shown.

The rites practiced by the Vaudoux, though bearing a general resemblance throughout, vary somewhat according to the locality and the nation which performs them. M. Pelerin, a proprietor of St. Domingo, was an eye-witness to their celebration among the Mozambique negroes. After selecting their ground, he says, they formed a circle, into which was introduced a young child. Then advancing in turns they struck it lightly on the shoulder, and shortly afterward it fell to the ground in a fit and rolled over in convulsions. Eight days after this ceremony the child was seen to be fading away, and before the end of the year it died. It is vain to speculate on the *modus operandi* in this case, but the fact is vouched for by an intelligent person, and quoted by M. Descourtiz, who was naturalist to the French government.

A young ensign in the French navy had an opportunity, whilst his vessel was anchored at Gonaives, of witnessing a meeting of Vaudoux near that place, which, as it was accompanied by the murder and eating of a young child, I will briefly relate in substance. Accompanied by a priest, he succeeded in hiding in a large tree near the scene of

* Creole for "Je l'ai attrapé."

operations. The pair at first could discern nothing, but were made aware of the vicinity of a number of persons by the dismal sound of a wild and unearthly chant which rose, through the pitchy darkness of the night, to their retreat. Soon, by the vivid flashes of lightning which announced the coming storm, they perceived a large circle of men and women, in the centre of which were placed a young child, a goat, a fowl and some snakes. Not daring to speak or stir from fear of discovery, the officer and the priest waited patiently for some time, when the diabolical scene was illuminated by a fire which had been lighted under a caldron, and by torches of resinous wood planted in the ground. Then all the horror of the spectacle was revealed: the howling of the wind and the inky blackness of the night served to heighten the effect of the bright light of the fire, the strange figures circling round the caldron and the wild sound of the African chant. Our two adventurers might have fancied themselves in the infernal regions watching a dance of demons exulting over a fallen soul. The goat, the fowl and the snakes were still there, but the child was gone. They shuddered at its probable fate, but still hoped it might have escaped in the darkness: they were soon undeceived. The usual ceremonies were proceeding—the slaughter of the goat and the fowl—when suddenly one of those storms only experienced in tropical climates burst upon them: trees were uprooted, and the little brook which had flowed past the scene of the tragedy was swollen into a mighty torrent, sweeping away in its vortex the hideous revelers and their frightful banquet. A few screams of agony were heard and all was still. The moon, breaking through the clouds, lighted up the scene, and showed a peaceful river flowing over the spot where, a few minutes before, such impious rites had been celebrated. On reaching Gonaives the next morning they found a crowd on the beach, and were informed by a negro that the sea had washed on shore some dead bodies and the arm of a

child. The ensign could no longer doubt what had been the fate of the little creature.

There is no reasonable motive for doubting the veracity of the French officer, especially as it coincides with accounts derived from other sources, and is in accordance with the popular belief in Hayti. I should, however, have hesitated before presenting it to the reader, were it not corroborated by what follows.

On the third of April, 1864, the *Gazette des Tribunaux* (France) had amongst its foreign news the following:

"We published a few days since the account of this accusation and the sentence pronounced. We republish to-day the details of this most monstrous case.

"The accused are eight in number [here follow the names]. The case was brought before the sittings of the court of the fourth and fifth of February, under the *Décanat* of Lallemand, *Doyen*.

"We republish the charge in the same words in which it was written, and, in order not to destroy its local color, we preserve its form and style.

"The public ministry declares, in execution of the act of adjournment, that, having made a new examination in the pleadings, it results as follows:

"Toward the middle of December the prisoner Congo sought to better his miserable condition by having recourse to the god Vaudoux, who, as he says, required from him a human sacrifice. The stupid and wicked Congo imparted this to his sister, and then to the prisoner Jeanne Pellé, who also believed herself to be in communication with the infernal spirits.

"Claircine, daughter of Mademoiselle Claire, and about seven or eight years old, lived with her aunt Jeanne, and she it was who was designated by her uncle and aunt as the victim.

"On Sunday, December 29, Jeanne, who lives at Bizoton, rose at two o'clock in the morning and prepared to go down to the town. She conducted her innocent niece to Congo, with whom she made all the arrangements.

"The child was to be carried off during her absence of a few hours. Before going into the town the perfidious Jeanne went to Claire, her sister, to request the latter to accompany her to Port-au-Prince, doubtless to facilitate the abduction of Claircine. The poor mother suspected nothing, but, however, declined going into the town until daylight; nevertheless she accompanied Jeanne to the house of the latter. On the way she saw Claircine crouching down with Congo in front of his door. She mentally decided that on her return she would call for Claircine and take her home, but on passing the second time the child was no longer there. She called her, and Congo replied that Claircine was asleep inside.

"About six o'clock in the morning Claire again saw her child, who this time was warming herself at a fire lighted by Congo, whom she heard tell Claircine to go to the house of Julien. . . .

"The head being placed upon a species of altar, Jeanne rang a bell as a signal for a procession around it. The cannibals, intoxicated with blood, chanted a mysterious hymn. After the termination of the ceremony, the skin and entrails of the late Claircine were buried near the house of Floreal. Her blood and pulverized bones were collected in earthen jars and carefully preserved. After having thus dined, the joyous guests, whose hands were stained with that innocent blood, separated, appointing to meet again on the Jour-des-Rois, when another young girl, called Losama, was to be sacrificed. This child, whom they found in the house of Floreal, had been kidnapped by Nerèine on the road to Leogane.

"Therefore: First. Jeanne Pellé, etc. [here follow the rest of the names], are all accused of witchcraft and murder, with premeditation and ambush, preceded and accompanied with torture, on the late Claircine—a crime indicated and punishable by Articles 240, etc., of the Penal Code. The accused acknowledge the crime with which they are charged with an impassive coolness which adds to its horror. They all ap-

pear to have full faith in the abominable superstition which led to their guilt.

"The jury gave a verdict of guilty on all counts, and in consequence the tribunal pronounced the following sentence, after having recapitulated the evidence;

"Therefore, for all these motives, the court, having deliberated, condemns the before-mentioned Jeanne Pellé, etc., etc., to death for having committed the crime of sorcery and murder, with premeditation and ambush, followed and accompanied by bodily torture; and in view of Article 13 of said Penal Code, orders the execution of the aforesaid prisoners to take place in the public square of the exterior cemetery."

A gentleman of undoubted integrity and honor, now living in Philadelphia, but formerly a resident of Port-au-Prince, informs me that verbal and other information which he received from that town in 1863-4 substantially sustains the facts as set forth in this account of the trial.

In the two preceding cases a superstitious worship had undoubtedly as much to do with the crimes recorded as the taste for human flesh; but M. Descourtiz relates an anecdote showing that such a taste exists *per se*. He says:

"M. Mirault, an inhabitant of the Petite Rivière, was nursed by a Mozambique Vaudoux during an illness. The surgeon prescribed bleeding, enjoining the negro to preserve the basin into which the blood had been drawn, and was not a little surprised on his return to learn that the Mozambique had cooked and eaten the contents; a circumstance which took place every time he could satisfy his ruling taste for human blood."

I have before me a number of instances relating to the real or supposed power of the priests of Vaudoux, but space will only permit me to mention two of them. M. Deribaux, also an inhabitant of the Petite Rivière, had a dispute with a Vaudoux, and on the next day was seized with vomitings, during which he threw up large pieces of raw flesh, and not till after six months of great suffering did he recover. In

another case, a Vaudoux, being jealous of a companion, cast over him a spell which, though at the time he was robust and well, produced leprosy, which could not be cured until he abandoned his suit and left the district.

It is impossible to deny that such occurrences have happened, but most probably poison skillfully administered produced the effect, as it is known that both the Vaudoux of St. Domingo and the Obis of Jamaica were accustomed to its use. Fear of a threatened evil, joined to a belief in the power of the operator, will also, in many cases, produce the dreaded result.

When the Obi of the latter island wished to injure any one, he would compose a fetich and "set it up" in the neighborhood of the house of his intended victim, who generally soon fell ill from terror, and almost invariably died of a species of decline.

The law of Jamaica, enacted in 1760, to which I have already alluded, enumerates the materials used by the Obi-men for making their fetiches or spells: they were blood, feathers, parrots' beaks, dogs' and alligators' teeth, broken bottles, grave dirt, rum and egg-shells, balls of clay mixed with horse hair, rags or feathers, and bound with twine, or in some cases blended with the upper section of the skulls of cats, or stuck round with cats' teeth and claws, or with human or dogs' teeth, or with glass beads.

The Obi of Jamaica and the Vaudoux of the sister island are essentially the same, but the former do not appear to have elaborated their system so completely or extended its ramifications so widely as the latter.

The belief in Vaudoux does not exclude a faith in the Catholic religion, and it is not uncommon, especially in the country, to see a Christian baptism alternate in the same hut with a Mandingo funeral, or on the same shoulder the scapulary of the Catholic and the *mamanbila** of the sorcerer. The old

negress who fears a visit from a zombi† goes indifferently to ask a mass from the curé or a charm from the *papa-vaudoux*; and it will be seen that the same confusion of ideas prevails among the Vaudoux of this country.

That the Vaudoux worship exists in our Southern States is known. I am not prepared to say to what extent, but I have before me an extract from a recent North Carolina paper, which gives an account of one of their meetings near Raleigh in that State. It appears that they became a society in 1862, one of their laws being to elect a high priestess seven years after their organization, and consequently the year 1869 was the time for her inauguration. The ceremony took place at night in an old house near the city. After the usual fantastic dance the queen-elect was ushered into the apartment in white robes, and placed on a pedestal in front of a caldron of boiling water, into which the negroes, as they danced, threw beef bones, toads' feet, spiders, bits of camphor, old shoes, etc. They then fell on their knees and worshiped her amid discordant shouts, yells and groans, interspersed with such cries as "Bless de Lord!" "Bless de Lamb!" "O happy hour!" and the like. It is generally believed in New Orleans that the frightful superstition in question exists and is growing in Louisiana, but I have no absolute proof of the fact.

However much the Vaudoux of this country may resemble their brethren in the West Indies, it is to be hoped and presumed that human sacrifices will form no part of their ritual.

Should the beautiful and fruitful island of St. Domingo ever be annexed to this country, the government will have to do battle with the monster, and uproot once and for ever the noxious plant which is a scandal and a horror to the nineteenth century. H. HARGRAVE.

† Phantom or ghost, the Creole corruption of the word *Ombre*.

* Small calcareous stones contained in a little bag.

CONCERNING SHELLEY.

SOME half century ago there flourished in England a rollicking writer named Maginn. A scholar of no mean renown, he furnished to the leading magazines of that day many articles that still retain their piquant freshness. Witty, sarcastic, and by no means over-scrupulous in what he wrote, he revelled occasionally in a style of slashing satire that fairly leaped from his facile pen.

One of the first targets at which he shot his pungent arrows was Shelley's *Adonais*. This he was pleased to sneer at as a fair specimen of what was termed the *Dellacruscan* school, which, according to him, "reveled in moonlight and sighed with evening gales, lamented over plucked roses, and bid melancholy farewells to 'the last butterfly of the season.'" "The art of the modern *Dellacruscan*," he said, "is to eject all the epithets that he can conglomerate in his piracy through the lexicon, and throw them out to settle as they will. He follows his own rhymes and shapes his subject to the close of his measure. He is a glutton of all names of colors, and flowers, and smells, and tastes, and crowds his verse with scarlet, and blue, and yellow, and green; extracts tears from everything, and makes moss and mud hold regular conversations with him. 'A goose pye' talks: it does more, it thinks, and has its peculiar sensibilities: it smiles and weeps, raves to the stars, and is a listener to the western wind as fond as the author himself." Interspersed through some pages of this sky-rockety criticism he gives here and there a parody of the unfortunate poet's style. For instance, we find one headed

"ELEGY ON MY TOMCAT.

"Weep for my tomcat! all ye tabbies, weep;
For he is gone at last! Not dead alone,
In flowery beauty sleepeth he no sleep,
Like that bewitching youth Endymion!
My love is dead, alas! as any stone,
That by some violet-sided smiling river
Weepeth too fondly," etc., etc., etc.

This goes on till one wonders that poor Shelley ever had courage to write anything more, much less to write, as he did, poems destined to survive and compel the admiration of unwilling posterity; for there can be little doubt that his verses are often most unwillingly admired. But Byron's early experience too shows that hostile criticism, intended to crush, may, after all, only inspire true genius.

Reviewer and poet have passed away. Maginn's sparkling wit was quenched, alas, too soon! in that baleful destroyer of talent, the bottle. The tragic end of Shelley has become history; and now, after lapse of many years, if we may judge from an article in a recent magazine, thoughtless people are endeavoring to reverse the former judgment on Shelley's character, as too severe and uncharitable. In fact, the pendulum has swung to the opposite end of the arc. The unqualified laudation of the article in question comes before us in strong contrast to the horror and indignation which hailed his writings in his own day. Of course, there were many then who could not understand the method by which Shelley proposed to probe and cure the spiritual wounds of humanity; and even within a few years, Dr. Alexander mentioned him as that "green and gilded snake," thus betokening the insidious beauty and poison of his writings. *In medio tutissimus*. Though we may not altogether concur with the reverend gentleman, we must admit that Shelley's poems, notwithstanding their passion and power, are the last we would wish to see recklessly placed in the hands of the young. We cannot forget that he did not wish to leave even

"To his sister, when she prayed
Her happy views, her early heaven."

We recall his loving aspiration in regard to her: "There are some hopes of this dear little girl: she would be a di-

vine little scion of infidelity if I could get hold of her."

Can we wonder that his father's doors were closed against him? We read of a solemn anathema which Shelley used to pronounce against this father, when he and his singular guide, philosopher and friend, Dr. Lind, used to unite after tea in vehemently consigning both parent and sovereign to the infernal gods. Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley! We cannot help feeling sympathy with the old man's puzzled horror over his son's "diabolical opinions," and we are strangely moved at his futile confidence in Paley's *Natural Theology*. Such a leviathan to be bound by such a slender cord as this! Of course Paley failed.

But we anticipate. This was after Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, which happened, says our laudatory article, because he wrote "a page or two of heresy." Perhaps the treatment he received appears harsh to us: of course to Shelley's relatives it seems cruel and insulting. But let us look at it impartially, and we will see that the authorities could not consistently have done otherwise.

The dreamy young poet, with his passion for reform, had met a fascinating sophist in Hume. He established to his own mind conclusively the impossibility of the existence of a God, and he wished, with a benevolent madness, to convert the University of Oxford to the same delightful belief. So he wrote a short pamphlet called *The Necessities of Atheism*. He did not put his name to it, but De Quincey says he sent copies of it to the heads of the college. However that may be, we know that the master of the college saw one, questioned the young poet of the authorship, and, as might be expected, when Shelley refused to answer, and thus defied the authorities, he was expelled. As an English review aptly inquires, "With what face could the master of University College have asked any future student to sign the Thirty-nine Articles while the name of the author of a demonstration of atheism remained on the

books?" But now we hear from Mr. Browning that "such reverence, wonder and worship never before or since fed as with their oil a purer spirit;" that his poetry "is a sublime fragmentary essay toward a presentment of the correspondency of the Universe to Deity;" and he "had attained to the belief that the destiny of man can scarcely be so degraded as that he is born to die."

That Shelley dimly guessed at God as Plato guessed at truth, we believe. That he groped after Him through the darkness of his own errors, and that the light of truth was beginning to gild the gloom, we may fondly hope as we see him sink among the conquering surges, battling with them, it may be, as he had done with the prejudices and conventionalities of Society. But we can hardly go so far as Mr. Browning, who calls him "a man of a religious mind, because every audacious negative cast up by him against the Divine was interpenetrated by a mood of reverence and adoration."

Let us see how the *Quarterly Review* esteemed the religious mind of Shelley, in an article published concerning his poem, *The Revolt of Islam*. In the first edition of this poem, under the title of *Laon and Cynthia*, the name of Christ appears in the list of false prophets: the name of Joshua was afterward substituted; but the Christian religion received no better treatment than its Founder. The two great doctrines of our belief, "repentance and faith," were monstrous and pernicious in his eyes. According to him, the *Review* says, "The existence of all evil, physical and moral, is owing to social institutions and religious creeds. Man's business here is to abstain from no gratification, hate no crime, repent of no sin, but be wise, happy and free, with plenty of lawless love. We shall be perfectly comfortable if we will only break up the crust of our outworn opinions! But kings have introduced war, legislators crime, and priests sin. We have become a foul-feeding, carnivorous race—are foolish enough to feel uncomfortable after the commission of sin.

Some of us even go so far as to consider all vice odious, and we groan under a multitude of crimes merely conventional; among which Mr. Shelley specifies with great *sang-froid* the commission of incest."

It is the complaint of Shelley's friends that Society persecuted him in a malignant manner. The poet himself expressed his sufferings in the most musical and mournful verses—melodious enough to sing one's judgment to sleep. But let us remember that Shelley himself threw down the gauntlet in defiance of Society—of, indeed, all law, human and divine. Christianity and morals were alike despised and execrated; and we cannot wonder that a Christian Review denounced him, or that the social world looked upon him as a Pariah, whose best excuse for his defiance of its code was that he might be partially insane.

And who shall assert that Shelley's desertion of his first wife was not a grave crime? We read in the article before referred to that "they became tired of each other, and parted with mutual consent;" and then, "when Shelley was free from the millstone of his first marriage, there was but one woman who was fitted to be his wife." She, of course, was Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin!

Did Shelley wait to be free from the millstone of his first marriage? or did his love for Miss Godwin make poor Harriet, whom he calls "a noble animal," seem like a millstone about his neck? We believe literary men make very uncomfortable husbands in general. They are too rapt in fine frenzies to take heed of the butcher's and baker's bills. There is a childlike freshness about them—a Harold Skimpoleish ignorance of the value of money. Like him, "they don't know about it—they don't care about it: it goes away from them directly." Poets especially, we imagine, like to shut out stern needs and realities, and are happy if they can hide the harsh outlines of life from themselves—as Leigh Hunt did the prison bars with green Venetian blinds—with trellised roses (only paper, it is true) to

clothe the bare walls. Meanwhile, the poor little wives battle with bills and drudgery, and, weighed down with household cares, are thinking of the week's mending or the tough steaks, while their husbands may be reading melodious numbers to them. So poor, pretty Harriet Westbrook was found unable to soar into those upper realms. But most men would have been satisfied with such a wife. When Shelley was exiled from the paternal home, he wandered about for a time in a very impecunious state. His sister Helen, whom he mentions as being so hopeful a pupil in skepticism, devoted all her pocket-money to the recreant brother, and her dear school-friend, Harriet Westbrook, seems to have shared in this fond duty, and at last gave her girlish heart to the same object. A blooming English girl of sixteen, she married the dreamy, unpractical poet, a boy of nineteen. It would have been a most exceptional case if such a marriage had been a happy one. But can we excuse him for following so hasty a marriage with as hasty a repudiation? No critic has ever breathed a word against the character of this deserted wife. Mr. Peacock gives us this description of her: "Harriet Shelley had a good figure, light, active and graceful. Her features were regular and well proportioned. Her hair was light brown, and dressed with care and simplicity. Her complexion was beautifully transparent, the tint of the blush-rose shining through the lily. The tone of her voice was pleasant, her speech the essence of frankness and cordiality—her spirits always cheerful, her laugh spontaneous, hearty and joyous. She was well educated. She read agreeably and intelligently. She wrote only letters, but she wrote them well. Her manners were good, and her whole aspect and demeanor such manifest emanations of pure and truthful nature that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly. She was fond of her husband, and accommodated herself in every way to his tastes. If they mixed in society, she adorned it: if they lived

in retirement, she was satisfied: if they traveled, she enjoyed the change of scene."

To most of us this reads like an ideal description of female excellence. It did not satisfy Shelley. He pined in spiritual isolation: he went from place to place in spiritual unrest. If his wife enjoyed traveling, she had enough of it, for it was hard at any time for their friends to fix the whereabouts of the Shelleys. But wherever he went he carried a disappointed heart. As he says—

"Black despair,

The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over a world in which I walked alone."

And so he met Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. He came, he saw—he was conquered. Poor Harriet's feeble taper went out in the grand illumination which this new star shed on soul and sense. He deserted her, and left England with Miss Godwin, who, as he says, "calm and free in her young wisdom, burst and rent the mortal chain of custom." We rather think she did!

That Shelley was tired of his wife we believe, but that the separation was by mutual consent we cannot believe. The fact stands on record that on the 24th of March, 1814, Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Shelley were remarried in St. George's, Hanover Square, by the rites and ceremonies of the English Church, lest the former ceremony in Scotland might be open to objection on the score of invalidity. Thus he riveted the chain only to burst it violently *four months after*. We do not pretend to judge the ardor and impulsive eagerness of this strange being, but we think, in view of such facts, we may believe the separation was not by mutual consent; and we also see that Shelley was not, as our article says, "free from the millstone his first marriage had hung round his neck" when he found his ideal. But in Shelley's code "marriage, not license, was a crime." We could not expect him to pause when a new passion swept over him with an impetuous force. "A husband and wife," he had declared, "ought to continue united

only so long as they love one another." The intolerable tyranny of custom was not to be respected. He thought even Harriet must see the larger wisdom of his views. But poor Harriet had never been able to soar with him into the cold, clear air of his speculations; and we may be sure she did not now. Sad and desolate, broken in health and spirits, in a situation to claim the tenderest love and care from any husband but one whose passion was to reform the miseries of the world in general, the deserted wife went home to her father. Soon after her boy was born. What her life at home may have been we know not—how embittered by reproaches or soothed by love. We only know she ended it all one December day by drowning herself in the Serpentine. So young even then—only twenty-one—she had lived her life. All joy and hope was over for her—all was finished and the "amen" said on that bleak winter day when the poor heart was hushed for ever by the deathly touch of the cold waves.

Can it be, as we are assured, that this death "had no immediate connection with any conduct of his?" or that, as our article assures us, Shelley did not reproach himself in regard to it? We do not believe it.

We know he was not happy. Even with the ideal wife we are sure poor Harriet's tragic end haunted him. He brooded on the wrongs he had suffered from the world, for he recognized no chastisements from God. He felt like an exile and an outcast. He paid enough deference to outraged Society to marry Miss Godwin when he was free to do so. It was odd how both consented to bind themselves with such shreds of worn-out superstition—those mortal chains of custom which they both despised. But he was not happy. Two of his children died—the world execrated his poem, *The Revolt of Islam*. He suffered from great dejection of spirits: a strange melancholy pressed him, which not all the wide warmth of Italian skies, blue islets or land-locked bays, where

"High rocks throw
O'er deep below
A duplicated golden glow,"

could dissipate. The old demon of unrest possessed him still, even though he "trode the paths of high intent" with his ideal wife. We all know the end. We have all shuddered at the strange fate that, with what a fatalist would call retributive justice, engulfed him in storm-tossed waters. The same death as poor Harriet's, only the one went down to its cold embrace as to kinder arms than any she had found on earth: the other, we may suppose, battled with the breakers in his young, strong manhood, wrestling against Fate, but in vain. Ah! who can measure the mercy of God? Who can say that in that supreme moment the stained medium through which he had beheld truth might not have been purified? That repentance which he had called a "dark idolatry of self" might then have changed its aspect to his heart and mind in the life-throes of the parting hour. He had attained some dim idea of the existence of a

personal God. Let us hope that a fuller revelation burst upon him, and that the shipwrecked soul, tossed so long on the restless waves of doubt, skepticism and wild revolt, was anchored at last in peace.

We feel that shadows have predominated in this picture, but it is because others have been drawn, as Queen Elizabeth wished her portrait to be, without a shade. Shelley's generosity, genius, gentleness and kindness are all acknowledged. Though he had, as Mr. Kingsley says, "no sense of the moral law," he did not lead a profligate life. He owned no law but impulse, and Society might be grateful that his impulses were not often bad. But all is over: "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well," and the interest in his life and works seems as vivid as ever. We may believe his epitaph:

"Nothing in him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something new and strange."

HELEN PIERSON.

TO-DAY.

"**A**LAS! the soul of ancient Faith is dead;
Upon its tomb its marble ghost reclines:
The air is thick with smoke of burning shrines,
Whose priests are dumb, whose worshipers have fled."
So spake my soul as To-day's signs it read.

Then sought I, sorrowing, an immovable Rock,
Whereon there stands a Cross, and naught beside:
Of countless tempests it has met the shock—
Through endless ages will it not abide?

Soul, if thy windows be but opened wide,
Lo, the blue heaven, a cathedral dome!
In each true heart a constant altar-fire.
Though "credos" falter, man must yet aspire:
Yet shines a Bethel, in each Christian home!

H. HARTSHORNE.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

IT has often occurred to me that an entertaining volume might be written concerning the curiosities of typographical *errata*, which, although exceedingly amusing to readers, are often most exasperating to editors and authors.

An Italian poet going to present a copy of verses to the Pope, and finding, as he was looking them over in the coach as he went, a mistake of a single letter in the printing, broke his heart of chagrin and vexation, and died the day after. Baron Grimm, in his *Memoirs*, mentions the circumstance of a French writer having died in a fit of anger in consequence of a favorite work, which he had himself revised with great care, having been printed with upward of three hundred errors, half of them having been made by the corrector of the press.

A slight mistake frequently changes the whole effect of an article, or, as in a case recorded in the *Ways and Words of Men of Letters*, may utterly ruin a writer. Alluding to *faux pas* of the press, Pycroft relates a conversation which he held with a printer. "Really," said the reader, "gentlemen should not place such confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs, for I am ashamed to say that I've utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint." "Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?" "Why, sir, the poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;' instead of which we made him say, 'See the pale martyr with *his shirt on fire*.' Of course the reviewers made the most of a blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the unfortunate author was never heard of more in the field of literature."

Another versifier was extinguished in the following manner: A lad in a printing-office came upon the name of Hecate, occurring in a line like this:

"Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest hell." The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the foreman of the office and inquired eagerly if there was an *e* in cat. "Why no, you blockhead!" was the reply. Away went the juvenile type-setter to the press-room and extracted the superfluous letter. But fancy the horror of poet and publisher when the poem appeared with the line: "Shall reign the He cat of the deepest hell." These poor gentlemen would have joined most heartily in the sentiments contained in the following quatrain from the pen of a young lady who had been similarly crucified in her first published poem, and thus gave vent to her indignation:

"I wish I had that editor about half a minute:
I'd *bang* him to his heart's content, and with an *A*
begin it;
I'd *jam* his body, eyes and bones, and spell it
with a *d*,
And send him to that *hill* of his: he spells it with
an *e*."

A distinguished soldier of the late war, with whom the writer had the honor of serving at Vicksburg and elsewhere in the Mississippi Valley and who is now the governor of a Western State, was announced among a list of speakers who were to address a meeting on a certain occasion at Chicago, as a "battle-scared general." If the careless compositor had added another *r* to the italicised word it would have been nearer the truth, and also what the editor wrote. The same paper, by a singular coincidence, contained another equally ridiculous *erratum*. Said the writer: "There is great dissatisfaction among the loyal masses with the President's policy." Now, who would have thought that the execrably bad grammar of the above sentence could have been made worse by the omission of a little consonant just after the word *loyal*?—thus placing the luckless author among the "asses," when he had written himself down something else.

Another instance, showing the importance of a single letter, is that of an advertisement that appeared in a New York paper in May, 1869, headed "*Internal remedy*." It was very possibly quite true, but of course the compounder of the quack mixture meant to have said "Internal remedy."

A long list of such blunders might be enumerated, but we shall content ourselves with the following: A publisher offers a hundred dollars for the best *tail* for his paper; a grocer advertises an invoice of boxes of *pigs* from Smyrna; a New York landlord announces a *louse* to let and possession given immediately; at an inquest held the other day on the body of a glutton who died in devouring a part of a turkey, the verdict "suffocation" was printed, with more truth than was intended, *stuffocation*; in a list of subscribers to a charitable fund "A Poor Bookbinder" gave a dollar, and the next subscriber in order was a lady named A. Lega Fletcher, but her subscription was acknowledged as from "A Ledger Stitcher;" and, to conclude an illustration, an editor recently apologized for an error of the preceding day which made him refer with pleasure to the "overflowing soakers of Major Eccleston's hospitable board;" "overflowing beakers" was of course what he wrote.

As examples of errors clearly due to bad writing we may mention that an announcement in a British government blue-book, stating that "the troops had marched across Belbec and drawn up in front of north ports," declared in its first shape that the troops "had marched across the Baltic and drawn up in front of the North Foreland." A quotation of a rather racy kind being ascribed to Saint Lucius, the printer's reader, doubting its saintly origin, and knowing no saint of that name, was induced to make researches, which resulted in the discovery that the words belonged to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, one of the bright stars in Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*. An *erratum* of a very similar character occurs in Alison's *Lives of Lord Castle-reegh and Sir Charles Stewart*. In de-

scribing the great public funeral of the duke of Wellington, the historian is made to say that "the pall was borne by the marquis of Anglesea, the marquis of Londonderry, Lord Gough, Lord Cambermere and *Sir Peregrine Pickle*." The association between "Peregrine" and "Pickle," rendered immortal by Smollett's novel, was evidently too strong for either compositor or reader to be struck by this strange anti-climax: Sir Peregrine Maitland was the name intended.

A female compatriot of the irrepressible Train not long since addressed a mournful communication to a Buffalo paper: "By some fantastic trick of your type-setter, my speech in St. James' Hall on Saturday evening is suddenly terminated, and so linked to that of Mr. Train that I am made to run off in an entirely new vein of eloquence. Among many other exploits, I am made to boast that I neither smoke, nor chew, nor drink, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear, as if such accomplishments were usual among American women; and wherever I refer to my honored countrymen as 'white males,' I am reported as having addressed them as 'white mules.' All these are very good jokes if credited to the printer's devil, but not to those who represent an unpopular idea and carelessly weigh their words."

The editor of a well-known religious journal, in reference to an individual, took occasion to write that he was *rectus in ecclesia*—that is, in good standing in the Church. The type-setter, to whom this was a dead language, in the editor's absence converted it into *rectus in culina*, which, although pretty good Latin, alters, in some degree, the sense, as it accorded to the reverend gentleman spoken of only a good standing in the *kitchen*.

Incorrect punctuation is also a prolific source of *faux pas* of the press. When Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport wrote his famous book entitled *A Piket for the Knowing Ones*, there happened to be many heresies, schisms and false teachings abroad in the land regarding punctuation, and as many diverse sys-

tems appeared for the location of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, etc., as there were works published. To obviate the difficulty, and give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the end of the volume had printed five pages of nothing but pauses and stops, with which he said the reader could pepper and salt his literary dish as he chose.

The following sentence from a recently-published sensation novel shows the great importance of correct punctuation: "He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare he sat down." A second instance occurred in an account of a Delmonico dinner. At the banquet this toast was given: "Woman—Without her man, is a brute." Another case is that of a New York editor who thus introduced some verses: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave for many years for his own amusement." Still another ludicrous mistake was that made by the clergyman of a parish, to whom the wife of a person about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note expressing the following: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this

congregation." Unfortunately, the good matron was not skilled in spelling or punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision, and he accordingly read the note, "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation." This mistake is nearly as bad as that of an Irish journal: "For 'his Grace the duchess of Devonshire was safely delivered,' read 'her Grace the duke of Devonshire.'"

The late Peter Hastie, of New York City, discovered above one thousand errors of spelling, syntax and punctuation in a so-called immaculate English edition of the Bible, and one-tenth that number of *errata* on two pages of a popular unabridged American dictionary. The only books that are believed to be perfect—*i. e.*, entirely free from typographical errors—are an Oxford edition of the Bible, a London and Leipsic Horace and an American reprint of Dante. The University of Oxford had a standing offer of a guinea for each and every error that might be found in their edition of the Holy Bible referred to above. For very many years no one claimed the reward, until recently an *erratum* was discovered by a lynx-eyed reader, the reward duly paid, the error corrected, and it is now confidently believed to be without a typographical blemish of any description.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

THE FORGER'S BRIDE.

A VERY soft April day, now and then chilled by the wind off snow-drifts that spotted the hills even after a rainy morning, was about half over as Sally Tyler came up from the village street to the red house where she lived. She was extremely pretty: her features delicate and straight, her dark eyes sweet, her blue-black hair glossy; and now a little wild-rose bloom on her cheek

and a deeper crimson than usual on her lips made her look like a flower with a white hood on.

She was evidently much engrossed by some new thought or plan, for she did not stoop to pat the old yellow dog who raised himself on his fore legs and slobbered a welcome as he lay in the sunshine; nor did she notice the threatening scream of a hen-hawk that circled

high in air above her tiny brood of early chickens; or even look at the golden crocus that had sprung from the black mould of her posy-bed, a cup of sudden sunlight since last night; but took her way round to the back door, for nobody in New England country villages uses the front door, except for weddings or funerals. Many a house have I seen whose entire front half, with its darkened and musty parlors, and its "spare chambers" smelling of ill-dried feathers, fennel and green mould, might have been sliced away and carried off, no-wise to the detriment, and perhaps even without the knowledge, of the inhabitants behind.

So Sally followed the worn foot-track, past scraggy lilacs and sprawling cinnamon rose bushes, round the house, and went in to the door of the back kitchen, where at the sink her mother stood chopping some cold potatoes. Sally was an only child, but her mother was so haunted by the one fear of spoiling her that she sometimes went too far the other way. The poor little girl was "tutored," as she said, till she was weary and aching — aching for a little of the deep, real love that lay hidden away in her mother's heart, very much as the best parlor and bed-room were shut up; there, no doubt, but useless and unseen. To-day, as usual, the first words were reproof:

"I told you there was too many pertaters biled yesterday, Sally, 'n now I've got to chop 'em for dinner, and chopped pertater ain't real good 'long o' salt beef: you'd ought to be more considerin'. Supposin' you was to git married, and hev to see to the work yourself, I guess your husband'd come to woeful want pretty surprisin' quick."

Sally sighed a little, but said nothing. She had learned how to hold her tongue at least—perhaps a better preparation for marriage than the economizing of potatoes. Nor did she blush at her mother's illustration of her discourse, for in Wingfield there was nobody who could be called a beau for her: all the well-to-do farmers' sons had emigrated from its barren hillsides, and the hired

men were more often Irish than any other, or, if Yankees, of the very lowest class.

She waited a minute till the noise of the chopping-knife ceased and the potatoes were turned into the spider, and then said, shyly,

"Mother, I went to the post-office after I'd carried the eggs, and I got a letter from Cousin Jerushy."

"Do tell!" said Mrs. Tyler, for a moment holding the big iron spoon suspended from her hand. "Why, we hain't heerd from Jerushy quite a spell. How is all her folks?"

"They're all well, she says; only Grandmother Dyke has had a long spell of rheumatiz. They've got a bigger tenement now, and Jerushy wants me to come and stay with her for a while."

Mrs. Tyler stirred the potatoes so vigorously that Sally hardly dared to venture farther, but she did whisper, half audibly,

"Can I go, mother?"

Mrs. Tyler was what the transcendentalists call "antagonistic," and her neighbors, "dreadful arbitrary": her first impulse was to contradict every assertion and refuse every request. Of course, convenience and policy, and various other motives, better or worse, obliged her to come round to assertions and requests full half the time, but it was a weary and delayed victory that the opposite side gained—one of those conquests almost as undesirable as a defeat. Her husband, with a shrewdness men do not often arrive at in dealing with this most uncommon type of women, always took care to say and ask nothing important if it could be helped, or otherwise to offer her the exact converse of his wishes. True, like all manœuvres, this sometimes worked its own defeat, from her habit of giving in at last; and then the squire shook his grizzled head and muttered to himself, winding up with a whistled psalm tune, generally his best expression of doubt or consternation.

But to-day Mrs. Tyler was somewhat softened by Sally's shy look and tone,

though of course she put out a sharp negative at first:

"No, you can't. I don't see how you can think on't? jest layin'-time, 'n all them hens to look after, 'n set, 'n feed; 'n two calves in the barn. Well, I s'pose I might see to them things myself" (she always would); "but *he* won't hear to't, I know. I don't know but what I'd like to have ye go to see Jerushy: she's a smart woman, and a pretty woman as ever I see." (Mrs. Jerusha Phelps had about as much beauty as a chimpanzee, but "pretty" means only pleasant and well-mannered in our vernacular.) "I guess you might go ef you had two new gowns. You hain't got really nothing fit to stay a spell, and I expect he won't want to give you no money. Well, it's nigh about dinner-time, and you might step out to the barn an' call him—it'll save me a blowin' the horn—and you can settle it, maybe, 'fore you come in. I don't want to have to jaw to the table: I like to eat and be done with it."

In her secret heart Mrs. Tyler knew that she didn't want to come into collision with the squire if he assented, or to give up her reluctant willingness to fight it out strenuously if he said no; but as Sally replaced her hood and shawl and opened the outer door, her mother called after her,

"Don't forget to tell him you've got to be fixed off to go, child. I expect he'll growl some, but the backer did real well last year, and he's a packin' on't now."

There was a world of policy in this last remark, quite lost on simple Sally; so she trudged out to the big barn on the hillside, and, stepping in at the little side door, threaded her way over milking-stools, pitchforks, wisps of hay, and all the nameless litter of an ill-kept barn, to the wide hay-floor, where her father and Peter, the hired Irishman, sat packing tobacco. Squire Tyler was a good specimen of an elderly Yankee farmer: his fine head was covered with iron-gray hair, curling all over it in spite of him; his face was wrinkled, but sagacious and kindly; while all the shrewdness ascribed to his race twin-

kled in the deep-set eyes, half lost under their big, shaggy brows. He was a quaint old creature, as far as his domestic life went, but nobody made more acute bargains than he, or understood better how to take the top wave of fluctuating prices and come off with flying colors just before his delaying neighbors lost all their ventures. He loved Sally better than anything else, and his Devon cows next; his wife came somewhere lower down in the scale, it is true, but that was her own fault: twenty years of persistent nagging and contradicting will somewhat stunt the growth even of a real affection, and whatever of love still lingered in this matrimonial tie had its balance altogether on the wife's side. Now, as he looked up and saw Sally leaning against the door, her white hood fallen off, and her face glowing with her walk and her errand, all his wrinkles and puckers vanished into a smile of welcome, and the sharp eyes softened at once.

"Hullo, Sally!" shouted he: "what be you after?"

"Oh, father, please! I had a letter from Cousin Jerushy—" Here she stopped a minute to take breath.

"Well, that ain't no great thing to hev, is it? I thought mother was kind o' down on Jerushy, or you was, or some-thin' or 'nother."

"Oh, not me! And, father, she wants me to come to Westboro' and see her a spell; and say, father, can't I go?"

Sally gave these last words in the true coaxing whine, and the squire looked up and laughed.

"You hain't set your mind on't none, hev you, Sal?"

"I kind o' have, father."

"What does mother say to 't, eh?"

"Well, she said I couldn't, an' then she said maybe I could if I had some new things, but I can't go unless I do."

The squire was purse-bearer evidently, and he began to tease Sally a bit: "Well, there's more'n four new things around here 't you can hev if you won't spile 'em: there's a new halter in that stall, and a new corn-basket: 'n I've

got a fire-new axe to the house, 'f that'll help ye any—"

"Why, father! 'tain't those kind of things I want: it's new gowns, and a hat, and—"

"What'n thunder do you want a hat for? Can't you wear a decent bunnet, 'n not put a tin pan with streamers a-top of your head, like them darned fells of Ruckers?"

"Why, I don't mean such a hat as that: I mean a big one to keep the sun out of my eyes. I've just got a new bunnet."

"Sun won't hurt your eyes none—they ain't everlastin' bright, anyway—but I guess you can hev 'things,' as you call 'em, 'nough to go to Westboro'. An' seein' you can't get 'em without money, why I expect I'll hev to give ye some. I'm a dreadful near old critter or'narily, ye know, but this here ter-backer crop has kinder drawed out my heart, 'n I won't grudge you some on't."

With which speech the squire unlatched his pocket-book and fingered out from its capacious depths dirty bills to the amount of twenty dollars, which he handed to Sally, now drawn near enough to look over his shoulder; and was himself more astonished in his turn than she by the hearty hug she gave him.

"Good land! what's that for, you young critter? Hain't been hugged so this forty year. Had to pay for't, though, didn't I? Well! well! go 'long, gal, when you git ready, and hev a first-rate time; but don't you go to fetchin' any o' them young fellers out of the iron-works home arter ye. I don't believe in luggin' a gal through teethin', 'n measles, 'n all sorts o' knotholes, 'n hevin' the first sassy chap 't comes along go 'n take her off, 'fore you've had a speck of comfort out on her."

Luckily the horn blew at this moment both loud and long—irate signal of a domestic tempest brewing in the house—and drove her father's caution quite out of Sally's head—innocent little head! that had not even remembered before that there were iron-works or

workers in Westboro', much less young men.

"Whew!" involuntarily sputtered the squire as "the sound of that dread horn" fell upon his preternaturally sensitive ear.

Sally ran faster than his walk, but she stopped to wait for him behind the great water-butt, and smiled to herself as she heard him whistling "Dundee" with great earnestness. She was so happy she could afford to smile, even at the oburgations that met them both, little calculated as those sonorous remarks were to sweeten the dinner. However, the meal, like all New England penances of that sort, was soon over, and nothing was said between the parents of Sally's proposed journey; only that night, just as the squire was all but asleep, Mrs. Tyler suddenly came down upon him.

"So you went and let Sally go to Westboro', arter all, husband?" in a tone of mingled remonstrance and surprise.

"She ain't gone yit," growled the squire, "'n I don't care a darn if she goes or stays. I kind o' like to hev her round sometimes, but if she's a mind to go, why I don't care, only I ain't a-goin' to have no young fellers a-follerin' on her home; 'n you kin jest drop a line to Jerushy and say so."

"I sha'n't do no such thing."

So the squire went to sleep, discreetly.

Sally was what some wise people would call foolishly happy for the next week. I don't know how much folly there was in her pleasure. I have seen rapture that was ingrain foolishness; I have seen despair quite as senseless; and I have my doubts, after all, if there is a much purer or simpler kind of happiness extant than danced in this sweet little girl's eyes and shone on her fair face in prospect of this first visit and her wonderful preparations for it; for she not only had a new gray mousseline de laine and delicate lilac calico, but her mother actually presented her with the dark green silk that had been her own wedding-dress, fortunately plain and thick, but altogether too strait for

the goodly proportions of Mrs. Tyler now—requiring even every scrap of the long "cardinal" she had worn with it to eke out a dress for Sally. Then there was her white cambric dress and her old brown gingham. What more could she need or want? But the squire, going in to Middletown to sell off some of his young stock, brought home a parcel and flung it into her lap.

"There!" said he, "that's Juno's calf. 'Tain't half so good-lookin' as her shiny red skin, but I guess you'd rather put it on your back, so I swapped."

Eager hands unrolled the parcel, and there lay a soft white shawl and a handful of ribbons—delicate pink, tender green and shades of aster-color, with one trail of scarlet flashing through all. Sally was too happy to speak.

Why can't we make people happy oftener, when they are young and simple enough to be made so? At forty, what are gowns, or shawls, or ribbons? but what are they not at sixteen?

At last the old cowskin trunk was packed, and Sally seated in the stage that was to take her over the hills to the railway station.

"Good-bye, mother! good-bye, father!"

Mrs. Tyler only nodded.

"Good-bye, little gal!" shouted the squire, muttering, as he turned away, "I shall kind o' hanker arter her, I swow! I guess I'll go 'n look arter that new heifer."

So Sally went safely off, and after a short drive and a long car-ride found herself at Westboro', and Cousin Jerusha all ready to receive her at the station, as well as her husband, whom Sally had never seen—a tall, serious-looking man, as quiet as his wife was gay. As soon as our little friend became known in Westboro' she also became, without knowing it, a social success: she was so pretty, and delicate, and fresh, and Cousin Jerusha always so popular, that a round of tea-parties and pic-nics and drives set in directly, till Sally thought she had never been in so delightful a place before.

Westboro' is a pretty village on a hill-

side, beneath which runs a bright river, all its shores below the dam, on the village side, guarded by a huge rampart of workshops, where the trip-hammers clanged all day, and swarthy men with strong arms worked wonderful results out of the dull masses of iron before them.

These "shops," as they called them, were a dreadful institution to Sally: she was taken through them as the proper thing to do, but the furnaces and the hammers and the noise so confounded and frightened her that she was glad to get away to the cool green hillside again and play with Jerusha's children. But many an admiring eye followed her progress among the forges; and that very evening no less than three spruce young men—all known to Mrs. Phelps, it is true, but not usually so attentive—called at her house. Sally did not recognize the Vulcans she saw in the morning in these washed and shaven and adorned youths: she only thought them very pleasant and kind. But after that it was surprising to see how popular Mrs. Phelps grew—how many calls she had of an evening, while her unconscious little cousin sat and smiled and talked, and behaved herself as a wild-rose might, transmigrated into a young woman.

A great many drives and walks Sally had, but after a while one gray horse seemed to her quite the best and gentlest she had ever known; and of all the wild-flowers given and sent her, one basket of trailing arbutus surpassed all others. There were pinker clusters and larger flowers and bigger bunches, but the birch-bark basket with its mossy covering was so graceful, and the flowers so fresh and so deftly arranged; and then they were all gathered in her favorite walk, a path in the woods by the river side, so shaded and fresh, and sweet with such vernal odors as were never known to the bare hills of Wingfield.

It was rather odd that this was Joe Dyer's favorite walk also—that he owned that gray horse and made that birch basket. Perhaps it would have been

odder still if Sally had not liked him even better than his gifts and belongings, for he was a good-tempered, handsome, gay young fellow, with overflowing spirits, a quick temper and a kind heart; as lovable and honest as a child, yet with all a man's resolute will, strength and fidelity. And Joe liked Sally: he had flirted with a dozen of the village girls and loved none of them. This shy, simple, sweet little country maiden was altogether different from the romping, boisterous creatures that are the growth of a manufacturing town; and for a wonder her voice too was sweet and low—a thing rare enough among New England girls.

Under the circumstances it was hardly strange that Joe's liking and Sally's, with no intrusive elements about them, and the kindest encouragement on Jerushy's part, should have ripened into a real honest love. Jerushy knew that Joe was a young fellow of thoroughly good character, earning high wages, and considered it a happy ordination of Providence that brought him and Sally together; and when it was time for Sally to go, and Joe appeared at the cars, Jerushy discreetly turned her head and appeared not to hear that perfectly audible whisper: "Dearest Sally, may I write you a letter?"

But I am afraid she heard, nevertheless, from the very significant speech that followed her good-bye kiss on Sally's pensive, blushing face:

"I expect you won't stay away a dreadful long while from Westboro', Sally; and you'll be just as welcome as summer-time when you *do* come back."

To which Sally only returned as answer a deeper blush and a dimpling smile.

It would be impertinent to inquire what were Sally's meditations in the cars: they are open to conjecture; but when she arrived at the station where her father was to meet her, and, after a welcome, according to his own chestnut-burr fashion, of a growl and a kiss, was safely set beside him in the wagon, the squire looked round at her with a pier-

cing stare, and expressed his opinion in the premises:

"Well, seems as if you'd growed kind o' good-lookin', child. Had a good time?"

"Oh, father, perfectly splendid!"

"I want to know! Any young fellers down to Westboro'?"

"Yes, sir," with a fresh blush, for her pure skin showed the heart-beats underneath with a lovely but annoying facility.

"Any on 'em ask ye to marry 'em?"

"No, sir,"

Oh, Sally! Sally! was that the letter or the spirit of truth? Perhaps, after all, it *was* both, for she felt the sudden scarlet burn all her face, from the very folds of shining hair down to and through the white throat below.

Happily the squire's critical eye surveyed at that moment a piece of newly-ploughed land, though he went on with his conversation:

"Left your words behind, hain't ye? Jerush' allers was a master-hand to talk, 'n I expect you've larnt how to keep still; 'n that's just principles for women-folks. I never see furrows run like them on that hill-lot—they're all cuterin'. Oughter be ashamed on't. Well, little cretur, be ye glad to get home?"

"Oh yes, father!" with a very genuine love-look and smile.

"No desp'rit harm done, I guess."

"How's mother, father? and the chickens?"

"Mother's real well, 'n spry as ever. She's follered up them old hens till they da'sn't call their souls their own another minnit, 'n went to settin' like sixty, jest to git rid on her. There's more'n six broods. Git up, old hoss! we must be a-joggin';" and in half an hour more they were at home,

"Well, here ye be, Sally! I'd kind o' gin ye up—thought you didn't mean to come at all, maybe."

"Why, mother! I'm sure you said I might stay till this week."

"Well, if I did, I didn't lot on your stayin' till Wednesday. Come, child, take off your things and stir round: it's

'most tea-time;" and with a cold kiss, that agreed well with her welcome, Mrs. Tyler returned to her rag-piecing as if life and breath depended on it, though her heart really glowed within her at the sight of her child's fair young face; but she had held the mother-love in fetters so long that it was too cramped to assert its strength even on an occasion of special demand like this.

Sally went up stairs with a wistful quiver on her lips. What a pleasant time she had had at Westboro'! how kind everybody was! how glad to see her! And then, there was that letter—a bright spot of sunshine in the chilly dullness of home. Oh, when would it come? The weapons Mrs. Tyler had so long been forming against herself were to-day set in Sally's unconscious grasp, and she used them. It is the young soul's instinct to hunger after love, and bitterly are those to blame—more bitter is their punishment—who starve it at home and drive it out to wander after food.

If the postmaster at Wingfield had not been a deaf and gruff old man, who had no curiosity left in his wilted soul, he could not have failed to wonder at Sally's persistent haunting of the "store" where his pigeon-holes were fixed; and Sally's ingenuity was taxed for a week to find daily pretexts for her stroll toward the few clustered houses that were the nucleus of the village; but at last she was rewarded. If Joe had been delayed by a sudden journey on business at the express orders of his foreman, the letter was at least worth waiting for: it was short, strong and earnest—a true man's letter! and not the less precious to Sally that she felt a sort of pride in it. But if her joy had come, so came the trouble, hand in hand. As she walked along the green path homeward, the little white sun-bonnet shading her face, utterly absorbed in reading and re-reading the blessed epistle, not having the prudence or worldly wisdom to hide it in her pocket and read it at some other and more fit time, she felt a hand laid on her shoulder, and there was her father. Goodness! how she colored!

"What ye got there, so all-fired interestin', Sally? Jerushy ben a-writin' on ye some more?"

"No, father."

"What be ye a-colorin' up for so, jest like our old turkey? 'Tain't none o' them Westboro' chaps ben a-sendin' ye love-letters, be it?"

The squire spoke in jest, but his word was true.

"Oh, father!"

"The Lord above! Ef I hain't hit the nail smack on the head this time! Come, Sally, let your old father see it. I don't allow no fellers to go a-writin' to my girl 'thout I know somethin' who they be, jest."

There was no place for Sally to escape: disobey she dare not. Her hand shook with apprehension as well as emotion when she put the fair sheet in the squire's hand, and her eyelids quivered with half-shed tears as she watched his inflexible visage.

"Darn it all! he's got brass enough for a meetin'-house bell! Wants to marry ye a'ready, 'n hain't known ye but about three weeks: shows he's a fool on the face on't. Now I s'pose you think he's a real smart chap. Why, Sally! a-cryin', my little gal? Don't mean to tell me you like the critter so much? Well, well, well, I'll see about it. But I swan to man! there's your mother, 'n I don't know no more than Pharaoh which road she'll turn up. Whe—w!" and he took to whistling "China" five degrees worse than "Dundee." Poor Sally's heart sank.

"Stop a minnit!" said the squire, after the quavers of the last bar subsided. "Let's whittle it a bit. I guess you'd better show this here letter to her right away, 'n not say nothin' about me. She won't never surmise that I've come acrost ye; and then you'll know which way she's goin' to take, 'n let me know accordin'. Or I don't know's I will: I don't keer to be manoeverin' round. It's sure as moonshine she'll set her face against it, jest as I'd oughter hev, 'n didn't."

Sally turned a face full of dew and bloom on her father for reply.

"Come, take your handkercher and wipe up them tears. I didn't eat ye, 'n maybe Miss Tyler won't, but there's small chances but what she'll try to."

The squire turned down a lane with a grin at his daughter, thrown after her as a consolation. But oh, dear reader, did you ever go to a dentist? Do you remember the sinking heart with which you forced yourself over the threshold while every fibre of your flesh recoiled? I think it requires less courage to face the flashing front of a battery, for there is a chance about bullets. Much like this felt Sally as she quickened her steps almost to a run to have this matter "over with."

Pale enough she was as she gasped rather than spoke—

"Mother, I've just got a letter from Westboro'."

Mrs. Tyler turned her cool gray eyes from the ironing-board and surveyed Sally, whose face certainly accorded with her tone.

"You hev?"

"Yes'm: here it is."

Her mother took the letter between her thumb and finger and deliberately read it.

"Of all things! Here's a pretty piece of business! I told yer father 't I was clear against your goin' to Westboro', and now he'll see what comes on't. I guess he'll hark to me next time. Marry you, indeed! 'n talks as though he was pretty consider'ble sure you'd hev him!"

Harmless fell this acute arrow. Sally did love Joe, and knew he knew it.

"You kin jest answer that letter, Sally, 'n tell him we don't want nobody round after you: me 'n your father can't spare ye. I ain't a-goin' to have no sech talk, not this ten year yet, 'n mebbe not then. Ef you know'd es much 'bout the troubles o' matrimony 's I do, I guess ye'd ruther live single, a sight."

"But, mother, I—I—I don't want to write such a letter!"

Sally burst into tears just as her father came in.

"Well, now, what is't, wife? What's broke loose now?"

"Nothin' great, only Sally's a fool; and another one o' the same sort, only a young feller, has ben a comin' round 'n askin' her to marry him."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the squire, as naturally as possible. "That does beat all! I never did hear such brass! One o' them Westboro' chaps, I s'pose."

"Now there you go, right off the handle, slap! I *should* like to know who gev her things 'n money 'n all to go to Westboro'? And hevin' flung her at the poor young man's head, so to speak, lo you now! he turns around and jaws at him for pickin' on her up! That's real man-fashion, I do declare!"

"Goodness gracious! ef that ain't jumpin' the fence! Anyhow, Sally, you've got to give him the mitten quick-step. I sha'n't hev it, 'n I won't, 'n I ain't a-goin' to!"

"There you be agin, husband! How do you know but what he's a real clever young man? An' Sally seems to kind o' set her heart on't; 'n I s'pose she'll be a-gettin' married some time, anyhow."

"Thought you set your face agin matrimony, Miss Tyler?"

"Well, I can't fix the world over ef I want to, and folks will do so, whether or no. And ef he's got means, and is pretty respectable, 'n goes to meetin', why, in five or six years or so I might be brought to think on't."

"Oh, mother!"

"Well, what?"

After that the battle raged, the squire opposing, Mrs. Tyler consenting, till at last, after myriads of words, Mrs. Tyler sat down to write Mrs. Phelps a letter of inquiry into Joe Dyer's morals, means, manners, etc.; and in due time got this hardly satisfactory letter from Cousin Jerushy:

"WESTBORO', June 3, 18—.

"DEAR AUNT HULDAH:

"I got your letter two days ago, but Sophrony and Mary Jane are both down with measles, and I don't have much time. I don't know anything about Joe Dyer but what's good. He hasn't lived here a great while: he come from

Springfield, where he worked a good spell in the armory. He makes good wages here, and we think to our house he's a real pretty young man, and I guess a good one. Anyway, Uncle Tyler could write to the head man up to the armory and find out all he wants to know. I can't write much more, for the children have 'most got through their nap. Give my love to uncle and Sally.

"Your affectionate niece,

"JERUSHA PHELPS."

"Well!" groaned the squire, from the side of the room behind his wife, giving Sally a look as full of mischief as a boy's, "I wash my hands o' the hull business. You've took it up, Miss Tyler, ag'inst my feelin's, 'n you can kerry it out."

"Jest as ef I should go 'n write a letter to that man up to Springfield, husband! 'Tain't my business: men-folks never want women a-writin' to them about sech things. I should make a mess on't; and reelly, ef you do care about Sally's feelin's, you'd oughter do it right off."

"Well, well!" groaned and grinned the squire, "it's no use talkin' no more. Fetch me the paper, Sally: I'll go 'n do it now, if I've got ter."

So the squire indited the following epistle, peculiar in more than its brevity:

"JUNE 4, 18—.

"MR. ADKINS, ESQ.:

"SIR: I have heerd that a young man called Joseph Dyer worked to your shops last year. What did he do and how did he do it? Leastways, what kind of a feller is he? I put in a stamp for answer, which will obleege

"Yours to command,

"PAPHRO TYLER."

Nobody saw the letter before it went. In the mean time, Joe Dyer, getting no answer from Sally, but hearing through Jerushy that he had been inquired about by Mrs. Tyler, and drawing favorable augury from that fact, became desperately impatient, and traveled off one fine day to Wingfield to get a *viva-voce* answer to his proposal. It was the loveliest of June twilights when he

walked over from the station: the woods were full of that perfumed gloom that summer distills through the soft and tranquil air of evening; all the earth was quivering with vibrant whispers, as if its great heart palpitated with new life and murmured in sleep; myriads of blossoms drank the dew as at a fairy revel, and sent breathing odors skyward; the unutterable thrill and rapture of spring just blooming into summer pervaded even the waste places of Wingfield. Joe's heart was almost too accordant with the season, and it beat harder than was pleasant as he knocked at Squire Tyler's front door, standing open for once in its life, and letting in to the usually musty parlor the whole breath of June and the delicate odor of two great white rose bushes that guarded the portal on either hand, and trailed their wreaths of sunny blossoms, whose hearts glowed with the saffron tints of dawn, even across the quaint old lintel overhead.

Sometimes all powers are propitious to lovers, true though they be, and tonight the hour and the pair might have appeased the Eumenides themselves. Mrs. Tyler, dreaming of nothing less than Joe Dyer's vicinity, was in the farther barn coercing a refractory hen, that had a will of her own and declined to accept the situation; the squire was at the post-office waiting anxiously for the mail. So Sally herself appeared through the soft dusk like a glimmering blossom, and was stunned—perhaps not disagreeably—by finding herself in Joe's arms.

"Oh, Sally!"

"Oh, Joe!"

And then the parlor sank into a moment's quiet as they looked at each other and—said no more. If speech *was* given us to conceal our feelings, they had very few to conceal, certainly; and I am inclined to think it was so.

But while they sat in this sweet silence, quite forgetful of adverse fate—possible to them as to all humanity—down the street came the squire, regret and consternation on his kind old face, holding a letter in one hand and wiping the sweat from his troubled forehead: not

that it was warm, but he was agitated. He avoided the house, for he did not want to see Sally at first, and, hearing the angry squawks of the hen with which Mrs. Tyler was engaged in single combat, he traced his wife to the barn, and arrived there just as she emerged from the door, panting, but flushed with victory.

"Well! I've sot her at last! Got her into a nail-kag and put a milkin'-stool on top. I guess she'll stay put till to-morrow, and then I'll fetch the good eggs 'n put under her."

"Kind o' smother, won't she?" suggested the humane squire.

"Law, no! the hay ain't up to the bung-hole. Got a letter, hev ye, there in your hand?"

"*Ye-rus'lem!* I guess I hev; 'n I wish Sally'd stayed to hum, I tell ye. I'm dead beat, 'n I'd ruther be hung this minnit than tell her on't. Come along into the kitchen: she ain't there, is she?"

"No: she's up stairs, I 'xpect. She seems to favor bein' alone considerable when the chores is done. I'm 'most allers sleepy, and you're up to the store, 'n there ain't no company for her. Wait a minnit, 'n I'll light the lamp."

"Oh dear!" said the squire, unfolding the letter. "It's a dreadful thing, wife—dreadful; but 'tain't no use to jaw about it beforehand. Here! take 'n read it: I can't."

The superintendent had evidently thought Mr. Tyler's first questions were the important ones, and answered them in business fashion:

"MR. PAPHRO TYLER:

"SIR: Yours of the 4th came to hand this morning. I have recently come to this place, but find on inquiry that Joseph Dyer worked here a year ago. He was a forger, and a good workman: of his personal character I know nothing.

"Yours, etc.,

T. ADKINS."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Tyler, dropping the letter in her lap and looking aghast at her husband over her spectacles. "A forger! Why, it's a hangin' business, ain't it?"

"I b'lieve 'tain't now, but anyway it's State prison. Jest to think on't!"

"It's dreadful! dreadful! husband; 'n we've got to tell Sally! Well, she's had a great escape, 'n she'd oughter be thankful for't."

"I guess that'll be the least part on't," growled the squire, passing his hand across his shaggy eyebrows as if to brush away a mist. "Fetch the lamp, wife: the entry's mighty dark. I'll go 'n call her."

The squire opened the kitchen door, and Mrs. Tyler followed, but their steps were arrested by a strange sound in that house. From the parlor door flowed a stream of low talk, sweet as the kissing whispers that ripple behind a canoe silently paddled across silent water, and broken here and there with bubbles of laughter. The squire looked at his wife and advanced manfully, taking the light in his own hand. There, in the flood of light the rising moon poured in at the open windows, sat Sally and a young man, hand in hand, on the settee—Sally blooming and dimpling and blushing in the most unscrupulous and delightful manner, and the "chap," as the squire mentally styled him, so handsome and so happy that Mr. Tyler involuntarily smiled.

"Father, this is Mr. Dyer. That is mother, Joe." The squire fairly gasped with rage:

"How darst you come into this house, you raskil!—a-grinnin' and imposin' round jest as though you was as good as folks! I know ye, 'n I'll hev ye hauled up in State's prison pretty quick if there's law in the land, 'nless you clear right off."

"Oh, father!" sobbed Sally, "don't! don't! What do you talk so for?"—Joe being, as he afterward expressed it, "dumb-founded."

"Talk so! Facts is facts! I've found him out: he's ben and committed forgery, the everlastin' scamp!"

Joe found his tongue and blazed:

"That's an infernal lie, whoever says it!"

"Oh, Joe, don't!" interposed sobbing Sally—Mrs. Tyler being, for a wonder,

quite silent, confessing at a later period of the evening that she "was so kind o' choked up she hadn't a word to throw to a dog."

"Because it *is* a lie, Sally, and I can't be slandered so by any man, if he is your father."

"'Tain't no slander!" thundered the squire; "'n if it was, 'tain't me that slandered ye. I suppose you won't deny you worked to the Springfield armory a spell back?"

"Why, no: what should I deny it for?"

"Well, read that!" said the squire, charging down upon the angry and astonished young man with the letter.

Joe took the paper from the hand that brandished it, and the squire held the lamp nearer. As Sally's lover read the damnatory epistle a change passed over his features (isn't that the way they say it in novels?); but it wasn't livid, or pallid, or rigid, or purple, or anything but a growing broader and broader, till, as the last words were glanced at, Joe flung himself back on the old settee and burst into a roar of laughter that seemed utterly inextinguishable. He held his sides; he rolled and twisted; he laughed so that the tears made all his ruddy cheeks shiny: he could not speak, but held out the letter to Sally. Was the girl bewitched? She too sat down in a chair and screamed with a laughter that would not be appeased, while the squire and Mrs. Tyler glared at them with wide-open mouths and blank eyes, as if they had suddenly gone mad.

"Oh dear! oh, Lord! oh, goodness! I shall split—I certainly shall!" was all the explanation that could be got from Joe. He could not talk; but Sally, not

quite so tickled with the joke, because she had been so scared to begin with, recovered her equilibrium first, and, wiping her streaming eyes, began, as well as she could for still-interrupting spasms of laughing, to expound:

"Why, father! Goodness! oh, don't you know what Mr. Adkins means? Oh dear! I can't stop! Why, he means Joe was a forger. Oh! there it is again! Well, he is, now. He works at a forge, and *that's what they call 'em*!"

Joe exploded again, and the parlor rang with the squire's roars. Mrs. Tyler was the last to comprehend, but when she did she laughed too; and when at length the four, all red and shiny, had laughed themselves out and were fairly gasping for breath, the squire turned upon Joe:

"Well, I hain't hed sech a larf, not in twenty year. I can't do nothin' but shake hands with ye for the sake on't. Got any folks in Wingfield? No? Well, ye must stay here—there's room enough—and I shell hev a better chance to see how I like ye; 'n so'll Miss Tyler. I don't know but what Sally's made up *her* mind."

Sally had slipped away before Joe looked round. Is it necessary to detail Joe's triumphant progress into the hearts of the family? Perhaps the best proof of it is that on one October day, "expressly got up for the occasion," as Joe said, when the hills were gorgeous with color, the air transfused with sunshine, and the river blue as the fringed gentians on its bank, Sally descended once more from the cars at Westboro' station—her first appearance "in the new and highly-interesting character of the Forger's Bride."

ROSE TERRY.

GOVERNMENTAL INTERFERENCE WITH THE GOLD PREMIUM.

TO lower the premium on gold is to lower the price of cotton, which may rise or fall from other causes, but must always be affected by any variations in the price of gold. Thus we find that on the 18th of September, just before the great explosion in the gold market, cotton (New Orleans middling) was 30 cents, the gold premium being then $36\frac{1}{2}$; while on the 4th of December the same kind of cotton was worth but $25\frac{3}{8}$ cents, the gold premium $21\frac{1}{2}$. Here was a fall in the price of cotton of $4\frac{1}{8}$ cents per pound, equal to a little over 15 per cent.

To lower the premium on gold is to depress the price of flour. At the date first mentioned "Extra State" was worth \$6.65. December 4 the price was \$5.75, a difference of 90 cents per barrel, equal to a decline of a little over 14 per cent. January 15, 1870, the highest price was \$5.25, or \$1.40 per barrel less than September 18—equal to a fall of $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

What we find true of cotton and flour is equally true of all those productions of the United States the surplus of which must be exported. Other things equal, they rise and fall in price with the advance or decline in the gold premium. From this it can be seen at once that a fall in the gold premium is a serious matter to all those who produce articles for foreign markets—especially those engaged in agriculture—because the *surplus* of our cotton, wheat and provisions (and that surplus, already large, is constantly increasing) *must* find a market abroad. This loss to the producers is not confined merely to so much of their commodities as is actually exported, but extends to the whole amount they sell, whether for home or foreign consumption; since, whatever wheat, for example, is worth for export will be the value of the entire crop, as there cannot be two prices—one for the foreign and another for the home market.

How great this loss to the producers, occasioned by forcing down the gold premium, may be, will be seen when we recollect that according to the last report of the Special Commissioner of Revenue (p. 48) the whole value of the agricultural product was \$3,282,950,000. Now, so far as the agriculturists here consumed their own products, it is of no consequence whether the price is high or low, and therefore we must deduct all that from the amount on which their loss is to be reckoned. We will suppose the amount so used to be something over one-half of the entire product (and that is a liberal estimate, because so far as the cotton crop is concerned but a small fraction is consumed by those who raise it), and we may then have fifteen hundred millions as the total amount sold for *home and foreign* use. If the depreciation upon this should be only 10 per cent. in consequence of the decline of the gold premium caused by the action of the government, we have one hundred and fifty million dollars as the loss which the agricultural interest would sustain in a single year. Thus a stupendous wrong is done to that class of producers, who, while they have to pay currency prices at 160 to 190 for all they purchase, obtain only 120, or the gold value plus the premium, for their products. The injustice inflicted upon this the greatest interest of the nation is terrific, as these unexaggerated facts abundantly prove; and it is this which makes the people of the West so indignant and aggressive at this time. They feel the oppression, although they unfortunately only partially understand the cause. They do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of the fact that the *gold* value of their products is not enhanced in the least by a redundant currency, which greatly raises the price of all articles they are obliged to purchase, while the price of their own staples is

advanced only to the extent of the gold premium. If five hundred millions additional greenbacks were issued, the *gold price* of cotton, wheat and other exports would not be enhanced a farthing, while all non-exportable commodities would rise with the increase of the circulating medium. They should bear in mind that the price of all articles exported must always be, under a depreciated currency, their *gold value, with the addition of the gold premium*, whatever that may be. If the farmers and planters wish to buy as cheap as they sell, they must demand a currency at par with gold, so that they can buy and sell by the same standard.

At present the cotton-growers do not realize the pressure felt by the people of the West, because of the high price of their crop, occasioned by its diminished quantity; but were it to fall to the average price in 1860—ten and a half cents—they would be as dissatisfied as any other section of the country.

Again, to force down the gold premium below its natural point is to neutralize, to a great extent, the protection intended to be given to American manufactures by tariff duties. If the protective duties upon a certain article are 60 per cent., with the gold premium at 40 the effective protection is 84 per cent.; but if the gold premium is 20 per cent., the protection is only 72 per cent. This operates to the disadvantage of home manufacturers, because the cost of production is greatly increased, and their ability to maintain competition with foreigners largely reduced, by the high prices of labor and material caused by a redundant currency, while they do not have the advantage of a full gold premium, to which they are justly entitled. Our exports of cotton fabrics the past year have been six millions of dollars. If the loss on these to the producers, in consequence of *bearing* the gold market, has been 10 per cent., the manufacturers have suffered to the extent of six hundred thousand dollars. And not only so, but had there been the full natural premium, our exports of such goods might have been greatly

increased—probably would have been doubled or trebled. A difference of 10 per cent. would have secured a handsome profit.

And further: to reduce the premium on gold is to give direct encouragement to foreign merchandise, because when goods are *consigned* to this market—as a large amount is annually—they are sold at the enhanced prices created by an expanded currency; and to whatever extent the gold premium has been reduced, the consignor is able to get his remittances to just so much greater advantage, making a clear gain of the difference, whatever it may be. His goods being produced under a gold currency, if he can get his returns under a small gold premium, he has a large margin for profits. Hence the reduction of the price of gold has a certain tendency to increase our foreign imports.

And it should be further noticed that since government receives a larger amount of gold than is required to pay the interest on the national bonds, the surplus is a commodity, which under our present financial policy is sold for greenbacks. For the government to lower the premium, then, is in so far to reduce the value of its own property and diminish the amount received for its surplus gold.

To what extent the past or present Secretary has succeeded in reducing the premium below what it would have been but for his operations it is quite impossible to say. That it must be considerable is sufficiently evident. Having possession of the larger part of all the gold in the nation, it has been at all times in his power to *bear* the market; and the fact that it was the avowed policy to do so has had a controlling influence on the gold premium, which consequently has never been for any considerable length of time as high as its natural rate under our highly expanded currency. Had the market been undisturbed by any action of the Treasury, the premium, we judge, would have been on an average 40 to 45 per cent. for the last four years.

If such have been the results of forcing down the value of gold, the question may well be asked, Why was that policy adopted? The reason, we believe, has never been given in any public or private communication; and if there be a reason, it must, we think, be a Cabinet secret. But the consequences of this action on the part of the government are sufficiently apparent. It has caused a general and continued derangement of trade, and rendered all business transactions uncertain. But for this interference the price of gold after the close of the war would have been nearly uniform and its fluctuations slight. Governed wholly by the laws of value, the laws of trade, its chief variations would have been those occasioned by the natural law of supply and demand; but when the price was made to depend on the volition of the Secretary of the Treasury, the case was widely altered, and the element of CHANCE, which lies at the foundation of all speculative movements, was indefinitely increased. As a consequence, *speculation* became a great branch of business, diverting a large amount of capital from legitimate trade, to the great detriment of the public.

The disastrous effects of the great *coup d'état* of September last are severely felt by all dealers in foreign merchandise, but fall with especial severity upon jobbers of dry goods. Up to the time alluded to they had done a fair business, and expected to show a favorable balance on the right side of the ledger on the first of January; but the heavy fall of their stocks on hand, occasioned by the sudden decline of the gold premium from 135 to 120, has, as a rule, swept off all their anticipated profits, and in not a few cases left them with a large deficit.

In saying all this we cast no personal reflection upon the distinguished Secretary of the Treasury, who, for unsullied integrity, sincere and earnest devotion to the public service and great executive ability, has perhaps no superior. Certain it is that in the course he has pursued he has only followed the example of his predecessor, and acted,

as he had reason to believe, in accordance with the will of Congress and public sentiment.

While, as we have said, the reasons for *bearing* the gold premium have not been divulged, the *expectations* and *intentions* of those who inaugurated and have carried out the movement are sufficiently clear.

THE POLICY OF THE TREASURY.

It seems to have been assumed that the credit of the nation was to be restored by a return to specie payments, and that this might be hastened by reducing as fast as possible the premium on gold.

The object was a laudable one, but the means resorted to were unfortunately not adapted to the end, as we think will appear from the following considerations:

1. To lower the price of gold, as compared with other commodities, would cause its exportation, and thus reduce the amount held in the country. This, of course, would retard rather than accelerate the accumulation of such a quantity as must be required whenever the banks and the government resume specie payments.

2. To afford increased facilities for the importation of foreign goods was certainly not the way to secure a favorable balance of trade.

3. To discourage the production of cotton, wheat, petroleum, tobacco and other exportable articles, by lessening their value in comparison with commodities in general, certainly could not hasten the restoration of the specie basis or increase the national wealth.

These inferences, the correctness of which, we think, will not be questioned, lead us to conclude that the expectations of the Secretary of the Treasury as to the results of his policy must certainly be disappointed, however sincerely and confidently they may have been entertained; and that the country as well as himself must look in some other direction for relief from our present financial embarrassments.

RESUMPTION—HOW POSSIBLE.

Nothing can hasten resumption but the restoration of the proper proportion between the specie in hand and the amount of immediate demands upon the banks and the government. The banks in 1837 failed when their specie was reduced to 13½ per cent. upon their circulation and deposits. In 1857 they suspended when their specie was reduced to 13 per cent.; and in neither case did they resume until by *contraction* they had so reduced their circulation and increased their specie that the proportion of the latter to the former was 33 per cent.

What is the proportion of specie now held? The government owes for greenbacks, fractional currency and gold certificates four hundred and twenty-five millions, and holds ninety-five millions of gold. The banks owe for their circulation three hundred millions, for their deposits five hundred and seventy-five millions, and hold about twenty-five millions of specie. In all, the two parties, government and banks, owe thirteen hundred millions, payable in coin as soon as resumption is announced, and have but one hundred and twenty millions in gold wherewith to meet their liabilities—equal to nine and two-tenths (say, 9.2) per cent. If, according to past experience, the requisite proportion of specie must be at least 33 per cent., four hundred millions of gold would be needed. But even that amount would not secure permanent resumption, which can only be effected by a contraction of the currency to its natural limit.

Without such a contraction, resumption never has taken place in this or any other country, and in the nature of things *never can*: therefore the idea that forcing down the gold premium hastens the return to specie payments is an entire misapprehension of the case. Gold ever since the war has been on an average some 20 to 25 per cent. cheaper than other commodities. To bring it still lower only aggravates the evil, and postpones indefinitely the restoration of a sound standard of value.

Had the reduction in the price of gold

that has taken place been occasioned by the natural appreciation of the currency in consequence of the relative increase of its gold basis, the national credit would doubtless have been greatly improved; but when it was the result of mere force on the part of the government, no banker or financier in this country or Europe whose opinion was of any value would regard such a fall of the gold premium with any complacency whatever.

It should ever be distinctly borne in mind that while it is a serious misfortune to have a greatly depreciated currency, and consequently a large premium on gold, yet while that state of things actually exists it is of great importance that the price of gold should be *as high in proportion* as other commodities when measured by the circulating medium; otherwise, producers must suffer, as they now do, making a loss equal to the difference upon all the commodities they dispose of.

The idea often put forward with great assurance, that "when everybody can have gold for greenbacks nobody will want it," though very popular, is nevertheless a great fallacy. Let the experiment of resumption be tried with the currency as it is, and the question would be soon settled. Neither the banks nor the government could stand the run that would be made upon either, for twenty-four hours; but let the currency be contracted to its normal amount (and that would be indicated by the fall of the gold premium to zero), and resumption would be practicable; for then, indeed, "no one would want gold."

IMPROVEMENT IN THE NATIONAL CREDIT.

That the national credit has greatly improved within the last ten months is certain; not in consequence, however, of the fall of the gold premium caused by government sales when its own notes on demand were circulating at a heavy discount, but because that since the present administration came into power there has been such marked improvement in

the collection of the revenue, such faithful and efficient management of the Treasury, such a decided change in public sentiment amongst those supposed to favor repudiation, that the full payment of the national debt, principal and interest, in coin, is no longer problematical. But the credit of the government, other things being equal, would be just as good to-day were the gold premium 40 instead of 20 per cent.

If it be asked, What disposal should

have been made of the surplus gold in the Treasury? we reply, That is a distinct question from the one under consideration. It may, we think, be easily and satisfactorily answered, but would require a separate discussion: we therefore only say, we would not have had that surplus so used as to injure the financial and monetary interests of the country, embarrass its trade or retard its industry.

AMASA WALKER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

IT has become the fashion, both at home and abroad, to sneer at American society. English snobs and New England satirists find fruitful ground for criticism and ridicule, and are never weary of expatiating upon the follies of Mrs. Potiphar and Mrs. Shoddy, the vulgarities of Solomon Gunnybags and the absurd affectations of young Golden-calf. "A pinchbeck imitation of the European reality—a bad copy of the *demi-monde* of Paris!" shriek Brown, Jones and Robinson on their travels. "No intellect, no culture—a vapid mass of folly and extravagance!" scoffs Plymouth Rocke, Esq., with the last tale of incest or the newest apology for bigamy fresh upon his lips. Gently, gently, gentlemen!—explain yourselves, if you please. What, and where located, is this society that you scorn so deeply and satirize so bitterly? Are your pictures of the social life of America sketched from originals in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Savannah, Charleston, Louisville or St. Louis? Are you not committing the error of pointing out the stains upon one stone of the social edifice, and arguing therefrom that the whole structure is necessarily unclean? or, to change the metaphor, of mistaking for the robe itself its gold-

embroidered hem, glittering and magnificent it is true, but with many threads of baser metal interwoven with its fabric, and discolored and soiled by much contact with external objects? In other words, is not the worst and wildest phase of what is termed New York society, with all its splendor and its scandals, its brilliancy and its extravagance, universally accepted as a type of the society of all the large cities of the United States? We may be permitted to doubt whether the generally-accepted answers to these questions are correct. The peculiar phases of a certain well-known "set" in New York, its fast women and faster men, its wild extravagance of dress and equipage, its frantic rivalry in ostentation, its flirtations and scandals, the sudden elevation of its kings and queens, and their as sudden dethronement and disappearance,—are these the universal features of society in all the large cities of the Union? We of Philadelphia can for our own city answer emphatically, No!

Philadelphia society, though its peculiar traits have been somewhat modified by the universal changes produced by the late war, has always been characterized by a certain elevation of tone and a severity of morals which contrast

as favorably with the fastness of New York as does its lavish and genial hospitality with the dry-toast and weak-tea reunions of Boston. In the latter the attractive feature is apt to be the presence of a number of literary celebrities, who generally manage to prove how commonplace the Magicians of the Pen may become when the wand of their enchantment is laid aside, and how often conceit is the twin brother of talent. An entertainment in Philadelphia relies for its attractions not so much upon the extravagant toilettes of the ladies present, and the ostentation of the host, as upon the delicate perfection of the viands, the profusion and beauty of the floral decorations, the high breeding and social culture of the guests, and, above all, the air of refinement and decorum which pervades the scene.

"Is it in such houses as *these* that your grand parties are given?" once asked a New York belle at a Philadelphia ball, glancing disconsolately at her surroundings as she spoke. "Why, there are not even curtains!" And neither were there, but probably not another person present was aware of the deficiency. Certain it is, that at the ball in question the "German" was as brilliant, the music as inspiring, the supper as delicious, the flowers as beautiful, the guests as refined and of as high social position, and the general success of the whole affair as perfect, as though Marcotte himself had hung the windows with superfine satin and Brussels lace draperies, valued at two thousand dollars a window.

"How do people so poor as I am get on in New York society?" once asked a charming old lady, the impoverished descendant of one of our oldest families, of a dashing New Yorker.

"My dear madam," was the frank reply, "we do not know such people."

Yet the questioner was accustomed to see the magnates of Philadelphia society clustered together in her tiny parlor, and was as much sought after and caressed as though she had been the dispenser of millions.

"When Philadelphians talk about *eat-*

ing, I yield the point at once," sneered an eminent Philadelphia divine of New England origin: "on *that* subject they are infallible" — the reverend gentleman being at that moment employed in paying devoted attention to the delicacies of a Philadelphia supper. There was just this much ground for his scoff and implied deduction that on other questions they knew nothing—the *cuisine* of Philadelphia is indeed almost peerless. To find anything equal to the croquettes and terrapins prepared by Augustin we must cross the Atlantic, and knock with an experienced hand at the door of the most famous restaurant of Paris, the renowned Trois Frères Provençaux. The well-known Delmonico himself once expressed to a Philadelphia gentleman his desire to taste some of Augustin's far-famed croquettes, stating at the same time his conviction that if he once tried them he could excel or at least equal them. The challenge was accepted. Augustin, being apprised of the circumstances, produced a *chef d'œuvre* of his art, and Delmonico saw, tasted and confessed himself vanquished. The epicure who has neither dined nor supped in Philadelphia may have partaken of all the gastronomical delights of Paris and Vienna, may have eaten roast mutton and strawberries in London, birds'-nest soup and ragout à *la chien* in Pekin, macaroni in Naples, and stewed elephant in Africa, yet there still remains one exquisite sensation for his palate to enjoy.

The most important feature, however, in Philadelphia society, the element to which it owes its comparative freedom from gross folly and glaring vice, is the purity of mind, of morals and of manners which characterizes alike the high-toned matrons who preside over its festivities, and the lovely girls whose beauty and vivacity lend to these festivities their greatest charm. Not that evil-doing and scandalous conduct are unknown amongst us, but they are not encouraged, or even tolerated. As a rule, the fair daughters of our city are as modest in dress and deportment as they are charming in face and manners. The Quaker

element in our society has exercised a powerful and beneficial influence on their taste in dress, teaching them to soften in tint and refine in style whatever is gaudy or extravagant in the prevailing fashion of the day, so that a bevy of Philadelphia belles, seen at Newport or Saratoga or on the beach at Long Branch among the dashing damsels from other cities, show very much like snowy doves trooping with a flock of the bright-plumaged birds of the Tropics. The painted cheek and gilded hair, the "stunning" toilettes and startling manners, of the Girl of the Period may, it is true, be occasionally seen in our ball-rooms, but the aforesaid Girl is looked upon not as a model for imitation, but as an example for avoidance: she may be tolerated, but she is certainly neither encouraged nor copied. Let us now venture to sketch from living models her Philadelphia contemporary, the young girl of our highest social circles—a belle, a beauty and one of the "Upper Ten." Her charms are the direct gift of Heaven: the bloom on her fresh fair cheek, the snowy transparency of her brow and throat, the lustrous sheen of her silken tresses, are the cunning handiwork of Nature herself, and do not owe their existence to the latest importation of Parisian cosmetics. She is well bred without affectation, well informed without vanity, and does not think it necessary to publish her acquirements from the housetop by sound of trumpet. Between the Scylla of folly and dissipation on the one hand, and the Charybdis of strong-mindedness and unwomanly "isms" on the other, she steers with inborn skill the fair barque of her perfect womanhood. And when she exchanges the rose crown of her ball-room triumphs for the bridal wreath of orange blossoms, we behold her henceforth unheeding the siren calls of Pleasure or the hollow tributes of universal admiration, and content to exchange the sovereignty of her bellehood for the narrower but nobler empire of a husband's heart and home.

"We all know what you have got in Philadelphia—butter and an opera-

house," laughed a lively New Yorker one day, when a gentleman from our city was expatiating upon the charms of his home. Ah, mirthful Gothamite! we have something more. We have noble and intelligent matrons, who so train their daughters that they are as capable of governing a household as of ornamenting a ball-room; we have beautiful married belles, the objects of universal admiration and adulation, yet of blameless manners and unspotted reputation; we have fair and modest young girls who can be lively without fastness, beautiful without vanity, elegant in attire without either extravagance or ostentation. The ball-rooms of Philadelphia may not emulate those of New York in dazzling displays of diamonds, but they yield the palm to the assemblies of no other city in the number of those ornaments of which the Wise Man tells us that their price is far above rubies.

The interesting paper in the present Number on "The Vaudoux in St. Domingo" ought to be read in connection with Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*, or the excellent review of it by Herr Karl Blind in the January number of the *North American Review*. From these it appears that serpent-worship in connection with human sacrifices has always been practiced by the dark races of men, and that alike in India, Syria, Pelasgic Greece, Mexico and Dahomey serpent-worship was or is the typical and most important form of propitiation of supernatural powers. It is a worship abhorrent to the white race, being condemned alike by the Veda and the Bible. Instead of being an object of adoration, Genesis teaches us that the serpent is cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field. The subject opens the door to speculations upon which this is not the place to enter, but which will be stimulated by recent discoveries said to have been made in deciphering the inscriptions at Nineveh.

... The subject of the condition and prospects of the colored population of

the South is one of so much interest, as well to the patriot as the humanitarian, that we have welcomed to our columns, and shall continue to welcome, such papers as throw light upon it. In our next Number will be published an article entitled "The Negro in the South," by Mr. Edward A. Pollard, author of *The Lost Cause*, which takes an unexpectedly favorable and indeed most gratifying view of the future of the freedmen. The picture which he draws of the self-respect, sobriety and general good behavior of the ex-slaves, coming from the quarter it does, can hardly fail to attract attention, while it will inspire hope for the future.

... The "Vicar of Bullhampton" will end in our May Number. The marked favor with which this agreeable story has been received by the public has induced the publishers to make arrangements with the author for another novel, to appear in serial form in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

... A remarkable article has appeared in the January Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, advocating the independence of the British colonies, and specially of the Dominion of Canada. "Diplomacy and international contract," the writer thinks, should take the place of "the obsolete conditions of their former subjection." It is evident that public opinion in England is at least as ripe for the inevitable separation as it is in British North America.

Mr. Sherman proposes to pay off the forty-five millions of outstanding three per cent. certificates, and issue to new banks, to be created in the South and West, a corresponding amount of National bank-notes. This, it is claimed by the friends of the bill, will not increase the currency; but they forget that the proposed new banks will issue about double the amount of their circulation in the shape of credits called "Deposits," which really inflate the currency, raise prices and disturb the business of the country. The remedy for our financial troubles is not to be found in any of the schemes now before

Congress, but rather in some such plan as that proposed by the Hon. Amasa Walker, of issuing compound-interest notes at the rate of ten millions a month, and the withdrawal of a like amount of greenbacks. These compound-interest notes should be convertible at the end of two years from the date of issue into ten-forty-year bonds, bearing five per cent. coin interest. By this means the compound-interest notes, as they would be hoarded, would gradually cause a voluntary contraction of the currency, until it reached the natural amount required by the wants of the country, when it would be at par with specie.

Professor Leidy, at a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences on January 4, called attention to part of a fossil skull found in Colorado. It closely resembles that of the *Sivatherium*, a cast of which was presented to the Academy by the Hon. East India Company some years since. The *Sivatherium*, like horned animals with which we are acquainted, wore his four horns above the eyes, but it is evident that the American fragment belonged to a great beast whose horns were fixed beneath his eyes. For this reason Dr. Leidy purposes naming it *Megaseros Coloradensis*. The animal is supposed to have been analogous to the rhinoceros of the present day.

At the same meeting, Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, exhibited a number of vertebræ of a new *Dinosaurian* from the cretaceous green-sand marl near Barnsboro', New Jersey. They indicate a reptile allied to the *Hadrosaurus Foulkii* (Leidy), but only half the size of that species. The specimens, although all were found in the same immediate neighborhood, are apparently portions of three different individuals, only one of which is adult. Professor Marsh named it *Hadrosaurus minor*. He also exhibited a stout fossil tooth from the cretaceous beds of North Carolina, which must have belonged to a reptile of about sixty feet in length. He designated it by the name *Mosasaurus crassidens*.

Isaac Lea, LL.D., reported at a former meeting of the Academy that he had found microscopic crystals in several gems—garnets, sapphires, etc. His paper on the subject, illustrated by a plate, has been published in the *Proceedings* of the Academy. And recently Dr. Göpert has announced the existence of microscopic algæ in diamonds, and hence infers that these gems are of Neptunian origin, like certain agates and chalcedonies. He found dendrites in one diamond, and in another green corpuscles resembling *Protococcus pluvisialis*: both these gems are in Berlin. This discovery is referred to in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, London, Nov., 1869.

The estimated cost of a wing of the building to be erected for the Academy at Race and Nineteenth streets is \$122,500. The available funds for the purpose now amount to \$44,000, or only about one-third of the sum required. Until the new building is erected the vast collections of the institution must remain so huddled together as to conceal each other from view; and their usefulness, to a very great extent if not entirely, will be lost to the public. But without generous assistance from intelligent and wealthy citizens suitable space for their display cannot be provided. A hundred thousand dollars can be well laid out on the Academy of Natural Sciences, which is the foremost institution of the kind in this country.

The annals of the telegraph would, if carefully searched, furnish a list of errors as long and certainly as amusing as those attributed to the press. We offer a few examples of the mistakes occasionally made by the lightning when it undertakes to act as postman, or rather by those whose duty it is to mail the letters.

A gentleman residing in New York, who was shortly to be married, had engaged a Protestant Episcopal bishop of one of the Western States to perform the ceremony. Some weeks before the period originally fixed for the wedding the father of the lady was taken sud-

denly and dangerously ill, and expressed a wish that his daughter should be married as speedily as possible, for fear that he should not live to witness her nuptials. The bridegroom - expectant accordingly telegraphed to his friend the bishop respecting the change of date, but as he wrote a very illegible hand, the astonishment of the Right Reverend gentleman may be imagined on receiving the following despatch: "I am to be tried on Thursday. Can you come on and proffer your testimony?" The message really sent was: "I am to be married on Thursday. Can you come on and perform the ceremony?"

The next instance we shall give was rather more annoying in its results. A Philadelphian, being on a visit to New York, and wishing to gladden the hearts of two of the New York belles by offering to them some of the unrivaled productions of our Philadelphia greenhouses, telegraphed to one of our leading florists for two hand-bouquets. This message was transformed into two *hund.* bouquets; and we can picture the gentleman's dismay when he received a box containing one hundred and eighty superb bouquets, accompanied by a letter from the florist, informing him that the remaining twenty should be forwarded as soon as the necessary flowers could be procured, the resources of his greenhouse having proved inadequate to furnish the number required. Naturally, the gentleman refused to pay for the one hundred and ninety-eight bouquets which he had neither ordered nor wanted. The florist sued him, lost the suit, and then commenced proceedings against the telegraph company with better fortune, this second suit being decided in his favor.

A story is told of a young gentleman residing in one of our large cities who was a member of a small social club. His most particular and intimate friend among the members thereof was a youth who had gained for himself the sobriquet of "Sarah's Young Man," from his devotion to that once popular air, which in some form or other—either sung, whistled or hummed—was seldom ab-

sent from his lips. To this club our hero, whom we will christen Mr. X—, one day found himself called upon to announce his approaching marriage, and his consequent withdrawal from their circle. After the usual congratulations had been tendered and accepted, and the usual lamentations uttered, the members decided upon tendering to their matrimonially-disposed and seceding comrade a farewell dinner, to take place as early as possible after the termination of the wedding-tour. The marriage took place, and Mr. and Mrs. X— started on their bridal journey, which terminated in that usual destination of newly-married couples—Niagara Falls. Mrs. X— was the most affectionate and charming of brides, and her husband was of course the happiest of men. The period of their stay at the Falls was nearly ended, when one day Mr. X—, on returning to his room after a short absence, was astonished to find his wife in a state in which indignation and hysterics were struggling for the mastery. She assailed him with a torrent of reproaches. He was a wretch—a villain: she was a miserable, ill-used, wretched woman. She would leave him: she would go home to her mother! And here hysterics got the upper hand, and she burst into a passion of tears. "What is the matter?" the amazed husband at last found breath to ejaculate. "Read, sir—read!" sobbed the poor little bride, pushing toward him an open yellow envelope. "I thought there might be bad news from home, and I opened it; and—oh—oh—oh—" Here she broke down again, and Mr. X— unfolded the important document which had produced such startling effects, in a state of utter bewilderment. It was a telegram, and it ran as follows:

"Our spree is fixed for the 29th. Don't forget. We will have a glorious time.

"Yours, ever,

"SARAH S. YOUNGMAN."

"There, sir!" cried Mrs. X—, "How can you ever dare to look me in the face again? Who is this Sarah Young-

man? and what do you mean by promising to go on a spree with her? and you just married too! You are a wicked—" Here a shout of laughter from Mr. X— interrupted the flow of his wife's eloquence. He had been staring blankly at the despatch, and suddenly the meaning of the whole affair flashed across his mind. The telegram was in reference to the promised dinner, his facetious friend had been entrusted with the forwarding of it, and he had signed the despatch "Sarah's Young Man"—a signature which the telegraph operators had seen fit, intentionally or otherwise, to alter to Sarah S. Youngman. As soon as his irrepressible laughter would allow him to speak, he explained the mistake to his wondering and indignant wife, who, however, being a sensible little woman, was speedily appeased, joined in the laugh, and to-day numbers Sarah S. Youngman among her most constant and most warmly-welcomed visitors.

. . . When Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, Signor Blitz called on him in Washington, when the following dialogue took place: "What has brought you to Washington?" "I have come for an office, sir." "An office! What office is there under the government of the United States for a magician?" "To count the money in the Treasury. I should like you to take one hundred thousand dollars of Treasury notes and count them carefully. I will then count them also, when it will appear that there are only seventy-five thousand dollars." "Ah! Signor," said Mr. Webster, "that won't do. We have magicians in Washington who, if a hundred thousand dollars were to pass through their hands, would leave *nothing*." Which nobody can deny. There are other anecdotes of the great men whom our popular Philadelphia professor of legerdemain has come in contact with in the course of his career, which the public may expect to see in a forthcoming volume of his *Reminiscences*.

. . . Captain B—, who acted as ordnance-officer of the Nineteenth Corps during the Red river campaign, was per-

sonally very popular with the staff and with the officers generally of the command. But in the army every man is apt to find out quickly what duty his fellow-soldier is expected to perform, particularly if it is lighter or less dangerous than his own; and the friends and associates of B— were not ignorant of the fact that during one of the most desperate and bloody battles of the campaign, while they were at the front getting their share of ugly wounds and taking the hazard of death every moment, he was a mile to the rear, placidly dealing out boxes of fixed ammunition to the officers of the division. When good-naturedly rallied, after the battle, upon the security of his position, he retorted, with mock indignation, "How absurd! Why, wasn't I all the time *where the bullets were thickest?*" The boys were forced to admit the literal truth of his claim.

... Some months after the close of the late war, Jones (Jones is a good name) was on his way from Liverpool to London. In the same compartment was a specimen of the genus Yankee, very talkative and rather vulgar, also a choleric, red-faced personage, a clerical-looking gentleman, and a couple of swells. The red-faced man (possibly a subscriber to the Confederate loan) and our compatriot were soon involved in a hot interchange of opinions concerning the course pursued by some of the employés, civil and military, of the United States in severing their connection with the government without its consent. The clerical-looking gentleman struck in at some length with a justification of such employés, on the ground that *their* States having seceded, the United States was left in the condition of "a defunct body," to which no allegiance was due. "In short," said he, winding up as a crusher with a little cheap and not over-appropriate Latin, "*a—a caput mortuum.*" "A defunct body!" replied the irrepressible, with an ominous twinkle in his eye. "Wa'll now, don't you think, judging by what's happened in the last two or three years, that for 'a defunct body' it was *just a little the*

liveliest corpse that ever you heard tell of?"

... We had the following story from a personal friend of Charles Nodier, whose wit and learning are so well known to lovers of books. Nodier was a hard worker, but was always poor, and the reason for it was his insatiate love of gambling. On one occasion, having come into possession of some considerable sum of money, he promised his wife to deposit it with Rothschild the banker, and set out to do so, but on the way was induced to tempt Fortune again, and lost it. His wife, however, remained under the impression that he had safely deposited it, nor did he undeceive her. Some time after, when he was away from Paris, she, being out of money for the household, thought to call on Rothschild and draw a part of the money she supposed safe in his hands. In Paris, money is always drawn from a banker by a visit in person. Rothschild received her very politely, and when she stated the object of her visit seemed rather surprised, and asked her if M. Nodier had told her that he had money on deposit in his bank. "Oh yes," was the answer, with a mention of the sum. "I was not aware of it," said the banker, "but allow me for a moment to consult my books." Having gone into the bank for a moment, he returned and said, "Yes, I find it is all right. Whatever money you want the cashier will give you." On his return to Paris, Madame Nodier, in talking with her husband, mentioned that during his absence, being in want of money, she had drawn a portion of their deposit at Rothschild's bank. "What?" said he. "Why I drew a part of the money you deposited with him, and he said I could have whatever I wanted." Here was an unforeseen catastrophe, which forced him to explain how the money had gone quite elsewhere than into Rothschild's bank. On a visit to Rothschild, Nodier thanked him warmly for his generosity, made an excuse for his wife's misapprehension, and paid back the money she had drawn.

The *American Literary Gazette*, published by Mr. George W. Childs, is among the most welcome of the publications that reach our table. While every number contains information valuable to the trade, and to all who follow with interest the movements of the literary world, it comes to us occasionally richly freighted with attractive material. The Christmas number is a marvel of

elegance and beauty, and transcends anything of the kind ever gotten up in this country. The liberal spirit in which Mr. Childs does everything which he undertakes is still further revealed in the publication of the *Public Ledger Almanac*, which, comprising fifty-six closely-printed pages, was distributed gratuitously to the subscribers to his daily paper.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

David Elginbrod: A Novel. By George MacDonald. London: Hurst & Blackett. Boston: Loring.

Unspoken Sermons. By George MacDonald. London: Alexander Strahan.

Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood. By George MacDonald. London: Alexander Strahan. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Robert Falconer. By George MacDonald. London: Alexander Strahan.

Good Words for the Young: An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Edited by George MacDonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Etc. etc.

In the writings of George MacDonald a new force, unique and powerful, has entered into the development of modern thought—a force more easily felt than analyzed; for in the varied works of his many-sided genius, sermon or poem, novel or fairy tale, there is something which strikes us more impressively than even the glow of his eloquence, the gleam of his fancy, the wealth of his creative imagination or the depth of his thought. It is the power of his *personality*—a personality scarcely less marked than that of Jean Paul himself. In his brilliant novels, MacDonald has given us many powerfully-drawn characters, but there is one character in them which far surpasses in interest all the others: it is that of MacDonald himself, developed unconsciously and without egotism. It is not by any eccentricity that our attention is attracted: what we behold manifested in these writings is an intellect at once subtle and straightforward, a heart large, strong and tender, a spirit full of sunshine and of aspiration, victorious over

doubt and fear and sorrow, and possessed of the secret of life and of the universe. We know no other writer so full at once of faith and hope and love—so full, hence, of joy also, profound and overflowing. To many hearts, we believe, have his works come like a revelation. To the doubter, longing to believe, MacDonald presents a Christianity altogether beautiful and lovely, cleared of misconceptions, freed from mechanical forms of representation, appealing to every noblest instinct, and if not devoid of mystery to the understanding, yet satisfying to the reason, the spiritual consciousness, and answering to the deepest wants of man's nature. For the believer, who has not yet attained unto the perfect peace of absolute trust in God both for himself and for others, his writings abound in such consolation as can scarcely elsewhere be found, breathing a spirit of devout hope that is even rarer than faith and love.

David Elginbrod is the first of a series of works in which MacDonald's genius finds its completest expression—works which, while vividly portraying the most varied forms of life and character, are yet more remarkable for the depth of their religious and philosophic thought, and for the spirit of truest poetry and romance which pervades them throughout. Viewed as a mere literary artist, MacDonald is often defective, but even here it would appear that but for higher and conflicting aims he might have attained to rare excellence. For in *The Portent: A Story of the Second Sight* (a work of a different stamp from those we are now consider-

ing), he has given us a tale in which, for once, he has subordinated thought, poetry and the unfolding of character to the rapid advance, the consummate artistic perfection of a story which, read by the solitary fire-side on a winter's evening, holds in a strange, almost inexplicable, spell the reader's imagination. In *David Elginbrod* the most interesting character is that of the Scottish patriarch who gives his name to the book—a character which seems the creation even more of the heart than of the brain of MacDonald. The beauty of this portrait is indeed such as to disarm criticism upon its incompleteness, but it must be acknowledged to lack the development and vigor of several of MacDonald's later conceptions. Of this novel as a whole it may be remarked that perhaps none of MacDonald's books excel it in the beauty of particular passages, in tenderness of pathos and in variety of interest.

It is in the *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, and its sequel, *The Seaboard Parish*, that the personality of MacDonald appears to be most fully revealed. The hero of these books (the connection between which is very slight) is ostensibly Mr. Walton, the vicar of Marshmallows, but we constantly forget that such is the fact, and imagine that it is MacDonald himself who is the hero. Hence this character lacks the objectivity necessary for criticism, and we know not how to compare it, as a portrait, with those of Falconer, or Ericson, or David Elginbrod.

None of MacDonald's books, we think, are likely to prove so universally acceptable as these: if in some others of his works the more conservative believer may find passages at variance with some of his views, in the perusal of the *Annals* and its sequel his enjoyment will be complete. It is not alone that they partake of the unpolemical character of the periodical (Dr. Guthrie's *Sunday Magazine*) in which they were first published, but there breathes over their pages a fullness of high content and a calm maturity of thought not inconsistent with a noble ardor that makes these books perhaps the most charming of their author's productions. Incomparable is the tact which is displayed by Mr. Walton (who is a model worthy the study of every clergyman) in meeting the various wants and suiting himself to the various temperaments of his parishioners. In these volumes religion is made wonderfully at-

tractive: scarcely could books be found so worthy to be commended to those who have not yet learned by experience the faith which they have been taught, or to those who, prejudiced against the religion of the Gospel, are yet willing to see it presented in forms of living beauty with a spirit strong, fresh and ever joyful. In so fascinating a manner, indeed, is the teaching of these books presented that even the ordinary novel-reader will scarcely be willing to skip the passages of thought. MacDonald, unlike some writers, is most brilliant in religious passages, displaying in such his highest eloquence.

Mr. Walton, in reply to the artist Percivale, who speaks of a certain idea as a grand one, says: "Therefore likely to be a true one. People find it hard to believe grand things; but why? If there be a God, is it not likely everything is grand, save where the reflection of His great thoughts is shaken, broken, distorted by the watery mirrors of our unbelieving and troubled souls? Things ought to be grand, simple and noble. The ages of eternity will go on showing that such they are and ever have been. God will yet be victorious over our wretched unbeliefs."

We believe that MacDonald's master-work, thus far, is *Robert Falconer*. Nowhere does this author give so completely-developed a character as that of Falconer—no other of his books possesses so much of heroic grandeur. The sublimity, the pathos, the vivid portraiture of outward as well as inward life, heighten as the book advances.

Powerful and fascinating merely as a novel even, *Robert Falconer* possesses a still higher value in its treatment of genuine, earnest doubt. Would that many a soul struggling for the light, sadly despairing or content in hostile prejudice, might, reading this book, renew the experience of Falconer, who, educated under the influence of the sternest type of Scottish theology—a type scarcely known among ourselves—and tormented, thence, with many doubts, finds a refuge, at last, from doubts and formulas alike in the living presence of his Lord and Master!

After Falconer himself, the most interesting character in this book, and perhaps in MacDonald's writings, is that of Eric Ericson, the companion of Falconer's youth, whose mental history and early death form the most pathetic episode in our author's works. A doubter, longing to believe, but attaining only unto hope, Ericson awakens a

combination of admiration and sympathy not accorded to any other of MacDonald's characters, and the tragedy of his life forms a striking contrast to the triumphant epic of Falconer's.

MacDonald's higher female characters are, in general, exquisitely described, but less powerfully drawn, less completely developed, than his men; and Miss St. John, the heroine of a part of this book, is hardly an exception to this remark. The general earnestness of tone which characterizes the book is agreeably relieved by the flavor of comic humor imparted to it by the characters of Dooble Sanny and Shargar.

It may be observed that, apart from the general interest of *Robert Falconer*, the practical suggestions given in the latter part of the book regarding Christian labor among the poor are of the highest value.

Of MacDonald's other novels, *Adela Cathcart* is chiefly remarkable for the brilliant collection of stories told by its characters; while *Guild Court: A London Story*, is marked by interest of detail rather than by largeness of design, and by the number of its well-drawn characters rather than by the commanding excellence of any one of them. *Alec Forbes of Howglen* is one of MacDonald's most vigorous but least poetical works, and is, to our mind, one of the least enjoyable among them. It has no character after MacDonald's own heart, but contains two of his most powerfully-drawn portraits—Thomas Crann the stone-mason, and Cosmo Cupples the librarian. The former is a noble type of the stern orthodoxy of Scotland—the latter the most perfect creation of MacDonald's humor.

It may be necessary to remark, for the benefit of some readers, that the Scottish dialect does not appear in the *Annals* and its sequel, in *Guild Court*, *Adela Cathcart*, or the *Portent*; while in *David Elginbrod* and *Robert Falconer* it is chiefly confined to the earlier portions of these works.

The poems of MacDonald, admirable as are many of them, are not only less vigorous, but less poetical, than his prose writings. Of the two volumes of his miscellaneous poems, the earlier, entitled *The Hidden Life, and Other Poems*, is perhaps the more worthy of his reputation: in this volume "The Hidden Life," "Abu Midjan," "Love's Ordeal," "A Dream within a Dream" and "The Child Mother" are poems of especial

merit. In the other volume—*The Disciple, and Other Poems*—the "Somnium Mystici" is remarkable for its depth of thought, while the "Scotch Songs and Ballads" (among them that model ballad, "The Earl o' Quartermack"*) possess a degree of poetic fire and energy much in advance of most of MacDonald's minor poems. If, however, his poems, as a whole, lack the force and spirit of his poetic prose, they are marked by the same subtle delicacy of thought and by the same felicity of diction.

Of *Within and Without: A Dramatic Poem* (MacDonald's first published work, bearing the date of 1855, and now out of print) we can speak only from hearsay: from the notices we have seen of it, it would appear that its merit consists rather in the beauty of particular passages than in the sustained interest of the poem as a whole.

The most remarkable of MacDonald's works for concentrated power and for depth of thought appears to us to be the little volume entitled *Unspoken Sermons*. Especially to the first three sermons of this book would we commend one desirous of understanding MacDonald's theological position. These sermons are not indeed theological in the common acceptance of that term, and are unlike enough to the popular idea of the dullness of sermonizing; but they treat with a free yet reverent spirit the highest problems of the human mind. The central doctrine of MacDonald's system—a doctrine which everywhere pervades his works—the Incarnation of the God-man, is perhaps more fully developed elsewhere than here, but is here also clearly announced, as in the first of these sermons, where he speaks of the humanity eternally latent in God Himself. Perhaps nowhere else does the eloquence of MacDonald rise so high as in the sermon entitled "The Consuming Fire," in which he develops his view of the final restoration of all souls to God. No line in all his writings seems to us so beautiful as one in another of his works—"for, at the long last, love will cure everything."

In *England's Antiphon*, his last completed work, MacDonald has given us a profound historical criticism of English religious poetry.

Phantastes: A Faery Romance for Men and Women, is one of our author's earliest works, and lacks the vigor of style of his later productions, but is filled with wondrous incidents and gorgeous descriptions, with

high thoughts and lovely dreams. There runs through the book an undercurrent of allegorical meaning, which, however, like Spenser's allegories in the *Fairy Queen*, need not trouble the reader who seeks only enjoyment.

Regarding a country so remote and yet so interesting as Fairy-land, reliable accounts are of the utmost importance, and MacDonald is one of the few travelers who have actually visited that country on whose accuracy we can entirely depend. Hence it is very gratifying to us to be able to credit the statement regarding Giant Thunderthump, in *Dealings with the Fairies*, that "to be sure he did eat little children, but only *very* little ones; and if it ever crossed his mind that it was wrong to do so, he always said to himself that he wore whiter stockings on Sunday than any other giant in all Giant-land."

MacDonald is now engaged in the composition of three serials: one of which, on "The Miracles of Our Lord," is published in Dr. Guthrie's *Sunday Magazine*, while the others, entitled "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood," and "At the Back of the North Wind," appear in *Good Words for the Young*, of which magazine MacDonald is now editor.

Regarding the choice of the subject of the first-named serial, it may be remarked that our author appears little troubled by such difficulties as those concerning miracles and prayer—difficulties of the understanding, not of the reason, the spiritual consciousness.

"Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood," a Scotch story told in plain English, gives promise of maintaining MacDonald's reputation as a writer for children who can charm young and old at once.

Studies in Church History: Rise of the Temporal Power; Benefit of the Clergy; Excommunication. By Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. pp. 520.

This book is a solid addition to historical literature in a department which, to be cultivated successfully, presupposes special learning and iron toil. The material needed for the adequate illustration of mediæval times lies so far beneath the surface of our general reading that a work which presents it in the form of a continuous and harmonious narrative is deserving of conspicuous recognition. The author's previous volumes, *Superstition*

and *Force*, and *The History of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church*, are works of which any historian might well be proud, so wide is the range of knowledge which they reveal on matters which lie out of the pathway of ordinary historical investigation. The *Studies in Church History* is, however, in every respect the peer of its predecessors. In these days of mental indolence and of superficial thinking on the part of so many of our countrymen, there is something marvelous in the industry through which so many intellectual treasures have been placed at our service.

In the three essays which compose the present volume the sources, humanly speaking, of the prolonged influence of the Church of Rome on the destinies of mankind are unfolded with a wealth of illustration which leaves the reader little to desire. The author exhibits, with equal skill and conscientiousness, the way in which the primitive Christian societies became overloaded with extraneous elements, and the processes through which a system of church government was gradually wrought up to comparative perfection by generation after generation of ecclesiastical statesmen. In the "Rise of the Temporal Power," the author traces the successive steps by which the Apostolic See naturally and almost necessarily acquired the power it ultimately wielded. In the struggle between Italian and Greek, and between Italian and Barbarian, which supervened upon the decline of Constantinople under the enervated successors of Constantine, the paths of duty, of interest and of safety seemed to point in one direction. "As the one permanent institution amid incessant change," says Mr. Lea, "the Papacy was the only centre around which a national spirit could rally; and the increase of its temporal as well as spiritual authority might well appear to be the only feasible remedy for the prevailing and increasing anarchy." Hence the promptness with which the power of the rising house of Pepin was discerned; and hence the linking of the fortunes of pope with emperor and of emperor with pope until the influence of Hildebrand overshadowed the civilized world.

In the interesting and instructive paper entitled "The Benefit of the Clergy" we are shown how dextrously the Church secured itself from secular control.

But the most valuable of the essays is the

last in order in the volume. "In the long career of the Church toward universal domination," says Mr. Lea, "perhaps the most efficient instrument at its command was its control over the sacrifice of the altar." The treatise on Excommunication, which forms two hundred and sixty-five pages of the volume, is an elaborate and pregnant commentary on this passage. We have no space to give an approximate estimate of this splendid essay. Granted a dominant Church; granted an abject faith in the power of the Church to "bind and loose;" granted the absolute control over human conduct implied in the unlimited authority to excommunicate,—we may logically evolve a series of social and political results; yet we question whether, from these premises, the most vigorous thinker, stimulated by an ardent imagination, would deduce a comprehensive scheme of action so inimical in the long run to human happiness as that exhibited in the calm, impressive, almost judicial, record of Mr. Lea. In tracing the numerous ways in which the power to excommunicate was exercised, the author narrates several incidents which, though ludicrous to the last degree, are nevertheless profoundly suggestive, as showing the all-embracing influence of the Church. Among them is one in which the rats in the neighborhood of Autun were, in the year 1510, solemnly cited by the episcopal court to appear and to show cause why, in consequence of their ravages, they should not be expelled from the district. How difficult indeed it has been to efface the impress of this grand old organization is shown by Mr. Lea in his brief sketch of the Reformed churches, which, despite the great strides they had taken toward their emancipation from Rome, seemed unable to escape, except in a comparatively modified degree, the ecclesiastical inheritance bequeathed them.

In a general sense the author restricts his labors to a simple record of facts. That he does not lack the philosophical acumen to educe from them principles of comprehensive range and utility is so abundantly evident as to need no illustration. His familiarity with civil, canon and feudal law, and his extensive acquaintance with the history of the various societies which formed the foundation of modern Europe, render him a safe and instructive guide. The most careless reader of his volumes can scarcely fail to be impressed with his intellectual recti-

tude. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Lea deserves the fervent thanks of all merely English readers of his works, for he has bridged what has been to them a wide gap in ecclesiastical history. Apart from his labors, most of his readers would have remained in comparative ignorance of the subjects he has so exhaustively discussed.

The Great Empress: A Portrait. By M. Schele de Vere. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 397.

The idea of popularizing history is a modern and a good one, and is natural enough in these times of newspapers, when all the world reads something. Why should sensational literature be confined to the fortunes of fictitious personages, when history contains "facts stranger than fiction"? It would seem that this is the motive which prompted Prof. de Vere in writing this history of the fortunes and misfortunes of Agrippina, the mother of Nero. His object was evidently to narrate an interesting episode of history in a popular and attractive manner, and he has done this in a way which will be pleasing to a large circle of readers.

While, however, we commend his purpose, we have two faults to find with its execution. First, it would have been much better to have given us his references. The interest of the narration would have been in no way injured by this course, and the general reader could have thus been taught the necessity for accuracy in historical narratives while he was at the same time getting historical information, and the student would have had the sources indicated to him for verification and farther research. As it is, however, there is not a single reference in the whole volume, though the subject is one of Roman history.

In the second place, the style is too florid, and this fault is made the more apparent by the want of references. This, however, is a matter of taste, and where the object is to make the history of a remote age attractive to the young, it may be that the learned Professor is right and we are wrong. If this brilliant sketch of the period when Roman grandeur was about to be swallowed up in decay should stimulate the reader to grapple with that greatest of all historical works—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—it will have done good service to the cause of education.

Books Received.

- A Helping Hand for Town and Country: An American Hand-Book of Practical and Scientific Information. By Lyman C. Draper and W. A. Croffut. Two hundred illustrations. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach & Moore. 8vo. pp. 821.
- Fairy Tales for Little Folks. By Madame la Comtesse de Segur. Translated from the French by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her Daughters. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 12mo. pp. 293.
- Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths. By Lyman Abbott, author of "Jesus of Nazareth." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 213.
- Little Rosie Series: Play Days; In the Country; Christmas. By Margaret Hosmer. 3 vols. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 18mo. pp. 158, 168, 175.
- A German Course: Adapted to Use in Colleges, High Schools and Academies. By George F. Comfort, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 493.
- Moral, Intellectual and Physical Culture; or, The Philosophy of True Living. By Professor F. G. Welch. New York: Wood & Holbrook. 12mo. pp. 429.
- Lost in the Jungle. Narrated for Young People. By Paul du Chaillu. With numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 260.
- Sabbath Songs for Children's Worship. By Leonard Marshall, J. C. Proctor and Samuel Burnham. With Music. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 176.
- The Family Doom; or, The Sin of a Countess. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 350.
- Baby's Christmas. By Caroline E. K. Davis, author of "Maidie Books," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 12mo. pp. 143.
- The B. O. W. C.: A Book for Boys. By the author of "The Dodge Club." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 322.
- Mirthfulness and its Exciters; or, Rational Laughter and its Promoters. By B. F. Clark. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 348.
- Marcus Warland; or, The Long Moss Spring. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 287.
- Eugene Cooper; or, The Motherless Boy. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 18mo. pp. 251.
- The Two Cottages; Showing how many more Families may be Comfortable and Happy than are so. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 18mo. pp. 102.
- Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands: A Series of Books for Children. By Caroline H. Dall. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo.
- Ernest Linwood; or, The Inner Life of the Author. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 467.
- The Gates Ajar. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With Illustrations by Jessie Curtis. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Crown 8vo. pp. 248.
- The Feminine Soul: Its Nature and Attributes. By Elizabeth Strutt. Boston: Henry H. & T. W. Carter. 12mo. pp. 199.
- Under the Holly: A Book for Girls. By "A Pair of Hands." Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 12mo. pp. 403.
- Ecce Femina: An Attempt to Solve the Woman Question. By Carlos White. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 258.
- A Winter in Florida. By Ledyard Bill. Illustrated. Second Edition. New York: Wood & Holbrook. 12mo. pp. 222.
- The Holy Grail, and Other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 202.
- Benny: A Christmas Ballad. By Annie Chambers Ketchum. Illustrated. New York: S. R. Wells. 8vo.
- Aunt Margaret's Trouble. By Miss Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 57.
- Mountain Patriots: A Tale of the Reformation in Savoy. Illustrated. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 363.
- Titania's Banquet, and Other Poems. By George Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 175.
- American Agricultural Annual, 1870. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 152.
- American Horticultural Annual, 1870. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 152.
- Christmas Day: The Night Before, The Night After. Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co. 4to.
- Poems. By George Alfred Townsend. Washington: Rhodes & Ralph. 12mo. pp. 160.
- The Pope and the Council. By Janus. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 346.

